NORTH DAKOTA STATE UNIVERSITY
3 0109 00013 7995

THE WAR FOR THE WORLD

ISRAEL ZANGWILL

D 523 Z3 1917
Zangwill
The war for the world.

DATE DUE

Subject To Recall After 2 Weeks

LIBRARY
NORTH DAKOTA
STATE UNIVERSITY
FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA

DEMCO

WITHDRAWN

940.91

16-15296

Europe, 1914- Addresses, sermons etc

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/warforworld0000isra

THE WAR FOR THE WORLD

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK · BOSTON · CHICAGO · DALLAS
ATLANTA · SAN FRANCISCO

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED
LONDON · BOMBAY · CALCUTTA
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
TORONTO

THE WAR FOR THE WORLD

BY

ISRAEL ZANGWILL

AUTHOR OF "ITALIAN FANTASIES," "CHILDREN OF THE GHETTO," ETC.

CHANCELLOR OF GOTHA:

"Once Alba's vanquished, Europe's at our feet.
And have we Europe then the world is ours."

COUNT FRITHIOF:

"What shall it profit a race to gain the world and lose its soul?"

"THE WAR GOD" (ACT I.)

REVISED EDITION

32213

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1917

All rights reserved

N. D. S. U. LIBRARY
FARGO, N. D.

Copyright, 1915
By ISRAEL ZANGWILL

Copyright, 1915
THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE COMPANY

Copyright, 1916
By THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Set up and electrotyped. Published July, 1916.
Reprinted with corrections, April, 1917.

D
523
Z3
1917

TO

THE ENGLISHMAN

Too modest to be named
Too unassuming to question his government's wisdom or
righteousness
who abandoning all worldly and with no other-worldly hopes
went to the front
as simply as in the daily
war for the world
and returned crippled and uncomplaining save of his
uselessness to his country
this book—of which he might not wholly approve—
is—without permission but with admiring affection—
DEDICATED.

32213

CONTENTS

PAGE

Some Prognostications and a Preface, with an Apologia for not Being Pro-German 1
The War Devil 79
Lament 88
Paradise Lost 91
The Shadows of Society 96
The Next War 97
Arms and the Man 104
The Ruined Romantics 111
On the Coast 124
The Gods of Germany 125
Militarism, British and Prussian 135
Arms and the Band 141
The Model Monster 147
Some Apologists for Germany 154
The Kaiser at the Judgment Bar 170
The War and the Drama 175
The Two Empires 195
The Levity of War-Politics 196
The Place of Peace 211
The Military Pacifists 213
The Absurd Side of Alliances 221
The War for the Words 228
Novelists and the War 233
Walking in War-Time 240
Appendix 248
On Catching Up a Lie 250
Patriotism and Percentage 255
The War and the Churches 265
Written by a Jew this Christmas Eve 277

PAGE

Mr. Morel and the Congo 278
The Awkward Age of the Women's Movement 287
The Militant Suffragists 298
Prologue for a Women's Theatre 319
The War and the Women 321
(1) Woman as Worker 321
(2) Woman as Fighter 330
(3) Woman as Peacemaker 337
Wake Up, Parliament! 344
For Small Mercies 357
Rosy Russia 358
At the Congress 369
The Story of the Steam-Roller 371
Bezalel 373
The War and the Jews 374
"Russia and the Jews" 405
(Two Letters to the Nation.)
On the Death of Herzl 414
The Jewish Factor in the War and the Settlement 415
Two Letters to "The Times" 449
Envoi: Oliver Singing 455

THE WAR FOR THE WORLD

SOME PROGNOSTICATIONS AND A PREFACE WITH AN APOLOGIA FOR NOT BEING PRO-GERMAN

"This war is in reality a life and death struggle between two forms of State, one retrograde and no longer capable, the other far advanced and capable of the most powerful activities. Either Germany with its organization and ideas will be destroyed in this war, or England, if it is to live at all, must rebuild its institutions and introduce that Continental form of State of which Germany is the most shining example."—PROFESSOR EDUARD MEYER.

"Because these (German aims and methods) have a loathly side, and because these endanger our commerce, our institutions, our very existence, we must not in our perfectly legitimate anger ignore the fact that they could not have given Germany her present strength without much good being mixed with the evil."—*Morning Post*, 8th February, 1916.

"Fight the Germans like the Germans."—MR. AUSTIN HARRISON.

I

In these dark and unbalanced days, when mass-psychology can ill support any contradiction of the prevailing temper, it is necessary, I am aware, for an obdurate Anti-German like myself to walk somewhat gingerly. But if I am unable to surrender myself to the current idolatry of German State-institutions, and the contagion of Prussian militarism; if the enthusiasm for German organization leaves me cold, and the scrapping of Magna Charta hot; if I have shown in so much of my work—as that popular Labor-organ, the *Herald*, complains—too great a bias

against Germany, and ignored the cultural and socialistic sides of her State-concept, something must be allowed in extenuation to the force of early impressions. For it so happened that my very first experience of Germany was one calculated to quicken my instinctive loathing for the Bismarckized State, and to crystallize my vague intuitions of the coming clash between British and German State-concepts in a war for the world.

II

I was returning to England from Italy with a through ticket viâ the Netherlands when suddenly from the corridor of the train appeared a new conductor, demanding my *Fahrkarte*. With a weary sigh—for I had shown it so often and would have to show it so often again before reaching London—I produced the be-clipped and mutilated pass that had begun life as a beautiful *Biglietto*. Alas! its conductor-crushing career seemed over. For my official was still aggressive. Ensued a duologue in German.

"But where is your seat-ticket?"

"This is it."

"No! You have no right to be sitting here without a seat-ticket!"

"I have been sitting here since Rome."

"You are not in Italy now, you are in Germany." (I began to feel it was indeed so.) "You must pay two marks for your place."

"But my ticket shows I have paid all the way to London."

"Nevertheless in Germany you must pay for your seat."

"But I must sit somewhere."

"And every seat must be paid for."

I believed his claim now, but I resented his manner.

"Very well then—I will stand."

"*Es ist verboten*—the seats must be sat on."

"Then I will stand in the corridor." And I walked haughtily without. He was unimpressed.

"You cannot stand in the corridor. *Es ist verboten.* Either you pay for your seat or you leave the train."

"That is nonsense—on arriving at Munich I will pay, if I am assured the charge is correct."

"You will not get to Munich—I shall put you out at the next station."

"You cannot do that. *Es ist verboten.*"

He glowered. "I will put you out at the next station."

"But my luggage is in the van."

"That is your look-out."

And deliberately placing in his wallet my elaborate and expensive ticket, which he had been holding in his hand, he closed the bag with the snap of a steel trap.

I felt caught in it! To be put down at a wayside German station, without ticket, luggage, or adequate funds, with no remedy but an action for recovery against the railway company, which would at the best detain me weeks in Germany—it was not an alluring prospect. Suddenly over the window of the carriage I perceived the painted words—sinister as the inscription over the gate of Dante's Hell: "For Eight Officers."

So the Railway Company was then either the German Government, or already part of its war-organization! I paid the two marks.

III

Even Switzerland, I thought during a melodramatic episode at Basle station in the small hours, was beginning to be infected with Berlin Bumbledom. It was an August night, unbearably sultry, and a crowd of passengers chang-

ing their train were stuffed into a little waiting room, there to pass an hour or so. I left it and strolled into the spacious station, drawing a breath of relief.

"Where are you going?" A dread being in uniform blocked my way.

"To wait on the platform for my train," I replied in my best Swiss-German.

"You cannot wait on the platform. *Es ist verboten.*"

"Why?"

"Because if you did, others would go there."

"And why should they not?"

"Because then those who were there would get into the train first."

"And why not? First come, first served."

"*Es ist verboten!* There would be a crowd on the platform."

"Better than a crowd in that stifling room. I cannot stay there."

"You must."

"I will not. The railway company is *my* servant. I am not *its* servant."

Sensation. He went away and returned with a still more ornamented official, who however equally failed to move me—at least by his words. The plot thickened. A file of soldiers arrived with fixed bayonets and clockwork attitudes. But other passengers gathered round and endorsed my view of the Black Hole of Basle. Before my free-born defiance officialdom was paralyzed—the protest was apparently unprecedented in the history of the station.

But it seemed to me intolerable that Switzerland should go the way of Prussia. There was a deadlock, as in the trenches of Flanders. At this moment a third official came up—in a somewhat different style of decoration and also of a more gentlemanly cast. He enquired into the cause

of the disturbance and having heard both sides, he turned to me and said politely: "I should strongly advise you, *mein Herr*, not to resist, or there will be very considerable trouble."

I was disappointed and outraged: "What!" I cried in wilfully dramatic accents. "In Switzerland, which we in England have always looked upon as the land *par excellence* of Freedom!"

"This is not my land," explained the gentlemanly Swiss. "This is the German part of the station."

I understood.

But this was not the end, for as I refused to return to the room even though it was Prussian, porters appeared with a long rope, with which a space was roped off in the station immediately outside the asphyxiating little room, and here, penned like cattle at market, we stood in the dead of night till our Prussian train, punctual to the second, rolled obediently into its appointed platform.

IV

Our treatment enabled me to appreciate more vividly the callous handling of the thousands of poor Jews whom for many years it was a function of an organization over which I presided, to emigrate viâ Germany. Constant and perennial were the complaints of cruelty both at the German frontier stations and on board the German steamers. Once the brutality was so palpable that I actually succeeded in getting a couple of naval officers dismissed. But as a rule it was less acts of tyranny than a pervasive atmosphere of harshness and contempt, difficult to cope with, but embittering the lot of the steerage passengers, already suffering sufficiently from exile, poverty and seasickness. To dispense with the German lines in favor for

example of Dutch, was impossible, because Germany simply forbade emigrants to pass through her territory unless provided with sailing-tickets for her vessels. And this is the Germany that prates of the freedom of the seas! The outbreak of hostilities between our respective countries served to suspend them between my organization and a great German Shipping Company which was vainly demanding an apology from our Russian representative for his outspoken statements concerning the treatment of emigrants. The Chairman with whom I had been in controversial correspondence blossomed out into a Colonel of the famous Prussian Guard. That seemed to throw a backlight on the whole business.

V

Even as an author I have suffered from the Germans, for one of the greatest tortures of my life was reading the proofs of my novels in German. When I reflect that my translator was a popular novelist who has since become famous by his vigorous verse against England, I cannot help suspecting that his translation was a premature act of war. His rendering of a nursery reference to "Baby Bunting" I have never forgotten. It was turned into "Babys Flagge." Such is the insidious effect of *Militarismus*.

Socially too my Teutonic experiences have not been captivating. The beer-regurgitating face-slashed student of the *Kneipe* and the duelling ground has always seemed to me a barbarian type of young man: my esurient and lip-smacking neighbors at Teutonic *tables d'hôte* have never impressed me as the latest models of refinement; nor have I been overcome by the Kultur of the tourists who, with opera-glasses slung across their portly bosoms, ejaculate their monotonous "*Wunderschön!*" before every mountain or miniature.

I have loved the old towns and the life at Munich and Dresden but I have never been at ease in the Zion of the German salon, with its heavy spirit-constricting furniture. And one of the greatest shocks I ever received in a drawing-room was when Wagner's stepdaughter (the Countess Gravina) imparted to me that Jesus was not born into my race but was a pure Aryan. I was not then aware of the copious literature on the subject with its humorless demonstration that the founder of Christianity was a German. Of course the Countess was merely echoing her relative, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, who remarks urbanely: "Whoever maintains that Christ was a Jew is either ignorant or a liar." She may even have agreed with Herr Max Bewer that Jesus was of Rhenish-Westphalian origin.[1]

So if the readers of the *Morning Post* find me in as imperfect affinity with the Germans as Charles Lamb was with the Jews, they will know it is not from mere eccentricity or conservatism, but from a reasonable antipathy to spiritual swagger and mediæval militarism, accompanied by bumptiousness and cruelty. Repugnance to Prussianism is too inracinated in my breast to be uprooted merely because the German machine has ground out a few victories. Rather do I feel like Herbert Spencer at the Athenæum Club, when having inadvertently challenged a young billiard-champion, he remarked solemnly after his astonishing licking: "Young man! To play billiards as I do shows a sensible care for recreation, but to play billiards as you do argues a great deal of wasted time." The German machine, according to Dr. Sadler, who seems not far from admiring it, cannot be imitated in parts: it works only as a whole.

[1] A new book, *Die Erde und unsere Ahnen*, proves that Moses was born in the Harz mountains, Jerusalem was the North German town of Goslar and Solomon's Temple stood on the Brocken Mountain.

And I must firmly refuse to have Prussia at any price, even at the risk of being considered an early Edwardian.

VI

Early in the nineties, even before Edward VII had contracted his apprehension of Germany and while Nietzsche lay hidden in the decent obscurity of the German language unknown and unmentioned in England—O halcyon fabular period!—I was couching the lance of levity at this inspired misleader of modern thought, and throwing off irreverent impressions of the Kaiser who had come in a cocked hat to Venice to visit Umberto I—even at that delirious moment of music and pageantry I see that I wondered how long the Italian Alliance would last—and had inconsiderately moored his great white yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, exactly opposite my window.

"This young man," I wrote,[1] "from all I have observed since he became my neighbor, lives a highly colored dramatic existence, in which there are sixty minutes to every hour, and sixty seconds to every minute, the sort of life that should have pleased Walter Pater. He must be a disciple of Nietzsche, a lover of the strong and splendid, this German gentleman who is just off to Vienna to prance at the head of fifteen hundred horsemen. While he lived opposite me it was all excursions and alarums. As a neighbor an Emperor is distinctly noisy."

I proceed to point out—while admitting his exceptional virtues for a King—the danger which a monarch, with such a nursery passion for playing at soldiers, was to a semi-constitutional country like Germany, "a country over-civilized in thought and under-civilized in action," and à propos of Nietzsche's teaching I wrote:

[1] See my book, *Without Prejudice* (originally published in the *Pall Mall Magazine*).

"Human nature is like Venice or Holland—a province slowly wrested from the sea, and secured by dams or dykes. Woe to him who makes a breach in the sea-walls!"

For here is the true WAR FOR THE WORLD—this perpetual struggle of land and sea, this tenacious beating of the waves of barbarism against the dykes of civilization, to regain the ground won from the waste of waters; this tireless labor of the forces of Good to conserve their gains and reclaim marshes yet undrained.

VII

It is not only the Dutch who have

> "With mad labor fished the land to shore."

Marvell's lines apply to many another territory netted from the ocean.

> "How did they rivet with gigantic piles,
> Thorough the centre their new-catchèd miles,
> And to the stake a struggling country bound
> Where barking waves still beat the forcèd ground."

Those who are familiar with our oozy Eastern coast are aware how much soil there is which is halfway or at every other stage between land and water. We have for example saltings which may be grazed over at certain times but not, say, during the high spring tides, or which, reclaimed by a sea-wall, rise to the status of marshes; we have sands now impassable, now high and dry; we have pasture-land which gradually improves into arable land, and responds regularly to the plough. What is "fleet" or creek at noon is causeway at sunset, and where the cowman strode at sunrise, eels may gambol at twilight. The battle between sea and land, with man as ally or negligent neutral, goes on pauselessly

all along the line, with here a retreat and there an advance, and with on the whole a measurable shrinkage of land or a definite repulse of sea.

This is precisely the battle of Ormuzd and Ahriman in the spiritual war-zone. But, carried on obscurely and continuously at points innumerable in periods of superficial peace, it is not often that it ranges itself so visibly and picturesquely as in the rival battalions of Great Britain and Germany, nor that a war for the world between two Great Powers coincides so closely with the elemental clash of Good and Evil. Were the contest limited to those Powers, with no complications of Allies, black, white or yellow, and could we be sure that the victory of England would mean the defeat of Germany and not its spiritual domination, then, despite England's iniquities and shortcomings in other directions, we might almost say that the coincidence is absolute. For what is Prussian Militarism but a re-swamping of the territory dyked and cultivated by the painful labor of generations?

VIII

Unfortunately the effort to "fight the Germans like the Germans" only begets more Germanism. I am reminded of the police official who tried to arrest some Dukhobors for going about stark naked. In the heat of the chase—for they fled before him—he threw off his coat, and then his waistcoat, and then his trousers, and by the time he had come up with them, you could not tell him from Adam or a Dukhobor. Even so the method of military resistance to militarism, which is like the defensive opening of the sluices in the Low Countries, merely co-operates with the oncoming ocean in ruining the territory defended. A deluge—*Waters-nood*, as they say in Holland,—is now upon us, racing and foaming towards our islet of civilization from every quarter

of the compass. Let me give one little example—the book, *The Way of the Red Cross*, with a touching Preface by Queen Alexandra though as marvellous a record of human kindness as the *Times'* Fund is of journalistic achievement, yet blurs over the fact that the Red Cross is not a mere medical branch of the British Army—if it were, the War Office should pay for it—nor even a voluntary addition to the British Army, but a Christ-like body working "above the battle," and bound to devote equal care to the wounded enemy. It is only as it were through a slip of the pen that we learn from one passage of this book that there *are* German wounded under the care of our Red Cross corps. It seems to be feared that subscriptions would fall off, if Britons remembered too clearly that this work of mercy was international work. Here then is a distinct loss of spiritual territory once reclaimed from barbarism—the sea is back again amid the ruins of our groins and embankments. Mr. Bertrand Russell even asserts:—

> "On the Western front, at least, both sides have long ceased to take prisoners, except in large batches. I have heard an innocent-faced young Scotsman boasting to a fellow-soldier, amid roars of laughter, that he had bayonetted a disarmed German who knelt before him imploring mercy."

What the Germans on their side have done we know from Lord Bryce's Report. But if there is any truth in the Appeal of the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society, our officials during a riot in Ceylon have behaved like the Germans in Belgium, if happily only on a small scale. As for their doings in Ireland— !

IX

The Dutch—when a flood is impending—appoint in all threatened areas a local *dijk graaf* or Dyke-Reeve with

full military rights over the polder-land, to take whatever measures are necessary for its salvation. Where are our Dyke-Reeves before the *Watersnood* now fast reducing Europe to a spiritual swamp? They are not to be found in the Cabinets, for the statesman—Lord Haldane has told us frankly, though I cannot find it in Hegel—must follow, not lead, public opinion. The politician and the public can in fact only advance, like two drunken men, by leaning on each other. Nor does the Press—that reflex of the advertiser and the reader—afford an escape from this vicious circle. The Stage is even more swiftly at the mercy of the mob, drawing still more costly breath. The Church—well, after all, *vox populi vox dei*—is a theological proposition.

There indeed remain a few personalities—in the Lords, the Commons, the Press, even the Church, that have not bowed the knee to Baal. But even journalists who do not pander to the public and its idols have been so disequilibrated by the war that I have, on entering Fleet Street by what remains of Temple Bar, sometimes looked up expecting to see the inscription: "Abandon sense all ye who enter here;" followed perhaps by "For three years or the duration of the war."

In this general neglect of the dykes at a time when the danger from their neglect is at a maximum, I am impelled to present myself at the post of national duty as a dyke-custodian, a trustee of civilization—self-appointed.

X

But even a self-appointed functionary may tender his credentials and I respectfully beg to offer, in proof of my qualifications for the place, a record of many years of vigilance as a coastguard on the shore of the German Ocean.

It is this record indeed which makes it so difficult for me to pose suddenly as a pro-German. My parlor-maid said to her mistress the day Armageddon broke out: "The Germans are on *our* side, aren't they, mum?" On being corrected, she duly proceeded to hate them. But I unfortunately have a miso-Gothic past. That would not matter if I were a politician, for a politician has only a future. But *litera scripta manet*—if only in the British Museum—and my uncomfortable prevision of the menace to modern civilization implicit in a race of Huns, not coming from without like the shatterers of the Roman Empire, but begotten at the very centre of that civilization, committed me *à la* Cassandra to a series of fulminations and predictions that cannot well be explained away.

XI

At the end of 1907 for example, when the waves of Gothic barbarism threatened to submerge Prussian Poland, whose four million Poles the *Reichstag*—at the instigation of the "Hakatists" with their policy of *Ausrotten*—proposed to expropriate and replace by Prussians proper, the illustrious Polish novelist, Sinkiewicz, made an appeal to "the conscience of the world."

In the polyglot volume he published at Paris, entitled *Prusse et Pologne*, I find myself protesting as follows, under date January the first,[1] 1908:

[1] It is odd that Sinkiewicz, though he appealed to 250 persons throughout the world, did not apparently regard any ecclesiastic as incarnating its conscience. But then I remember at the beginning of the Twentieth Century diagnosing the dangers that threatened it, side by side with the then Archbishop of Canterbury, who replied like the Mad Hatter that he "had no idea." Mr. Wells, it is interesting to find, replied with similar modesty to Sinkiewicz, disclaiming knowledge of Polish politics. He had not then spent his famous fortnight in Russia.

"I feel honored that my opinion should be sought by so illustrious a writer as yourself, but I fear it will give you scanty comfort. As a Jew, I cannot agree with you that the proposed outrage upon German Poles is 'the greatest iniquity and infamy in the history of the Twentieth Century;' that abominable title has already been earned by the massacres of the Jews in Russia, carried out with official connivance and under circumstances of atrocity which have no parallel even in mediæval times. I cannot believe that the twentieth century reserves for us a deeper horror. But this is almost the only hope I can permit myself of a century that has seen this occur with no effective protest. Might is recognized as the rule of life, Christianity has been deposed even from the lips of Governments. It rarely was anywhere else; but our century has grown too self-conscious to be able to leave it even this last resting-place.

"In this degeneration of the human conscience Germany has played perhaps the leading rôle. After the brutal Germanification of the French provinces, I cannot see why you should be so astonished at the same treatment being extended to the Polish districts. Europe offered no protest against the iron hand re-moulding Alsace and Lorraine as a sculptor remodels his wax faces, why should you expect Europe to interfere on behalf of the Poles? Whence, *cher maître*, come your optimism, your generous belief in the power of 'the pillars of civilization and intellectual culture!' You and I should know that a people that has lost its power of military resistance is the doomed prey of the nations with teeth and claws; though by another law of nature teeth and claws never suffice to destroy it utterly. It develops cunning to match the claws, and finds ways of lying low. The only force that can utterly dissolve a people is love. The wax face which, however moulded, will retain some trace of its original lineaments, can be entirely melted by the heat of love—by liberty, equality and fraternity.[1] But this recipe for assimilating races is rarely tried, and even when it is begun, mankind is rarely patient enough to carry it through. This

[1] A captain in the Austrian Polish Legion said he was fighting for the Austrians because of Austria's good treatment of the Poles.

new persecution of the Poles will therefore only serve to accentuate the Polish nationality.

"Throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, under the inspiration of the generous policy of the Sigismunds, Poland was the chief land of refuge for the Jews, and it is a thousand pities that hosts and guests should now alike be swamped by the forces of barbarism. The Germany of Goethe and Schiller, of Kant and Beethoven, to which humanity turned in reverence, has been replaced by a Germany of blood and iron, a Germany, which as the Hague Conference proved, burdens all Europe with an ever increasing tax for armaments and is ready to sow the waters of the world with submarine mines: a Germany from which we turn shuddering. It only needs the dispossession of the Poles for Germany to lose her last lingering hold upon those whose respect is not for might but for civilization. Let her true patriots look to it, let them learn from the case of Hungary that even from a material point of view it does not pay to defy humanity's slowly evolved ideals of right and justice. Each of us can see the mote in his brother's eye and justice has thus still a certain almost universal support among those unconcerned in the particular issue—naturally always the majority of mankind.

"Writing on the first of the year, I can but wish for you and your brother Poles, that the new year will witness the collapse of this lamentable and impolitic policy."

XII

At the May Meeting of a Peace Society, some six months before Sinkiewicz issued his appeal I find myself rebuking the shallow optimism of the late Mr. Stead, with whom I had already crossed olive-branches at a prior Peace Meeting, when after a tour of all the crowned heads of Europe he reported enthusiastically that the Millennium was almost upon us:

"I take the opportunity," I wrote, "of reminding Mr. Stead

that more good will be done by facing the brutal facts of life and the European situation than by allowing the wish that war shall cease to be father to the thought that it is ceasing. When Mr. Stead and I were last together on a peace platform, he maintained that I was unduly pessimistic in the face of a most glorious prospect of universal peace and disarmament. I said it was very doubtful if disarmament would be brought at all nearer by this conference, and that Germany was the enemy. Mr. Stead insisted that the Kaiser was the greatest peace lover in Europe, and apparently only wore so many uniforms for amusement. I venture to repeat that those who preach against war must never under-rate its glamour, and particularly the great vested interests which depend upon its continuance. It is only by education, by creating the glamour of peace, to offset the glamour of war, that any real amelioration can be effected. I need not say I am in the greatest sympathy with the objects of your meeting; but your peace crusade will need an enormously greater organization to make any dints upon the mailed battalions of war."

To add to the difficulty of my turning pro-German now, I actually placed the responsibility for the coming war on Germany's shoulders years before she had written Austria's ultimatum to Serbia, and like Mrs. Partington trying to keep back the Atlantic with her broom, I tried to keep back the German Ocean with my pen. Through my blank-verse Tragedy, "The War God," produced at His Majesty's Theatre by Sir Herbert Tree in 1911 (and written several years earlier), humanity was invited to consider the rival issues raised for it by Bismarck and Tolstoy, the two giant protagonists of the century, the *War for the World* beside which the material struggle between Alba and Gotha for the mastery of the planet was a triviality. The mysterious assassination of this play in the heart of London in broad daylight may perhaps be counted, like the infinitely more deplorable murder of Jaurès, among the

earliest casualties in the cosmic combat. It was followed—soon after the outburst of war—by the Foreign Office prohibition of my play "The Melting Pot" at the request of Russia. A third play of mine, "The Next Religion," had already been prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain. But these evidences of England's growing passion for Prussianism were hardly calculated to increase my liking for it.

XIII

Not that censorship of the Stage is new—it was in fact the one piece of Prussianism left like a fly in amber in the British Constitution. An historian remarks that in Tudor days the dramatist was practically outside Magna Charta, "liable to instant imprisonment without bail, trial or appeal at the hands of the stage censor." It may even be admitted that the institution was primarily designed not to protect morals but politicians and princes, and that it was the politico-satirical plays of Fielding that called forth the more constitutional Licensing Act of 1737. A dramatist might be well content to be quashed in company with the author of *Rule, Britannia*, whose historic tragedy "Edward and Eleonara" was prohibited, not to mention Shakespeare (a whole act of whose Richard III was cut out by the Master of the Revels), Middleton, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, Steele, Dryden, Gay and the blameless Miss Mitford. What is new in the business, however, is the re-inforcement of the Lord Chamberlain by the Foreign Office; an innovation which seems to have begun when "The Mikado" was so ridiculously interdicted to please Japan, and another comic opera, "Morocco Bound" was modified to appease the susceptibilities of the Sultan of Turkey.

That because Russia is in alliance with us, it is the duty

of the Foreign Office to keep her uncriticized may seem a plausible contention. But on examination it amounts not only to interference in the internal affairs of England and with our British notions of liberty—and that *he* cannot interfere in the internal affairs of Russia is Sir Edward Grey's pet shibboleth—but it also identifies the State with any and every theatre. Now there is *no* State Theatre—I wish there was, even at the risk of its having to represent the views of the Foreign Office. But to suffer from the drawbacks of a State Theatre, and enjoy none of the advantages of its existence, is an intolerable situation for the dramatist. It would be so simple for the Foreign Office to say to the Russian Ambassador: "England, you may not have noticed, is a land of liberty and the theatres are private enterprises, for which the State has no responsibility." An astute Foreign Office would even see the advantage of a medium for conveying hints or suggestions to foreign countries through non-committal channels. So far, however, from recognizing and exploiting this democratic instrument, the Government has even extended the censorship to newspapers, thus staking England's entire fortunes on the wisdom of the official view.

Newspapers, like theatres, have a certain public character, but when, as I understand from high quarters, the Defence of the Realm Act carries over even into the purely individual realm of books, our liberties are indeed in a parlous condition, and the pages I have been compelled to suppress in this very book are an ominous reminder of the distance we have travelled from the doctrine of Milton's *Areopagitica*.[1] They are moreover an interesting illustra-

[1] The censorship of the press is one of the worst losses of the war. The notion that the German Staff would spend its days and nights in piecing together *à la* Sherlock Holmes stray items in odd newspapers, is childish: not to mention the possibility that would then arise of fooling it fatally. The editorial censorship, whether commercial or conscientious, is surely bad

tion of the central thesis of this book that there is neither truce nor standstill in the war for the world, that no liberty is so old-established as to be safe, and that what our ancestors won for us we shall not necessarily bequeath to our children.

"Now we can only wait for the day, wait and apportion our shame,
These are the dykes our fathers left, but we would not look to the same.
Time and again were we warned of the dykes, time and again we delayed;
Now, it may fall, we have slain our sons as our fathers we have betrayed."

XIV

Inter arma silent leges. Rome in war-time surrendered herself to a dictator. It is disconcerting—but it may be a grim necessity—that our war for the freedom of the world shall mean—if only *pro tem*—the enslavement of England, the sweeping away by the old waste of waters of all her secular landmarks. Burke thought that the politician was a wary beast, and that knowing that most people see—and see only—what happened before they were born, he would not—when attempting a new arbitrary imposition—stamp upon its forehead such a name as Ship-Money. But ship-money could be imposed to-day—nay, is imposed—as easily as anything else. "The Defence of the Realm Act, which ran through a Radical House of Commons in a few hours," says the *Westminster Gazette*, "made an end of Magna Charta, and scrapped whole centuries of our history. We have neither liberty of the person, nor liberty of the Press,[1]

enough without the Governmental gag. Even our ministers are astonished when told things known for months to everybody outside the ambit of our Press Bureau, a state of things that might produce fatal surprises.

[1] The fining of the *Bystander* £200 for a comic cartoon will be an historical index of war-mentality.

nor liberty of trade." A coil of passports, regulations, ordinances and measures impedes life and ties labor. Our privacy is slit open by the postal censor.

Under the plea *Salus reipublicæ suprema lex*, even Habeas Corpus is gone—for a British-born subject may be imprisoned without reason given or without trial. We have lived to see military and industrial conscription, accompanied by a "petty Prussianism" which has disgusted even conscriptionist organs, secret trials before illegally minded officials, executions of unnamed persons for unknown offences, some of them soldier lads under twenty, internment of thousands of able-bodied aliens (some of them even seized with a high hand upon the high seas when they were deserting their fatherlands), winding up of enemy companies, and ruthless sentences for purely technical offences pronounced by panic-stricken magistrates, whose *obiter dicta* occasionally reveal a childishness beyond words.

Thus a commercial traveller, a British subject, was not allowed to return to his American home on the ground that the goods he represented *ought* to have been made in England. A German-speaking witness was told to learn a language worth speaking.

This Prussianism *pro tem* has only been made possible by the device of a Coalition Government, for this is not, as it pretends, a union of all the talents—that, as Herbert Spencer pointed out half a century ago, could be better secured by utilizing the best business men—but a shield against criticism and a cover for blunders. As Lord Loreburn said so excellently in the House of Lords, a parliamentary danger relieved, is not a national danger relieved. The Defence of the Realm Act is in fact a Defence of the Cabinet Act. The rapidity with which war reverses generations of history is only another proof of its degenerative character—war is perhaps really the test of a people, not

of their brute strength but of whether their constitution is a reality alive in their spirit or a mere dead heritage. Of course all the other belligerents have slid back as swiftly as Britain, but *corruptio optimi pessima.* It does not seem to occur to anybody that a great nation must take a little risk for a great principle.

XV

Nor can the Government be accused of not representing the people, for the mob has bettered the Government *oblawas* (or alien drives) by *pogroms* (attacks on property though happily free from murder) and it clamors for still more internments (regardless of the expense, and of the waste of labor-force), still more high-handed hampering of neutrals, and for non-recognition of naturalization scraps of paper. Lloyds and the Baltic Exchange suspend members, Shipping Companies refuse to embark emigrants. Town-Councillors remove the name of the German maker from the dial of the parish clock and—with a still more comical desire to put back the clock of civilization—a Mr. Herbert Stephen writes to the *Times* that it would be "exceedingly disagreeable to have the same time here as in Germany!" How truly observes Romain Rolland, " Un grand peuple assailli par la guerre n'a pas seulement ses frontières à defendre il a aussi sa raison." Even scholars rush to run down the German Science they have always profited by, and learned bodies hasten to remove their German members. Anti-German Leagues break up Quaker meetings, disturbing the immemorial Elian quiet. Even in Parliament a military member back from the trenches was allowed to declare without rebuke from the Speaker that if he had had another honorable member in his battalion at the front, that gentleman would have been strung up by the

thumbs before he had been there half an hour! There could not be a more salutary illustration of Burke's axiom that "the civil power, like every other that calls in the aid of an ally stronger than itself, perishes by the assistance it receives."

Such things at home do not tend to put an allegation like the Baralong episode at sea beyond the need of formal disproof by the Admiralty. Undoubtedly the pitilessness of Prussianism is responsible for much of this débâcle of Britishism,—that is how evil engenders evil. But unless these phenomena prove—as we must hope they will prove—the mere mania of war-fever, to be dispelled by the first cool touch of Peace, Germany—even if we pulverize her—will have destroyed the Britain we knew

> "A land of settled Government,
> A land of old and just renown
> Where Freedom broadens slowly down
> From precedent to precedent."

One wonders indeed whether Tennyson would have carried out his threat to leave such an England

> "Should banded unions persecute
> Opinion, and induce a time
> When single thought is civil crime
> And individual freedom mute."

How odd that it is from a member of Mr. Asquith's constricted House of Lords that comes the stately reminder of Britain's real greatness as the pioneer of freedom.[1] And how pathetically reads the letter [2] of the veteran Liberal, Sir Edward Fry, on the murder of Magna Charta! "The shock that I have received from the judgment of Sir Ed-

[1] Lord Parmoor's Letter to the *Times*, March 1, 1916.
[2] The *Times*, February 25, 1916.

ward Halliday has made some words of the ancient document resound continually in my ears."

The late Emil Reich, whose clairvoyance of the coming war was so marvellous, seems yet to have been mistaken in thinking that in the hour of crisis, free England would reveal great personalities as opposed to the mechanical mediocrities of "the model monster." We have had as yet only the mediocrities without even the mechanical perfection. The cry "Nothing matters, unless we win the war" reveals rather the temper of a lady throwing her bonnet over the mills than of a great historic nation with its thousand years of heroic vicissitude.

The pity is all the more because of the greatness Britain at war has shown in so many directions—in the boundlessness of her effort and her sacrifice, the nobility of her young men, her generosity towards Belgium, and the spiritual gravitation she has exercised upon her remotest Colonies and Dependencies. Mr. G. K. Chesterton has written a characteristic book, called *more suo The Crimes of England*, the point of which is, I gather, that this is the first war in which England has been in the right. That is further than even Coleridge (who once cursed his country) or Cowper (who bade her cease to "grind India") or Wordsworth (on whom the freight of her offences lay heavy) has ever gone. But if Mr. Chesterton is correct—and the crimes of Chesterton are many—it is certainly odd that the first war in which England has been in the right should be the one war in which she has temporarily ceased to exist.

"Who lives if England dies?" asked Kipling finely. But England does not live if her mere geographical semblance survives. One is reminded of the words Tacitus put into the mouth of Otho. "Quid? [1] vos pulcherrimam hanc ur-

[1] *Historiæ*, Book I, Cap. 84.

bem domibus et tectis et congestu lapidum stare creditis? Muta ista et inanima intercidere ac reparari promiscua sunt: æternitas rerum et pax gentium et mea cum vestra salus incolumitate senatus firmatur. Hunc auspicato a parente et conditore urbis nostræ institutum, et a regibus usque ad principes continuum et immortalem, sicut a majoribus accepimus, sic posteris tradamus. Nam ut vobis senatores, ita ex senatoribus principes nascuntur."

"No more speeches!" cried Lord Glenconner, and spoke England's mood of the moment. That the first duty of Parliament is to *parler*, and not to fight in the trenches, that action cannot supersede counsel, and that a brusque soldierly "let us get on with the war" does not help us to win it, and that the dignity of a great nation requires it to go its way with imperturbable majesty, was an opinion I was at first alone in expressing. My speech "Wake up, Parliament," republished in this volume, was regarded by some as scandalous, if not indeed treasonable. But I soon lived to see its point of view adopted by the *Times*, which had welcomed the dumbness of Westminster as a symptom of national unity, but which speedily perceived that Parliament is never more necessary than in a great war whose duration is uncertain, nay, which found itself compelled to be the missing voice of the nation—a service I recognize as beyond price, much as I may disagree with particular things said by the voice. Parliament itself has never recovered its potency. Paralyzed by the device of a non-party Ministry, devoid constitutionally of the power over foreign affairs possessed by many other Parliaments, which form Committees entitled to call for papers and cross-examine Ministers, hectored over by the Zabernian rhetoric of M. P.'s from the front, menaced by the hysteria of the constituencies as well as hypnotized by its own, flinging away money by the thousand millions without

question or criticism,[1] abandoning the control of the purse for which it was recently waging war with the House of Lords, the House of Commons has presented a pitiable spectacle, ironically enhanced by the armlets sported by some of the members. The degradation reached its climax in the conscription comedy, preluded by the farcical fraud of the National Register.

A hireling army is no ideal of mine. "Despicable" I wrote years ago "is the nation which sends mercenaries to do its fighting." [2] A citizen army is the only militarism the future can tolerate, and the rough-and-ready methods of voluntary enlistment, in a nation without the tradition of national service, indubitably worked injustice, as by the patriotic rush of "only sons" whom conscription would have passed by.

But for a great nation to swop its national system in the middle of a war, to introduce conscription on the basis of a wager whether a certain number of single men would volunteer or not—and then not even to take the number of the single men as they enlisted, but to proceed entirely upon guesswork,—an ethic that would have scandalized Crockford's gaming club—and subsequently to try to justify the guess by hustling into the army "everything on two legs" (even on cork legs) and "unstarring" the "starred" young men already supposed to be allowed for in the "statistics"—all this is more like Mexico or a lunatic ward than Tennyson's stately old island. The notion that it is quantity, quantity, quantity that matters has long amazed all of us who play chess and are accustomed to see Kings beaten in the very thick of their men. No wonder the Southwark

[1] In the debate on Mr. McKenna's last Budget, the greatest in our history, one speaker "complained there had hardly been a quorum present throughout." (*Times*, April 6, 1916.)

[2] *Italian Fantasies*. Risorgimento.

Tribunal exempted *pro tem* the one man in all England able to fit padded rooms in asylums.

My sympathy with Sir John Simon is, however, diminished by the fact that he let pass without a word—such is the slackness of even the best of Parliamentarians nowadays—the real introduction of conscription. That occurred when the time-expired soldiers and marines had their term of service compulsorily extended. But that the London Clubs should have considered Sir John Simon's noble sacrifice of his political position a symptom of dubious sanity throws a significant light upon the spirit of our fight for Liberty.

Beholding thus how

> "Freedom *narrows* swiftly[1] down
> From precedent to precedent."

I ask myself whether the vaunted resolution of Britons never to be slaves is only an old song. If so over the British Empire may be written *Ichabod*. For its greatness is inseparably bound up with its freedom. The attempt to run the British Empire without Britishism is suicidal.

An Australian (M. F. W. Eggleston of Melbourne) put the truth strongly in a recent number of the *Nation* when he wrote:

"But above all material ties, above all ties based upon common danger or common interest, the factor which plays the greatest part in holding the Empire together is the spiritual leadership of the world by Great Britain. It is Britain—the cradle of freedom and modern democracy, the mother of Parliaments, the most successful exponent of the principles of re-

[1] Swiftly not slowly. *Facilis descensus.* As Romain Rolland says: "Dans la lutte éternelle entre le mal et le bien, la partie n'est pas égale: il faut un siècle pour construire, ce qu'un jour suffit à détruire."

sponsible representative Government—who attracts the imagination and secures the passionate devotion of a young democracy like Australia. If weak and trembling hands let fall this sceptre, then the days of the Empire as a powerful, united, positive force in the world are numbered."

Sharing his advantage of seeing the Empire at a non-parochial angle, I have often striven to bring home the same truth to my fellow-citizens. Speaking when Edward VII. succeeded to it—exactly a thousand years after Edward I.—I said: [1]

"If you were as much in contact with foreign opinion as I am, if you knew how the thought of England lives and glows in the hearts of the oppressed—as the sun of liberty, the ark of refuge—then you would be more careful than you are to keep this great vision, this splendid ideal, untarnished, even by foreign misconceptions and alien misunderstandings. Cæsar's Empire—as well as Cæsar's wife—must be above suspicion."

But why cite Mr. Eggleston and myself, when there is Plato?

"Now there is a voice from each form of polity, as it were from certain animals; one from a democracy, another from an oligarchy, and another from a monarchy. . . . Whichever then of these polities speaks with its own voice, both to gods and men, and produces actions, correspondent to its voice, it flourishes ever, and is preserved; but when it imitates another voice, it is destroyed."

For which reason, if for no other, I trust that after the war, despite our pro-German press, the British Constitution will be thoroughly repaired and re-painted.

[1] The occasion was a dinner to Mr. Linley Sambourne of *Punch* over which I was presiding.

XVI

Much of this obscurantist activity on the part of our Press Bureau and our Press has been devoted to maintaining the mirage of "Rosy Russia," and our men of letters with whom I had co-operated in signing a manifesto against Germany declaring that we in Great Britain were "conscious of a destiny and a duty . . . to maintain the free and law-abiding ideals of Western Europe" signed behind my back another manifesto—to Russia—calculated to give fresh rosiness to the myth. I was glad to note that the author of *The Truce of the Bear* was not among the signatories.

Russia, across whose vast steppes the war for the world now rages both spiritually and physically, and which is fighting with equal heroism and nobility in both zones, is unquestionably a splendid potentiality in which lie latent one of the great countries and peoples of the future, destined to enrich humanity in every department. But at present it is only a giant embryo, whose very calendar lags symbolically behind. According to its best friends it is at present a Continent of analphabetic[1] if lovable moujiks—140 to 150 million spread over three Europes—who although piously Christian are practically pagan in their superstitions and primeval earth-rites.[2] They are environed by a torpid and degraded Church[3] which has not yet reached the stage of relating religion to life but is a Church of Prayer and Praise. So ignorant are the remoter members of this vast peasantry that according to an Englishwoman well acquainted with Russia[4] some of our allies in the pres-

[1] Seventy-five per cent cannot read or write, according to a letter in the *Times* (January 3, 1916).

[2] See *Times'* Russian Supplement (February 24, 1916).

[3] See Dr. Sarolea, also a Russian Countess in the *Daily Chronicle*, interviewed by Harold Begbie.

[4] Mrs. Rosa Newmarch in the *Times*, January 4, 1916.

ent war had never heard of the English at all, or at best confused them with the French. Nay, they did not even know all their own forty-eight races, for another recent writer on Russia tells us that a group from far Siberia arriving at Warsaw, after days in the train, and seeing people of other traits and vestures, asked of their officers, "can we begin killing now?" [1]

This backbone of Russia is supplemented (according to these same friendly authorities) by a miseducated, loose-living and misleading minority of doctrinaire revolutionaries out of touch with the real Russian people, which its shallowness wishes to endow with Western representative institutions, and by a growing industrial element which, to believe Stephen Graham, is the worst type of humanity that has ever afflicted the planet, "crass, heavy, ugly, unfaithful, unclean, impure," [2] and which is the only element in which political unrest really exists.

There is also in the Baltic provinces a considerable German-speaking population that combines with the bureaucratic ruling elements, which are in sympathy with Prussian rigidity, to constitute a large pro-German factor. Nor are Germans the only exotic stock. Of the forty-eight races in Russia only two-thirds, roughly speaking, are Russians proper, or Orthodox Christians. No less than thirty per cent, including nearly twenty million Mohammedans, are of other sects or faiths. England, faced in India, with a similar problem, has boldly solved it by a policy of equal justice for all faiths and races, and the loyalty of the Indian troops is her reward. Russia—and the ideal of Pobiedonostseff is applauded by Mr. Stephen Graham—seeks rather the unity of the strait waistcoat and the Procrustean bed. These motley races and creeds are to be adjusted to a Slavo-

[1] *Russia, the Balkans, and the Dardanelles.* (Granville Fortescue.)
[2] *Changing Russia*, by Stephen Graham.

phil system of which the three principles are: *Samoderjavie* (Autocracy), *Pravoslavie* (Orthodoxy), *Narodnost* (nationality).[1] And the reactionary organs inspired by the Stephen Graham propaganda tell us that for the Russian Jews to demand rights from "a system created by a Christian State for its own protection"[2] is "to treat with contempt the realities of an Empire whose political institutions and intelligence are still in embryo."[3] To which I can imagine the shade of a Russian Jew replying:

> "Perhaps it was right to make life such a hell,
> But why did you murder me too?"

XVII

An alliance with an Empire of such rudimentary "institutions and intelligence"—in which France had the dishonor of leading the way—could not fail—however necessary to safety—to radiate maleficent influences even when it was an entente. M. Kulmazin, President of the Council of the Empire, calls it "a humanitarian alliance," a description on which more than one page of this book is a sufficient commentary, not to mention the many documents in my possession which must remain unpublished till the censorship is relaxed. It is only fair to say, however, that some of these documents themselves demonstrate how powerless is even the civil bureaucracy before the military, so that, by analogy and comparatively, Russia may not be so much more under the mailed fist than ourselves. Indeed, I have arrived at a most comfortable conclusion. In the first place now that we are on a level with Russia, knowing exactly what it means not to

[1] See that often excellent book, *Europe's Debt to Russia*, by Dr. Sarolea, a writer, however, who does not halt between two opinions but expresses both on different pages; doubtless through the necessity of living up to his title.

[2] *Morning Post.*

[3] *Pall Mall Gazette*, February 27, 1915.

enter or leave our own country without a coil of passports and delays, and police inquisitions,[1] and to be hampered day and night by military regulations—for of course our war régime is Russia's peace régime—the union seems much less unnatural. And in the second place my former fear that like a matrimonial misalliance it would drag us down, that the British bureaucratic tiger having tasted blood would have no relish to return to his pre-war menu, has been dispelled. For if we are old and tired, disappointed of democracy and blasé in freedom, Russia comes to the eternal quest of liberty with a young hope, an unjaded enthusiasm, a burning thirst and an idyllic inexperience. Thus it is Russia

[1] A Russian friend domiciled in England tells me, however, that our police are too gentlemanly to be efficient. Certainly the notorious *Fatherland* of New York, hurled at me every week from New York in an envelope, is almost the only American letter to me that is never censored. In the Dallas scandal at the Home Office we had, however, a foretaste of what happens in a bureaucratic country, and if we really settle down to Russianism, no doubt a double language will be invented by journalists and the public generally to baffle the censorship. Thus a Russian lady wishing to make me acquainted with what was happening to the Jews of Russia behind the official veil wrote me a long allegorical letter about the misfortunes of my "poor relatives," while another informed me she was studying certain Bible texts on which she desired my views viz., *Jer.* XIV, 17, *Gen.* IV, 14, *Jer.* XIII, 19, 20, *Isa.* LII, 3, *Jer.* XIII, 15–17, *Esth.* IV, 14, *Lev.* XIX, 17, *Amos* I, 9. I give here the first four put together as she designed. For confirmation see article herein on *The Jewish Factor in the War.*

Jer. XIV, 17.—And thou shalt say this word unto them; let mine eyes run down with tears night and day, and let them not cease: for the virgin daughter of my people is broken with a great breach, with a very grievous wound.

Gen. IV, 14.—Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth, and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a wanderer in the earth; and it shall come to pass, that every one that findeth me shall slay me.

Jer. XIII, 19–20.—The cities of the south are shut up, and there is none to open them: Judah is carried away captive all of it, it is wholly carried away captive. Lift up your eyes and behold them that come from the north: where is the flock that was given thee, thy beautiful flock?

Isa. LII, 3.—For thus saith the Lord: Ye were sold for nought; and not by money shall ye be redeemed.

that will drag us up and in the ardor of the ever-developing Duma our faded Parliament will renew its youth.[1]

XVIII

In so far as it deals with Russia, "The Melting Pot" is on historic ground. The pogrom at Kishineff in 1904 has already a whole literature devoted to it, and the notion that foreign history can be hushed up in any particular country when the political conditions demand, opens up a geographical conception of history which transcends even Pascal's famous "*Verité au deçà des Pyrénées, erreur au delà.*" But the moral of the play is not anti-Russian at all as was excellently pointed out by my brother novelist (and novelist brother), Mr. Louis Zangwill, in a letter to the *Daily Chronicle*, whose interviewer had misrepresented his views.

"Although the dramatic action of the play was based on a Russian pogrom against the Jews, it yet raises the question: 'Could Jew and Russian, though separated by the widest gap conceivable, nevertheless come together spiritually through the healing power of a higher ideal of humanity?' And the play answers distinctly, emphatically, 'Yes!'

"As I pointed out to your representative, the play is thus symbolic, and foreshadows the future rapprochement between the Russian and the Jewish peoples. The contrast between the narrow fanaticism of the bureaucratic old Russia and the idealistic aspirations of the new young Russia is clearly and sharply drawn, but it is obviously impossible to draw such a contrast without dwelling equally on the two factors to it, though one of these, never meant to be viewed alone, may have displeased the Foreign Office. It is therefore open to question whether the Foreign Office has really exercised a wise judgment

[1] I had hardly written these words when I read of an interview with M. Rodzianko, the President of the Duma, in which he—a Conservative—is reported as saying: "After this war you could no more stop free speech than a dam could hold the winter floods when Spring comes. Yes, after this war it will be in Russia like the Spring." (*Daily Chronicle*, February 29, 1916.)

in the matter. Personally, if I may express an opinion of my own, I am certain that the whole Jewish people, especially in view of the Russian alliance with England, would gladly wipe the past out of their minds in the appreciation of the significance of a new, free, and regenerated Russia."

Nor, though incidentally offensive to the "Black Hundreds" is the play concerned with Russia except as a place to escape from. Its theme is America, with its fusion of races under a new human ideal, an ideal whose illumination was never more necessary than at this Cimmerian moment, and this makes the subservience of the Foreign Office to the Russian Bureaucracy a double treason against humanity. For what had prompted me to write the play was the consciousness that the War for the World had shifted to a new battle-zone, and that in America—to use the great words of Abraham Lincoln—"we shall nobly save or meanly lose the last great hope of earth."

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, for whom "the last great hope of earth" lies in the rear, in criticising the "Melting Pot's" ideal of looking forward and of accentuating "The God of our Children" rather than "The God of our Fathers," remarked that this is "Nonsense, nonsense, nonsense"—an iteration that lacks only the damnable—because the past is unchangeably fixed and known, and the future unknown and unknowable. (I regret I cannot remember his exact words, always excepting his triple "nonsense.") But the past is not really known,[1] nor is the past unchange-

[1] As Faust puts it,

> "Mein Freund, die Zeiten der Vergangenheit
> Sind uns ein Buch mit sieben Siegeln.
> Was ihr den Geist der Zeiten heisst
> Das ist im grund der Herren eigner Geist
> In dem die Zeiten sich bespiegeln."

In the simpler language of Voltaire, ancient history is only "des fables convenues." See his tale "Jeannot et Colin."

able. This paradox I am sure will commend me to Mr. Chesterton's heart but it rests on the simple fact that you can alter your relation to the past and therefore alter the proportion the past bears in the totality of your history. For instance, 1914 will be either the blackest year in human history, or the beginning of a new and happier era, according to what we make of it. The past in fact remains as a series of half-dead seeds, any of which may be revived by a changed relation to it. Nor does the unknowability of the future—which is at worst merely partial—prevent our trying to mould it to an ideal pattern conceived in our consciousness. This is in fact what every reformer is doing all the time.

XIX

Lest the superior person, lifting an eye-brow at my admiration for America, dismiss me as a belated doctrinaire democrat, let me remark that I have always defined myself as "a democrat with a profound mistrust of the people." The tyranny of majorities is worse than the majority of tyrannies. Democracy, like so many human arrangements, is simply the least bad of all the alternatives, and it contains within itself—as no other form of Government does—its own antidote.[1] Sully has observed—and Burke has endorsed the observation—that the people never rise from any instinct of rebellion but from mere impatience of its sufferings. And democracy, tempered by Tammany, is better than autocracy tempered by assassination. Even so great a thinker as Kant, groping for a Philosophy of

[1] An Italian book, by a Professor of Political Economy at Basle has been published pretending to expose democracy, on the ground the leaders always become autocrats and bureaucrats. But I have long ago said that it is "disguised aristocracy"—only it is an elected and removable chosen aristocracy—and this makes all the difference.

History, looked upon the American Constitution as a forward step in human history, and John Bright said in one of his eloquent perorations:—

"It may be a vision but I will cherish it. I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen North in unbroken line to the glowing South, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic Westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific main—and I see one people, and one language and one law, and one faith, and over all that wide continent, the home of freedom, and a refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."

The vision, like so many poetic visions, failed to take account of all the facts—notably of the black problem that literally darkens the picture, and of the financial magnates living like mediæval robber-barons, each in his turreted Trust. But even Bryce, the sober student of *The American Commonwealth* writes of it in the closing chapter of his classical work as "the latest experiment which mankind have tried and the last which they can ever hope to try under equally favorable conditions."

In fact the "War for the World"—that eternal duel of Ormuzd and Ahriman, of Good and Evil—stands in America at one of its most critical moments, since our planet was launched upon its mystic adventure. Here is the forefront of the battle, the first line of trenches, always in danger of being re-taken.

XX

Long before the "Melting Pot" tried to bring home to America by a vivid image of her manifest mission that she carried humanity and its fortunes, I had published in the closing days of the nineteenth century—at the invitation

of a great American organ—a forecast of the forces of reaction against which she would have to struggle in the new century.

"The twentieth century," I wrote, "will be America's critical century. Will she develop on the clear lines laid down by her great founders, or will she survive, like most human institutions, as a caricature and contradiction of the ideals of her creators? Will she fall back into outworn feudalisms, accepting second-hand ideals from the Europe she has outgrown? Small as is the significance of aristocracy in the modern world of Europe, it is at least the petrifaction of what was once living and significant. The original adoration of nobility was not snobbery but respect for real superiority. But the modern American love of a lord is the worship of a withered leaf. That all men are created free and equal is a nobler proposition, if "free" be interpreted as having a right to one's own body and soul, and "equal" as having a right to develop one's own body and soul to their highest. America became the exponent of these ideals; every other conception has been tried and found wanting. And for America to hash up again hereditary aristocracy and militarism would be a ridiculous anti-climax. If America breaks away from her ideals, humanity's last chance will be gone—at least for the white races: for perhaps—who knows?—destiny would seek its next instrument among the despised colored races. O if America were less conscious of her own greatness, and more conscious of the greatness of her opportunity!

"The Eighteenth Century saw the dawn of generous ideals of the Brotherhood of Man. What the Jewish prophets had dreamed twenty-five centuries before, became the dream of the noblest spirits of Europe. The Nineteenth Century, which, by its electric links, has brought the nations nearer to one another physically than ever before, yet closes on the tableau of their spiritual separation—each armed to the teeth and fearfully watching the others, anxious to outstrip them not in greatness but in bigness. The Nineteenth Century has set aside the ideals of the eighteenth, but I dare to hope it has not destroyed

them. They will return—but purified of whatever dross of false idealism was in them, and more equated to the facts of life. But let it be remembered that Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, do not belong to the world of facts but to the world of ideals. They are the way man's aspiration shapes the facts, as man's will cuts tunnels through the dumb mountains and lays cables beneath the blind seas.

"The Nineteenth Century's own idols have not proved so worshipful as it imagined. If the Press diffuses light, it can also—as Bismarck discovered—diffuse darkness. If Science as a maid-of-all-work is a success, Science as an interpreter of the mystery of the Universe is a dismal failure. Even her immense practical boons only serve to amplify our senses and increase our speed: they cannot increase our happiness. Giants suffer as well as dwarfs, and the soul may sit lonely and sad, surrounded by mechanical miracles.

"As ever, the soul is the true centre of things, and if America remembers this, she may steer safely through the immense spiritual perils of the coming century towards her old goal of a noble democracy, and may yet point the true path of civilization to the feudal nations and exhibit the divine element in the long procession of the centuries."

XXI

Of these ideas "The Melting Pot" was but a dramatic expansion. "A fig for your feuds and vendettas! Germans and Frenchmen, Irishmen and Englishmen, Jews and Russians—into the Crucible with you all. God is making the American!" [1] And David Quixano, the young musician,

[1] The play, so fatuously suppressed by the Foreign Office, has become almost a text-book in many American schools and colleges and is constantly performed by their dramatic societies. As I write, I receive a letter from a school-mistress in Connecticut who says: "My pupils love the story and quotations, and we often recite the last glorious outburst 'What a seething and a bubbling! Celt and Latin, etc.' Oh, it is splendid to see the little Citizens—Latins, Celts, Jews and Gentiles, all repeat it understandingly."

whose family had been swallowed up in the Kishineff pogrom, told the comfortable cultured Europe-apers:

"You look back on Europe as a pleasure-ground, a palace of art. But I know it is sodden with blood, red with bestial massacres!"

("Romantic claptrap this," according to Mr. Walkley, the dramatic critic; there are signs he knows better now.) But it was in vain that my young idealist, raising hands of benediction towards the Western sky, and his yet more glamorous vision, prayed:

"Peace, Peace to all ye unborn millions, fated to fill this giant Continent—the God of our children give you Peace!"

Under the slogan of "Preparedness" America is now seething with incipient Prussianism, and announcing with the first fine careless rapture of discovery that "to ensure peace you must prepare for war!" *Para bellum*, forsooth. *Para cerebellum!* Poor simple souls! So this fallacy, like the confidence trick, is perennial, needing only a constant renewal of fools.

> "I know that maxim—it was made in hell,
> This wealth of ships and guns inflames the vulgar
> And makes the very war it guards against.
> How often, as the Master said, the sight
> Of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done." [1]

And so the most peace-loving country in the world is to have the second largest navy, and in time no doubt "the largest on earth." I agree with Lord Rosebery in lamenting this victory of Ahriman in America.

[1] "The War God," Act I.

XXII

En passant I may remark on the shallowness of the contention that the emergence of the "hyphenated" American during the war has destroyed the "Melting Pot" thesis. It is true Americans from the Fatherland have suddenly resumed the German, even to the point of abetting criminal plots against the Allies. But this is no more a disproof of the fusing process than—if I may use a vulgar image—seasickness is a disproof of digestion. An abnormal condition has simply counteracted the process. Sympathy with their country in its hour of trial has given these American Germans a violent centrifugal pull which counteracts the centripetal pull of America. But their re-assertion of race has only made the majority of Americans more conscious than ever of their Americanism, more determined than ever to be a non-European and politically homogeneous people. I say politically homogeneous because the actual physical fusion is a long process and is not even necessary, any more than it is necessary in Britain for Welshmen to marry Highland women or countesses to wed costermongers.

That Americans have forgotten "that their chief and only allegiance was to the great Government under which they live" is, said President Wilson, "the only thing within our borders that has given us grave concern in recent months." The attempts—as yet happily defeated—to bring back America to the wretched divisions of the world it has left behind; to call in the Old World to upset the balance of the New, is only another of the proofs of the unrelaxing persistence of the sea of evil to dash itself against the dykes of good in that ceaseless war for the world, which constitutes the great cosmic drama.[1]

[1] Canada, it should not be forgotten, is only second as a "Melting Pot" to the United States, and the effect of the war upon Teutonic blood there is

XXIII

The "War Devil" which opens this volume and which unlike all the other war-pieces was written before the war (having appeared indeed in such Continental organs as the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna simultaneously with its appearance in the *Daily Chronicle* in April, 1913), does not, unfortunately, need the faintest modification now that its outlook has been so wretchedly vindicated. That neither Hague Palaces of Peace nor ever-mounting Armaments would suffice to keep the world's peace unless Reason and Love set to work to untie the world's knots, was a conclusion that sentimentalists did not like to face, believing as they do in short cuts to the Millennium. I differ further from Mr. Carnegie in holding that a mechanical millennium is not only not possible but also not desirable. There are worse devils than even the War Devil, and I said so plainly both in this article and in the lyric "Lament" which was published in the first number of the *Daily News and Leader*, and had the enthusiastic endorsement of the late Watts-Dunton. Your modern thinker—he goes so fast nowadays he is a futurist rather than a contemporary—has always failed to allow for the element of truth or necessity in ancient institutions—from Capitalism to Christianity, from war to sex-segregation. The attack insufficiently prepared by a superficial analysis naturally fails: is indeed justly baffled by the immortal residuum. In "The Next

shown by the fact that the inhabitants of Berlin (Ontario), who are mostly of German descent, petitioned to change the name of their town! The Ukrainians, a more recent immigration, yet numerous enough to support ten newspapers in Ukrainian, enlisted more freely than they were accepted, since it was feared their hatred to Russia might not yet be sufficiently melted. See their national organ *Svoboda* for February 29, 1916, published in Jersey City, in an idiom of which an old Russian order characteristically remarked: "There never was, is not, and cannot be any Ukrainian language."

War"—provoked by the shower of premature prophecies that this would be the last, that it was "a war to end war"—an attempt is made at a more exhaustive analysis of the causes of war than Pacifists[1] (who, according to Dr. Melamed's learned *Theorie, Ursprung, und Geschichte der Friedensidee*, have declaimed against it for 2500 years) have ever troubled to make.

As wind and fire and water have shaped the lands so war has shaped their distribution among the peoples. As the rain-gauge records rain so history records blood. Yet Canon Gore finds the cause of the present war in Europe's materialism and selfishness (as if the Kaiser's inspiration was not theological), for Dr. R. A. Cram it is due to our inability to build Gothic Cathedrals (as if the Cathedral Ages were bloodless) and Professor Hobhouse traces it to the modern cult of lawlessness in art and life, even in Bergson's rehabilitation of instinct against reason; as if Prussian militarism was not precisely the glorification of law and order, of reason made mechanical. The analysis of war and politics is continued in the articles on "The Levity of War Politics," "The Absurd Side of Alliances," "The Military Pacifists," "The Ruined Romantics," "Some Apologists for Germany," and "The War for the Words," all of which articles grew out of the attempt to write this Preface to a much smaller book, and had finally to be given their own way as separate entities. "Paradise Lost" on the other hand was my first thought when the war broke out—it has been already published in several places—notably in *King Albert's Book*. *Patriotism and Percentage* is in a lighter vein, an old satire of mine, dating from 1904, and more

[1] I must head off at once the critic who would ignore the contents of this book, by a digression proving the right word is "Pacificist." But "Pazifist" is used in Germany and "Pacifiste" in French, and we must accept this short form if only as a war-economy.

than once republished. Its object was to show the absurd tangle that had resulted from the separate evolutions of internationalism and nationalism, and since we are now again talking tariffs, I have reprinted its companion satire of Protectionism in the States. In pursuance of the same line of satiric suggestion I wrote to the *Times* in 1909 suggesting that as the new German Dreadnoughts, which were supposed to be aimed against us, could not be built without the new German loan of forty millions, it was treasonable for any British subject, banker or stockbroker to take part in it. This was of course a hit at our British policy of muddling along intellectually, but in Germany it was received as a piece of disgusting Chauvinism; a reception recalling in a humble way the fury in France over Gilbert's lines in which a certain gallant British skipper explains why he sailed away before a French frigate:

> "For to fight a French fal-lal
> Is like hitting of a gal
> And a lubberly thing for to do."

XXIV

Reviewing my "War Devil" with handsome compliments, Mr. William Archer in an article called "Love, Reason and War" nevertheless boggled at my formula of "Reason and Love," and confessed himself "disappointed at the inert pessimism of the conclusion." For, he urged, if "Love," or a "passionate sense of brotherhood must possess us before we can exorcise the War Devil, there is no ray of hope on the horizon . . . for the present state of tension must certainly snap long before 'a passionate sense of brotherhood' can ripen to relax it; and a world-war would effectually crush and ruin whatever tender shoots of world-fraternity may now be germinating here

and there." He thought therefore that the war could and should be staved off by some more rational means than Love.

It will be seen that the "inert pessimism" must now belong to Mr. Archer, for despite the world-war I do not believe "the passionate sense of brotherhood" so remote, indeed it not seldom reaches across the opposing trenches. I am not thinking merely of the Christmas truce. One hears on all sides of the friendly relations set up between English and Turks, between English and Prussians even. At Souchez, so an officer back from the trenches told a friend of mine, the Prussians actually utter a warning shout to our men when their *Minenwerfer* menaces. The artillery being of course remote and impersonal shares the apathy or hatred of the civilian, but the men who are brought into living touch (strange words) with one another have the comradeship easily passing into affection that comes to all those who go through common danger. Were the animosity between the French and German real—as real as between, say, Balkan neighbors—how could we possibly explain that astonishing episode recorded by Lord Northcliffe in his vivid narrative of Verdun—when through a rapid thaw "the parapets melted and subsided and two long lines of men stood up naked as it were before each other," and "the French and German officers turned their backs" while "the men on each side rebuilt their parapets without firing a single shot." Supposing to fire would have meant "wholesale murder" what else were they out for? Who has ever heard of two rival dogs that when their chains broke waited to be fastened up again? [1]

Mr. Archer thinks that Reason is enough. But Reason

[1] I asked a young relative of mine back from Gallipoli how he could find it in his heart to kill Turks—a people he had never seen before. "I felt I was killing Germans," he replied simply.

may tell us what should be done, it supplies no motive-power for doing it. If Love without Reason is fruitful in folly, Reason without Love is altogether sterile. Only by Reason and Love united can we untie our knots. What comes of trying to run the world by Unreason and Hate my lines on "The Place of Peace" sufficiently indicate.

I was startled to find that Tolstoy in his secret *Diary* published in Russia this January uses the same formula as was laid down in my article of 1913. In *Reason and Love* he too finds the only practicable alternative to the present governance of Society.[1] The coincidence is the more peculiar since Tolstoy unfortunately preferred to base his teaching upon Biblical texts. "Reason and Love" is a better basis. Not only can the Devil quote Scripture for his own purposes, but large sections of people are repelled by quotations professing a supernatural authoritativeness. Moreover, elasticity is lost. Tolstoy, for example, finding the text "Thou shalt not kill," leapt to annex it as an immovable basis for Pacifism. "Reason and Love" however might very well say sometimes: "Thou *shalt* kill." Not to mention that a score of Biblical texts say so likewise. Mr. Archer in shying at the word "Love" was only a child of the age before the war. The dry distrust of emotion was perhaps due to the supposed Shavian philosophy, though a quarter of a century ago I remember Shaw telling a Fabian audience how he cried, when he first came up to London, to think of all the misery and was persuaded he would establish Socialism in a fortnight. But I remain unregener-

[1] Our world is governed by violence—that is, by hatred. Therefore the majority of those who constitute society, its dependent, weakly members—women, children, and the unintelligent—are reared by malignity and join the ranks of hatred. But if the world were governed by Reason and Love, then this majority would be reared in Love and would join its ranks. To this end Reason and Love must persistently assert their existence.—TOLSTOY'S *Diary*.

ate; I am quite aware that the word "Love" is fly-blown, and like the grand old name of gentleman, "soiled with all ignoble use." Nevertheless

"Love is and was my Lord and King,"

and I abide by my formula.

Cecil Rhodes thought that if there was a God—which was doubtful—he would want the world to be all English—*that* was certain. This is always how the overflowing energy of a great people manifests itself. Bulwer Lytton said every man was a patriot for the best of all reasons—his country had produced *him*. The true patriot cannot imagine the world-spirit desiring to produce any other types. The late Max O'Rell told me that to a Parisian it seemed *comic* that anybody should not be a Frenchman. Pan-Germanism is therefore no abnormal dream. Austria's old motto ran: "*Austriæ est imperare orbi universo.*" But it is not more magniloquent than our own *Rule, Britannia,*

"All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles, thine."

And this "*élan vital*" for Empire is sophisticated by the poets and orators as Virgil moralized the Roman clutch for the world:

"*Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;*
Hae tibi erunt artis, pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos."

But the God of Reason and Love desires the world to be neither British nor German.

XXV

The Reform Club of New York has presented to President Wilson a memorandum as to the needs of the various coun-

tries for ports or markets, which needs constitute the main driving-forces towards war. Not one but could be equitably supplied by mutual arrangement to the advantage of the world at large. Across these commercial needs cut however the racial yearnings and national ideals, but even these could be adjusted by Reason and Love, which could at least remove all inequalities and oppressions everywhere; in which case much fanatical and purposeless patriotism would be peacefully absorbed by superior *Kulturen*, and the nerve of nationality would be dulled. Those who suppose an acute sense of nationality would continue to co-exist with "World-Peace" want to have their cake and *eat* it too. There would be just such differences as subsist between Italian towns to-day, no two alike, yet the civic consciousness purged (or despoiled) of the wild flavor of the days when Pisa fought Genoa, Siena Florence, or Pavia Ravenna.

XXVI

Although in "Militarism, British and Prussian," I defend the British sub-conscious and defensive variety of militarism against Mr. Bernard Shaw's identification of it with the true or Prussian variety, I had already suggested in "The War Devil" that there is still too much Khaki in our cosmos. Our civilization, though pacific and industrial and free from military swagger, still revolves round a Court conceived on the old military models, and atavistic in its pageantry and its sympathies. Hence the disrespect for science and letters, and education, which revenges itself ironically when in a war of chemists the chemist is displaced or ruled by the Colonel. The Kaiser was made an Admiral of the Fleet, just as the Tsar has now been made a Field Marshal. Science will not come to its own till a foreign monarch is made F. R. S., which when you come to think

of it is the only appropriate title for him. A Pension List like ours for Literature and Science—"To Mrs. T. K. Cheyne in consideration of the services of her husband, the late Professor Cheyne, to Biblical criticism, and of her straitened circumstances, £30—" suggests rather the Republic of Andorra or San Marino than the greatest Empire the world has ever seen. There is neither a Minister of Fine Arts as there is even in Belgium, nor is there a National Theatre to exalt the national temper or to rescue the drama from under the unclean thumb of the Syndicate. Even in the Lord Chamberlain's office one stumbles on colonels, and when "The Next Religion" was prohibited I had to discuss theology with colonels, of the verbally uninspired kind that corrected Gilbert's "chambers fit for a lord" into "chambers fit for a heaven," it being an office instruction that "Lord" was a theological term. As the horizon according to Sydney Smith was—when a certain lady appeared—clouded with majors, so is the horizon of the British Government darkened with colonels, gentle and honest as Colonel Newcome, but also as inefficient. There are Colonels even in the War Office.

XXVII

And it is perhaps because they are there—instead of plain business men—that it is so difficult to help one's country. At the very outbreak of the war I indicated to a Cabinet Minister of my acquaintance a serious defect in one of our munitions—of which I had been specially informed—and my letter was neatly docketed. When the War Office was clamoring for men, I asked it to sanction the raising of a Jewish Foreign Legion, similar to the Zion Mule Corps which was doing so brilliantly at the Dardanelles and the commander of which was cabling me in

the spirit of Oliver Twist, and again the request was acknowledged. Finally I drew attention in the most authoritative quarter to a most important new invention, which might not impossibly make the whole difference between defeat and victory and which was patriotically offered to the Government without a farthing of royalty. This time—so dire was the need—it looked as if something would be done and the thing was pushed in many directions and by many influences. Yet *six months* passed without result! Outraged, I made a supreme effort. A Cabinet Minister assured me everything would be done to help me. I replied indignantly that it was I who was trying to help the country. I was now invited to the War Office, courteously received by colonels. Things happened—and then again silence! The inventor's nerves broke down at last and at the sick bed we both abandoned the hope of helping such a country. Four months later and with practically no further effort from outside the invention was to some extent taken up! Now of course either it is a useless invention and should not have been taken up even now, or it is supremely important, and the delay was criminal. The inventor, instead of being prostrated and almost killed off should have been imprisoned by our anxious country in a palace, with black slaves to gratify every wish, and attendant mechanicians waiting with motor-cars to bear off the perfected pattern as soon as it was finally tested. Imagine the Germans having the chance of such an invention! "Almost," I say to the War Office, "almost thou persuadest me to be pro-German." The Government offices have now abandoned red tape for white, which is more economical. Let us hope, it is also symbolical.[1] But it would be unfair not to admit that with a War Office

[1] Compare the amusing chapter on "Olympus" in *The First Hundred Thousand*, by Ian Hay

adapted for a "Contemptible Little Army" called on suddenly to cater for millions, it has done better than could have been expected. Not to mention that in this instance professional scientific jealousies may have sub-consciously impeded, for as Hazlitt says: The unavoidable aim of all corporate bodies of learning is not to grow wise, and to teach, but to prevent anyone here from being or seeming wiser than themselves.

XXVIII

If we are to get away from the colonels it must not be merely by calling in science to help organize war as Professor Armstrong demands—indirectly as intellect would thus profit in the scale of recognition once it was mobilized for war. There must be a complete "trans-valuation of values." Sir William Tilden demands more honors for science and that the Presidents of Scientific bodies should be *ex officio* members of the Privy Council. Even this suggestion, excellent as it is, does not go far enough. What we have to do is to recognize the emergence of a modern pacific, industrial civilization from the outworn militarist State by a new set of social symbols and a transference of honors to the leaders of the new organism. Otherwise Prussias remain potential in the germ everywhere. This is a reform I have often advocated. Here for example is a speech made by me in the last century to a Business Club—the date is not noted, but admirers of Lord Rosebery may trace it from the allusion to him, which shows him more in-seeing than most politicians.

"When I find Lord Rosebery pointing out to his nation that the silent campaigns of commerce are at least as decisive of the fate of nations as the noisy operations of the battlefield, I feel

that here is a point of view which mere politicians rarely occupy. When I read that since we conquered Egypt and the Soudan our exports to those places have gone down by a half, and that Germany and America are already preparing to munch the chestnuts we have pulled out of the fire in South Africa, I suspect that possibly life is not all blood and khaki. Perhaps we are really at death-grips with Germany, for example, though nominally at peace. And Germany, we are told, conducts her commercial campaign as scientifically as a military campaign, while England conducts her military campaign as unscientifically as a commercial campaign. Lord Rosebery deduces that both campaigns should be conducted with equal science. My more ignorant literary imagination takes a wilder flight and deduces that both campaigns should be put on an equal footing of honor and dignity: if indeed the victories of peace are not superior in glory to the victories of war. For, if we look facts in the face, we must see that the modern world is not the ancient world nor the mediæval world. We must not be deluded and enslaved by the phrases and the ideals that belonged to a primitive world minus steam and electricity. In applying the old military methods to the solution of modern political problems, we may be as antiquated and out-of-date as we should be in using the tactics or weapons of Wellington in a modern battle. We may come to recognize that even as the spasms and convulsions of Nature, though she works through them, are less important than the slow silent everyday forces, so History is now made less by the fire and sword of the fighters than by the humble prosaic activities of the stay-at-homes. Even if we regard the fighters as the best means of expressing the national force in a crisis, let us remember that it *is* the national force that they express: for since they themselves are in every sense a destructive not a productive element, the very possibility of an effective fighting force rests upon the commercial prosperity of the country. The commercial army thus not only fights on its own account with the commercial armies of other nations, but it sustains and feeds its own military army. Not upon the playing-fields of Eton are our victories won, but in the

factories of Manchester, and the mines of Newcastle, and the shipyards of the Clyde. Nay more. My literary misunderstanding of English history convinces me that not by soldiers has our great Empire been built up, but by Trading Companies, India by the East India Company, Canada by the Hudson Bay Fur Company, South Africa by mining companies. And this is why it seems to my foolish literary simplicity that at least as much glory and prestige should attach to the commercial branch of the Army, as to the military branch of the Army, and that the portraits of the captains of industry should be in every shop-window. But when, gentlemen, I see Parliament voting for the rival branch of the service a hundred millions without turning a hair, while it becomes apoplectic at a request for a million or two for your side, for technical education, let us say, then I despair of ever understanding anything about politics. I am afraid nothing will be done till you manage to invest your branch with something of the glamor of your rivals.

"You, too, must take the popular imagination with splendid symbols. You, too, must have flags and banners, uniforms and bands and patriotic processions. Already mafficking rhymes with trafficking. Our poets have missed their opportunity. Commerce must get a laureate: not the sort of bard whose panegyrics of dog-biscuits and cherry-brandy may be found on the hoardings, but one who will perceive the pulse of true greatness in the throb of the machine-room. For my prosaic part, much as I admire the soldier who plods uncomplainingly the dusty road of duty and death, I cannot see that the humble factory-hand does less for England and the Empire. He, too, may be mutilated by machinery, but though he may be compensated by a little pension, he has not the compensating consciousness of honorable scars, of wounds gained in his country's cause. Why not? Is duty heroic only when it is clad in khaki and accompanied by a band? Why have the fighting classes the monopoly of the motto that 'England expects every man to do his duty?' Why is it not hung up in workshops to counteract the teaching of the Trade-Unions that it is wrong to do an honest day's work?

"And, developing this thought of the commercial Army in my ignorant literary way, I ask why under the guise of strikes and lockouts are our commercial battalions allowed to fire at one another, to the destruction of England and the Empire? We have heard much of Little-Englanders, but how about the Little-Imperialists, those who look only on the big drum side of the Empire and disregard the commercial side, to say nothing of the artistic and intellectual sides, which also form part of the greatness of a nation, as distinguished from the greatness of a pack of wolves or a hive of bees! Gentlemen, let us educate our schoolboys in true Imperialism—to feel that whichever army they enter they are equally serving their country, and that the medals won at Exhibitions are as glorious as those won on the battlefield. As every line drawn from the centre of a circle to the circumference is equal, so within the circle of the community is every faithful service alike honorable."

XXIX

If Reason and Love had only been applied to the Woman Question—that sex WAR FOR THE WORLD with which one section of this book is occupied! In that case how much suffering and folly would have been avoided. Reason would have shown that social and economic changes had altered the status of woman, and Love would have hastened to register the new status by the vote. But the army of the East—with its predilection for the harem—has insisted that the army of the West must hack its way through. This is much more "a war to end war" than the war against Germany, for when co-partnership replaces the male hegemony, it is questionable if the female principle—which is the creative principle—will so lightly tolerate destruction. The ironic and unnatural introduction of the male principle of militancy into the campaign for female rights is studied in two of my chapters, the first of which appeared in the

Fortnightly Review and the second in the *English Review*, and they are followed by three papers (from the *Daily Chronicle*) on "The War and the Women" and concluded by a speech of my own before the United Suffragists at Kingsway Hall, demanding the instant concession of votes for women. It is but one of many speeches I have made in this ungrateful cause, and after all that its advocates have gone through and after having myself for years passed in the London Clubs as a pitifully disordered intellect, once so promising, I read with annoyance rather than with satisfaction the fulsomely honeyed language of the *Times*, hailing woman as "the *primum mobile* of a world in the making," or the bland suggestion of the *Daily Mail* that our affairs would really go far better, were half the Cabinet women. They seem preparing not merely to turn their coats but to turn them into bodices. For my part I feel that anti-suffrage journalists should not make such statements save with bell and candle, and wrapped in their own sheets.

XXX

In "The War Devil" I recalled the theory of Jean de Bloch that modern war must end in stalemate. His theory was perhaps imprinted on my mind by the accident of my having made his acquaintance. The late Dr. Herzl, the founder of Zionism, it was who brought us together and I remember an evening with both of them in a box at a London theatre, where a beautiful actress played in a popular play, to the bewilderment of Bloch who could not understand why the actress was celebrated or the play popular. It was his first introduction to our wonderful stage. "*Elle n'est pas fine*," he said and refused to be introduced to the beautiful one, lest he should have to pay her a compliment, which he felt was beyond his means, millionaire though he was. Any-

thing but a visionary, you see, this little Polish-Jewish Banker, railway constructor and administrator, and writer on finance and economics, surely the mildest-mannered man that ever took a trench, even on paper. That Tsar Nicholas II should have established the Hague Conference under his inspiration seemed much more natural than that he should be the most learned authority on modern warfare. But so far he has proved—as Mr. Philip Snowden said in the House the other day—"uncannily right." And when within three months of its inception the war began to show unmistakable signs of going his way, I tried to remind my fellow-citizens of the contents of his great work, *The War of the Future*, which, published in six volumes in Russia in 1898, and at that time stirring considerable interest everywhere, seemed already to have been forgotten. The occasion arose through a *Times* misrepresentation of the activities of my friend Mr. Jacob Schiff of New York, a noble figure, whose loathing of the carnage and whose yearning for "Perpetual Peace" were attributed to his being a "German agent," and holding "a brief for Germany."

XXXI

Cursed be the Peace-Makers for they shall be called pro-German. This new reading of the Beatitude had already begun and it has since been applied with an absence of humor that is amazing even in war-time. A Nobel Peace-Prizeman who protested against the destruction of Europe has actually been represented (and by a socialist paper) as a puppet, timed by the Kaiser. One would have thought the devil out of hell would have been softened by all the slaughter to consider whether the same results might not now be achieved without any more of it. As the Paris correspondent of the *Times* wrote the other day, "Any

man, be he private citizen or Minister, with power to hasten even by a day, the successful end of this necessary but awful carnage, and who does not bend his every thought and effort to that end, is unworthy of his birthright as a civilized being." Happening to be the child of two great civilizations, and beginning to fear that the most awful part of the carnage might be its futility, I took the opportunity (while suggesting that since peace was inevitable some day, Europe had better try to reach it at once by the Conference Mr. Schiff was proposing) to add in the same letter to the *Times* a synopsis of Bloch's book. The date of my letter was November 26th, 1914. I do not know whether the Germans would at so early a date have accepted a Conference, but when one recalls what agonies and calamities the world has suffered since, one wonders more than ever why the arbitrament of reason is universally commended, while the sword is yet undrawn, but becomes almost a treasonable suggestion after the mischief of the sword is hideously visible. Particularly does it seem a part of that levity of war-politics to which I have devoted a couple of chapters, that the *Times* should have omitted from my letter the Bloch synopsis, though it was professedly taken from *Harmsworth's Encyclopædia*. As if not as much light as possible, but as little as possible, should be thrown upon the transcendently tragic situation. The synopsis of Bloch ran as follows:

"War between the great powers, such, for example, as between the Dual and Triple Alliance, is no longer possible as the arbiter of international disputes. Bloch points out (1) that the two great alliances are nearly equal in combined numbers, wealth, discipline, and moral qualities; (2) that modern weapons and tactical methods have so developed that the defensive force has gained an immense increment of strength which enables small bodies of men to defend a widely-extended front against

superior numbers of the enemy for a protracted period; and (3) that the frontiers are now fortified on a most complete scale, and behind them are vast plains which the spade and magazine rifle can turn into impregnable fortresses. From these considerations he deduces that modern wars will be long wars, and must necessarily result in economic exhaustion, entailing starvation and the dislocation of the social fabric. At best they will result in a 'kind of stalemate,' with no decisive issue."

Despite the *Times'* preference for darkness, that Rosa Dartle curiosity of the minor press, which is usually such a curse, became a blessing, furnishing me with opportunities of pointing the Bloch moral. Thus to the inquisitiveness of the *Weekly Dispatch*, as to what had most struck *me* during the war, I was able to reply (it was now the Spring of 1915) that it was the continued exemplification of Bloch's theories. (What most struck me about the other replies was that Lord Derby, of the immortal recruiting crusade, could see nothing more striking in the most gigantic phenomenon in human history than "the mutual devotion of officers and men.")

At the end of the first year of war the same newspaper habit provided another opportunity of summing up the situation and the prospect. Under date of August 4, 1915, I wrote in *The Evening Standard*—and was again alone in the view:

"I know nothing of military matters, but if one may go by Bloch—instead of Belloc—that great military writer proclaimed that owing to the possibilities of trench warfare, in which one man can hold back six, a war between two modern Powers, equally organized and equipped, can only result in stalemate.

"This deadlock actually exists on the West front, where Germany's only gains have been those of the first rush against an unprepared foe. It does not exist on the East front, because

there Germany meets inferior organization, insufficient money and munitions, and internal discontent.

"But unless Germany builds sufficient submarines to destroy our food supply, we can ultimately wear her out, though at a cost so terrible that I should personally prefer negotiating her out of France and Belgium."

Finally in 1916 came the bold and brilliant tribute of Mr. Wells and the speech in Parliament of Mr. Snowden, and Bloch may be said to have arrived.

XXXII

When his book was first published, a translation of one volume was issued in England under the title *Is War Now Impossible?* And this of course became the legend of Bloch, who was also supposed—and Mr. G. K. Chesterton fell into the error only the other day—to be a moonshiny Pacifist. What Bloch did say was not that war was impossible but that with modern munitions and trench methods a decisive war was impossible, so far as mere military operations went. In this sense it may already be said—to adapt Swinburne—

> "Like a god self-slain on his own strange altar
> War lies dead."

In another sense no doubt Bloch did suggest that war was impossible—in the sense that we say this man or that woman is "impossible." In literal truth they are, alas! only too possible. That a people which had never ceased to chafe at paying its resourceless septuagenarians five shillings a week should carry on a war for two years at the cost of four or five million pounds a day and a colossal loss of life, property and shipping, without turning a hair—this

he might have well thought impossible. Even I who have lived to see it feel like saying "*Credo quia impossibile est.*" But there is nothing in the imperturbable insanity of the human race to refute Bloch. A *decisive* war may be impossible, but there is nothing to prevent two Kilkenny cats going on till there are only a few scraps of fur left—"a fight to a finish."

Another factor, however, comes in—on the Bloch system—to modify the military stalemate. It is the economical attrition by which one or the other will be worn out first. This is why the Huns rage. They have won the military part of the land-battles—forty years of gigantic preparation and two years of heroic sacrifices merited no less—and they are infuriated at our taking no notice of their score. They want war to be a game with the definite old-fashioned rules, but it is we who are teaching them that the mere military *Kriegspiel* is out-of-date. And it is because they feel that though they can go no farther, they may fare worse, that they have long been anxious for a peace. This has even been categorically admitted—and that in a press under censorship—by the greatest organs of Germany. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* said at the end of this February: "We have declared before all the world our readiness for Peace." "We showed our enemies our will for Peace," said the *Cologne Gazette* about the same period. Even as long ago as last Christmas we had Herr Ballin lamenting the destruction of Europe. And in the leading Austrian newspaper, the *Neue Freie Presse*, Count Julius Andrassy, the former Hungarian Minister, said at the same sacred season: "The proceedings of the German as well as of the Hungarian Parliament show clearly that central Europe is ready to make an honorable peace on the strength of the present military situation. But our enemies hold quite a different position."

XXXIII

To hold a different position is quite legitimate and if Germany cannot now get out of the trap she laid for others, nobody can deny it is a righteous nemesis. But I am not at all sure that even England understands the transformed conditions of modern warfare and the full strength of her position, and how in the economic factor of war Germany stands as much beaten as Belgium does in the military aspect. England too has not entirely given up the German romantic idea of *Kriegspiel;* she wants before making peace also to have an old-fashioned victory, if only because—she says—Germany would understand no other. But Germany understands well enough. Think of the picture given us in the *Matin* of March 15 by Senhor Paes, the Portuguese Minister who had just been recalled from Berlin and who, if anyone, should be in a position to gauge the facts:

"I have been witnessing for some months the profound change which has been taking place in certain circles which I have been called upon to frequent. The enthusiasm was great at the beginning of the war. The war was regarded as a sacred enterprise, a sort of emancipation of the civilized world. For some months the tone has been growing depressed. To-day in the same circles where the bellicose spirit formerly reigned one sees only weariness and regrets. The idea that Germany is the nation predestined to regenerate humanity has also disappeared. Everywhere the Kaiser, when he visits hospitals, has but one phrase, always the same, in response to cries and complaints, "*Ich habe das nicht gewollt*" (I did not wish it). Now only peace is spoken of, and the necessity of concluding peace.

"Note that these are circles which boast before the foreigner. If even among people who deliberately wanted war one hears such talk you can judge what is thought in the rest of the Empire and in the lower classes of society." [1]

[1] Translated in the *Times*, March 16, 1916, under the title "Changed Berlin."

Consider too the message recently sent from Berlin to Stockholm as to the plight of the poorer classes. "Hunger is, generally speaking, the most powerful of the enemies of Berlin and Germany." (*Daily Chronicle*, March 25.) A neutral, Hjalmer Branting, tells Mr. Harold Begbie in the same organ that the nation is beginning to see that Force is not so supreme as it thought. "Everybody in the German Empire wants peace," said the *Volksblatt* simply, last December—and now comes the German Chancellor and tells us he expressed his readiness on December 9th to enter into peace negotiations while the German answer to President Wilson's ultimatum goes out of its way to ingeminate peace!

XXXIV

I am not unaware of the new forces we expect to be able to bring into play soon, both native and allied, nevertheless I wish I could feel sure that even a military victory—naval victories are rarely decisive—will bring us better terms than our economic victory already ensures us. Verdun has illustrated the Bloch theory afresh. With the most colossal artillery ever concentrated on one spot and with superhuman sacrifices and valor Germany has at the moment of writing achieved little or nothing. People are able to grasp how this verifies Bloch, but they do not seem to see that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. How is the French "Grand Offensive" to break through, any more than the German? The French author of *The Epic of Dixmude* tells us how "the French marines held back the German advance at the beginning of the war, when the odds were six to one." Why should not the Germans in their turn do the same? "At the first battle of Ypres," Mr. Buchan tells us, "the thin Allied line, stretched to the last limits of endurance, beat back five times its

weight of men and ten times its weight of guns." And again I ask, what guarantee is there the Germans will not do as much? Mr. Buchan says, indeed, that the Germans under such circumstances would soon lose their *moral* but as this would mean the complete destruction of Germany, I do not feel so persuaded that the beast at bay would be less dangerous than on the rampage.

XXXV

Again, when I speak of an economic victory, I mean by intelligent anticipation. With equal taps turned on in two barrels a firkin and a hogshead, one need not wait for the result to know which will be depleted first, and the Germans are clever enough not to desire vulgar demonstration. But if we force them to go on to the last drop, then even our own tun will not be so gloriously overflowing.

Adam Smith, when it was pointed out to him, that on his theories England ought to have been ruined years ago, replied that a nation takes a deal of ruining. No less an authority than the Chairman of The Merchants' Trust has warned us that Germany will take a deal of ruining—after all, its barrel is the Great Tun of Heidelberg:—

"Pitt's speeches are full of prognostications of her financial collapse, but France sustained a war of over twenty years, and it was not the forty-five milliards of assignats that finally stopped her. Theoretically, a country can carry on war provided production is equal to, and not less than, consumption by the Army, plus consumption by the civil population. So Germany might feed, clothe, and munition her soldiers, and struggle on long after financial experts, reasoning from the depreciation of the mark, had decreed her collapse, especially now that she is in possession of the industrial district of the Sambre in Belgium and France, and of Lodz in Poland, which has raised the proportion of producers to soldiers."

It should be added that Kitchener's original calculation that the Allies could increase their men while Germany's quantum was stationary, has been falsified by the accession of Bulgaria and Turkey—which are much more additions to the German army than Italy is to the Allied. A careful table of wastages goes to show that the man-power of the enemy is relatively 15% more than in last June (U. D. C., January, 1916).

Mr. Buchan himself does not believe "that the war can end by mere attrition, by merely starving Germany into surrender." He thinks Germany will make a great naval dash. But if this fails—as fail it must—and Germany's informal peace-overtures are still neglected, and she sees bankruptcy and dismemberment facing her, then I cannot help fearing that we shall see worse devils raised than Germany has yet called from the vasty deep. Tacitus tells us—and he is corroborated by St. Ambrose—that the ancient Germans had such a passion for dicing that when everything else was gone they set their liberties and persons on the last throw (*extremo ac novissimo jactu de libertate ac de corpore contendant*). Who can tell to what desperate recourse their descendants may be driven? They may prefer to go down fighting to the death. Long ago the Kaiser picturesquely threatened to "arm every dog and cat in the Empire"; last December the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger* proposed imposing a year of service on all girls at eighteen, and recently Herr Rudolph Keller, a member of the Austrian House of Deputies, published a book called "War Against Civilians!" urging the starving of all the conquered territories. The British prisoners and interned would anyhow be the first to be deprived of food. And could we complain? Could we complain even if the Zeppelins, ceasing to try for military targets, as I am convinced they have done hitherto, should establish themselves above a crowded city-quarter

and rain down remorseless death? The marvellous British imperturbability might not indeed be shaken, and the bull-dog grip is not without its savage sublimity, and even its measure of justification in the prior "frightfulness" of German policy. But the question is, can we—even though unalarmed—allow such horrors and holocausts when we have only to move a finger to ensure—in co-operation of course with our Allies—a satisfactory and an honorable peace?

As the Swedish Foreign Minister, Mr. Knut Wollenberg, said to Mr. Begbie, there is Europe to be considered, there is civilization. I would add that it is not our business to exterminate even German militarism, much less Germany. If Germany prefers that soul-crushing system, it is her affair. To impose *our* Kultur on her would be to do exactly what we accuse her of desiring to do with other nations. Our business is simply to see that she does not impose her *Kultur* on us whether by conquest or infection. And this business it is by no means certain we are altogether minding.

XXXVI

When at the end of 1914 I wrote to the *Times* to endorse Mr. Schiff's proposition of a Conference, a mysterious and menacing "Member of the Vigilance Committee" hastened to point out in that organ how "curious" peace-talk was "just now when the Germans have failed to take Warsaw." Was he more content, I wonder, when my next essay at "peace-talk" was made after the Germans had succeeded in taking Warsaw? But perhaps this vigilant gentleman is still unaware of the message I sent to a Conference held at Caxton Hall on "The Pacifist Philosophy of Life," on July 8th, 1915, at a time when we were suffering 20,000 casualties a week, and I was still credulous enough to think

that Christian nations might not be altogether deaf to the voice of Reason and Love:—

"As you know (I wrote), I was among the first to stipulate that this conference should not be a 'Stop-the-war-meeting' and therefore I feel myself all the more entitled to protest against the Stop-the-peace-party.

"From various German quarters peace voices seem to be raised with increasing frequency and the game of the Stop-the-peace-party is to pretend that to give ear to these voices is pro-German. That is poison gas tactics. So far goes this disregard of the decencies of discussion that it is probable this very conference, founded on the utter loathing and detestation of the Prussian ideal, will also be beclouded as pro-German.

"A rabbi in New York said the other day, 'Nobody could read his morning paper without feeling as if his heart would break.' This from a neutral.

"What must we feel, who, in addition to the spectacle of half the world murdering and impoverishing itself, see the flower of England massacred and mutilated at the rate of twenty thousand a week, and the whole economic future of generations to come, mortgaged and imperilled, not to mention the transformation of our free modern civilization into a killing machine on the Prussian model.

"Yet when we express the faintest desire to meet any overtures that may arrest this spiritual and material disintegration, our conduct is so unintelligible forsooth that the only possible explanation can lie in our being pro-German.

"When King Solomon wished to cut a child in two, it was the true mother that surrendered the child intact to the false mother; whether those who prefer the slaughter of their fellow citizens to negotiation are the truer patriots is a question that may be illumined by this ancient searchlight.

"The reason alleged by the stop-the peace party for ignoring overtures through German channels is that they are veiled indications of Germany's weakness and distress. But what better moment for dealing with the devil than when he is sick? Surely

it is not proposed to take up peace negotiations at the moment when Germany is carrying all before her. We should have done better, indeed, to encourage these overtures while Russia was still in Galicia, but even now the threads of negotiations could probably be picked up, and the Germans got out of Belgium and France by diplomacy, at least as quickly and effectively as by dynamite.

"I base this belief on the German gospel of Real Politics. The Germans are not out for glory, but for solidities. They do not even profess to fight like England for the abstract sanctity of treaties and rights of nationalities.

"It is very significant, that saying reported of Herr Behrens, director of the Dresden Bank, that Germany would lose even if she won. The shrewd business men who built up Prussia's marvellous prosperity and now see their mercantile marine eliminated, their oversea commerce dead, their colonies captured, and vast markets for German products in England, France, Russia and Italy destroyed, will not indefinitely endure this orgie of militarism.

"They see, even if we do not, that Jean de Bloch was a true prophet, and that modern warfare between two scientifically equipped powers can yield no decisive military result.

"These Real Politicians understand, moreover, that no war indemnity, even in ultimate and improbable victory, could possibly compensate them for the widespread boycott that every month of war makes more certain and bitterer.

"Surely we already hold enough of Germany's colonies, merchantmen and invested moneys not to come off second best in any negotiations.

"I hope, therefore, we shall not lightly reject any reasonable parley, and that a way to peace may yet be found before we enter on the second year of the most murderous, the most gigantic, the most barbarously conducted war in all history."

XXXVII

Nearly a year has passed since this was written, but is there anything in the purely military situation calculated to give us better terms than we could then have secured, *or so much better as to be worth the immense human agony and material destruction?* For this is the real question. Our "Grand Offensive" is coming—it is nearly eighteen months since Frenchmen fresh from the trenches told me it was "just going to begin." "*Il n'est plus question,*" they said, "*de notre entrée à Berlin mais seulement des termes de paix que nous y dicterons.*" So far our Grand Advance has been only in taxes and prices. But even if their cocksureness is about to be tardily justified, this question is not answered. Shall we indeed ever know whether the final terms will be so much better, than we could exact this very day by negotiation with a superficially successful but commercially paralyzed, food-depleted, colony-despoiled and peace-clamoring Germany, as to have been worth the additional sacrifices? Those who have the responsibility for this gigantic gamble are not to be envied. But they ought to bear in mind the sinister currents of "patriotic" opinion that may be set going by the hundreds of factories both here and in Canada which our indefatigable Minister of Munitions has called into being.[1] And surely "negotiation" must after all play a large part in the settlement. Have we indeed done our duty by Belgium in not long ago negotiating the enemy out of her territory? "The cessation of the war," writes M. Henri Lambert, the famous Belgium economist, who is also a manufacturer, "is among Belgium's primary

[1] The hectic flush of prosperity also serves to keep our masses quiet—they neither understand the bad times that may come as after the Napoleonic wars nor make provision for them. "Five pounds a week! It does take a lot of spending," said a housewife wearily. In Canning Town nearly every baby—of two months even—sports a ring.

interests," and he views with horror the prospect, so pleasing to Englishmen, of the evacuation of Belgium by force of arms and not by negotiation. "Every town, village and field in Belgium," would, this Belgian says, "be transformed into a scene of indescribable destruction and horrible slaughter." And as to starving out the Germans, he adds "Does anybody imagine that the German nation will consent to be starved and to pick up the crumbs dropped from the table of the Belgians, themselves fed from other sources?" As for the common cry that South Africa would never give back this or Australia that, it may be true, but if so there is an end to the British Empire, in any sense such as Mr. Hughes tried to drive home to us. It would simply be a set of allied peoples, without inner unity, and were even the Imperial Council established that Adam Smith already proposed in *The Wealth of Nations*, there would still be no Imperial organism.

XXXVIII

This is a matter in which outsiders can see more clearly than the Cabinet, just as it was left for the late Emil Reich to warn England in 1907 of the war which our statesmen did not provide against even in 1914. So too the present Cabinet, engrossed with a multitude of petty details, can perhaps no longer see the tree for the twigs. When the Boer war was dragging its weary length along Lord Rosebery created a sensation by suggesting in a speech that peace might grow out of "a casual conversation in an inn." Is there no way of starting negotiations without committing ourselves? Does the levity of war-politics go so far as to provide no instrument or device for such a situation as the present? One suggestion, made by me, in the *New Statesman* of November 11, 1915, and of course wholly neglected, may perhaps be usefully reprinted here. The

subject arose through a controversy on "Commemorating Miss Cavell."

"With all deference to Mr. Shaw, and every desire that the sex Miss Cavell adorned shall be instantly enfranchised, I cannot feel sure that here lies the most appropriate 'way in which we can pay our debt to her and test the sincerity of her loudest champions.' The lesson of her life—and death—is surely larger than the vote, is nothing less than 'Patriotism is not enough.' She desired to die at peace even with her executioners, and therefore we must prepare to *live* at peace with them.

"Even from to-day's *Daily Express* I gather that Germany—ringed round by our victorious Fleet—is sick of the war, and resembles 'a war-maniac whose blood has been drained.' In the current number of *War & Peace* I find a German manifesto circulated last June by the *Bund Neues Vaterland*, urging that the Allies cannot be crushed, and that even if Belgium could be annexed, it would only create an appalling era of anti-German militarism. Months ago I read another manifesto, signed by a hundred and fifty of the greatest names in Germany, repudiating Bernhardi, and declaring: 'We Germans have never grudged our Anglo-Saxon blood-relations their world-encircling power,' and that the dread of Germany's designs was a 'delusion,' a 'disastrous misunderstanding.'

"As one who shared this 'delusion,' and even incorporated it in a play, I feel I cannot better honor Miss Cavell's memory than by lending ear—however incredulous—to the hundred and fifty German thinkers and creators, for even more disastrous than the original misunderstanding would be to continue it at the cost of incalculable suffering per minute. (In to-day's *Times* there are nearly two close-printed pages in tiny type of British casualties alone.) But if one suggests opening peace negotiations when Germany is winning, one is a coward and a traitor; and if one suggests it when Germany is *not* winning, one is still more clearly 'pro-German.' By these blackguardly tactics—repeated in every war—every approach to

sanity is blocked with barbed wire. The trouble is that a disadvantage does lie with the side that begins the peace talk.

"It appears, therefore, that what is wanted in future wars is a monthly meeting or even a continuous intercourse of the rival diplomatists to discuss, quite without prejudice, the ever-changing military situation. Thus at any and every meeting they could slide into discussing peace conditions without either side being compromised by having called the conference. Let Miss Cavell's countrymen create even now this missing machinery. Let the rival diplomatists begin meeting, not to talk peace, but to prepare the atmosphere in which it may become negotiable as the military situation develops. *En attendant* they can discuss such subjects as the exchange and treatment of prisoners. To end as I began—with a quotation from Mr. Shaw—'If this proposal is received in dead silence I shall know that Edith Cavell's sacrifice has been rejected by her country.'"

XXXIX

Nobody is more conscious than I what large areas of the spiritual war-zone are left untouched here. There is for example a chapter to be written on the results of the war upon the relations between the white and colored races, but the fog of war lies too thickly about this war-zone for any real survey at present. I have contented myself with reproducing my old speech in honor of Mr. Morel, made in the days when his services in the Congo were acknowledged as a national glory, and Lord Cromer, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and others partook in a public presentation to him. I could not re-read this speech without thinking of Old Testament dooms, though at the same time I rejoiced that King Albert has overlaid the black record of King Leopold and his henchmen by a nobly-illuminated page, and that while Germany has sunk into a Great Scourge, Belgium purged by pity and terror has risen into a Great Power, of

which even England can say, in the words of Thomson's *Britain:*

> "In spite of raging universal sway,
> And raging seas repress'd, the Belgic States,
> My bulwark on the Continent arose."

Another chapter—or book—would deal with the effects on labor, apart from the woman question. Such a study has indeed been begun by Mr. G. D. H. Cole, under the title *Labor in War Time,* but it does not go beyond the passage of the Munitions Act, where the real excitement begins. I am not surprised to find him saying "It is scandalous that a measure vitally affecting the whole position of Labor should have been hurried through at a moment's notice . . . it is still more a scandal that the Trade Union leaders and the Labor party should have acquiesced in it." Exactly what I have found all along the line—no real backbone of liberty in the Briton, though plenty of fighting backbone. I note that Mr. Cole ends his book with a grave prophecy that "the coming of peace between nations means the coming of war between classes." This I am not in a position to refute, for if I have avoided this subject it is because I have limited myself to those regions of the war-zone in which I have been personally a fighter. On the movements for the emancipation of woman, for the rights and redintegration of the Jews, for the amelioration of our drama, for the freedom of emigration and the maintenance of the American ideal, for the clarification of creeds, for human brotherhood and Peace, I can contribute first-hand impressions of the combat, but in the war-zone of labor I am a mere spectator to whom the Trade Unionists and the Capitalists appear equal sinners against a true human relation. I incline nevertheless to the more optimistic view of Mr. Buchan, that:—

"If we can carry that great brotherhood of the trenches into the years of peace, and make a cleaner and a better and a juster England, where class hatred will abate because class selfishness has gone, then, with the grace of God, this war may yet rank as one of the happiest events in our history."

I trust that Mr. Lloyd George, now the risen hope of the stern and unbending Tories, will use his new prestige with the Dukes to rob hen-roosts with renewed vigor. The war has simply stripped the propertied classes of their last rag of mendacity—we who are able to pay twelve million pounds every two and a half days of war never ceased to storm and whine alternately at paying twelve millions every 365 days for the Old Age Pensions. The new war-pensions will increase the beneficent circulation of other people's money through the countryside. Mr. Hughes[1] *dit son fait à l'Angleterre* when he said:

"The men of Britain must face the facts. You cannot have a great nation when the base is rotten . . . when twelve millions of people are on the verge of starvation. . . . What must Britain do to be saved? I say she must be born again. There can be no peace until we have purged the world of the monstrous cancer which is eating out the vitals of civilization."

But it is a pity that the man from Australia—who would have scarcely found a career if he had stayed in England—should have added words to this which imply that the "cancer" is not poverty as one would imagine, but Germany, and that the moral of the message should end in the bathos of national security:

"A community which by its very system breeds sexual immorality, which spreads poverty in ever-widening circles, and which degrades masses of its population to a level lower than

[1] Speech at Cardiff, March 24, 1916.

that of the animals, I am quite sure that such a community is destined to be wiped out, to die, to be swept out of existence. There is no room in Nature for such a community." [1]

This is mere rhetoric. There is plenty of room in nature for a community which by degrading its masses to the level of animals, enriches itself with beasts of burden. The greatness of England has long been built upon its docks, where it is a convenience to have a surplusage of unskilled labor to increase competition and drive down its price. The nemesis comes indeed when the number refuses suddenly to rise to a man and a patriot, and your ships are left unloaded or undischarged in the greatest crisis of your destinies. But with a cornucopia of savings, you may muddle through almost anything. No, the question is not of the nation's safety but of the reality of its greatness. Let us not mix up the re-birth, the re-organization of England, with the question of crushing Germany. A fig for "the cancer of German trade"—it is the cancer of English poverty that must be cut out. Cutting out the other cancer indeed will only increase your own, as Mr. J. M. Robertson has convincingly shown.[2] This commercial isolation of Germany is not even possible. Even at the height of the combat England and Russia are compelled to buy from Germany—business men tell me—each closing a politic eye. It may be well enough to say that such necessities of life—or death—must never again be unproduced at home but the Rhadamanthine rodomontade of boycotting a hundred million customers reminds me of the Talmud—saying that ten enemies cannot do a man the harm he can do himself.

Even amid the ghastliness of the war we have been able

[1] Interview by Harold Begbie, *Daily Chronicle*, March 15, 1916.
[2] *Fiscal Policy after the War.*

to spare a shudder for the strange seafaring story of the Dutch lugger that was "picked up derelict with ten men on board all mad, who stated that they had killed their shipmates and tossed the bodies into the sea because the men were possessed of devils." If from one aspect this vessel seems an epitome of Europe, if there is no belligerent whose record is wholly rational—if at best it is a tale of dishonors divided—there is only one way of escaping from the horror which comes over men when they realize what they have done in their madness—it is by insisting that from their very misdeed virtue shall spring. We must see to it that out of all this dung a finer civilization shall flower. Humanity, caught in this terrible machinery of war, twisted and tortured, has yet shown itself full of glorious qualities —incredibly brave, beautifully kind, angelically patient, heroically devoted, magnificently bountiful. Could all these sweet bells be only jangled into the savage discord of war—can they not be accorded into the music of a noble civilization? This war has proved that there is no height or depth of vision but human nature is adequate to make it real. It is only because evil is so energetically organized against what Wordsworth called "the vacillating inconsistent good" that it is so monotonously—and so properly —victorious. If only this inefficiency of the good could be exchanged for the efficiency which Germany has displayed for evil. "*Debout les morts!*" cried the wounded French sergeant in one of the greatest stories that have come to us from the trenches, as he rallied his dead and dying to repulse an assault. We too have long been dead, we sons of the cities—deaf to their groanings and blind to their tears—but we too can rise at the call and make another fight for civilization in a renewed WAR FOR THE WORLD.

XL

No survey, however cursory, of the spiritual war-zone would be complete without a mention of the struggle of the Jew to get or preserve his civil rights. This struggle is important less for the Jew's sake than the world's sake, inasmuch as the position of minorities is the high-water mark of civilization. Hence the space given in this book to Russia which happens to hold six million Jews or half the existing race. Their sufferings in the physical war are but adumbrated here, nor, though greater than those of any other race except the Armenians would they be mentioned at all in such a period of universal sufferings were it not that most of the misery is not the dread necessity of war but a literal luxury of woe which Russian *Militarismus* has permitted itself to enjoy.

Even in England we have a miniature anti-Semitic campaign, and the ground won by Reason and Love is again being sapped by the tireless tides of Unreason and Hate. In his history of *The Rise and Influence of Rationalism*, Lecky devoted a chapter of one hundred and thirty pages to "The Secularization of Politics," treating it correctly as an enhancement and not an impairment of the essential principles of Christianity. But for the anti-Semites—after Treitschke—all this is to be undone. It is not only in Germany that—as Heine told the French—the Middle Age fails to lie mouldering (liegt nicht vermodert im Grabe). "Ever and anon it is revived by an evil spirit and comes out among us in clear broad daylight and sucks the red life from our breast."

The reactionary movement here as everywhere gathers round a Catholic and ultra-nationalist nucleus. It may seem odd that when so many Jews are giving high public service or sealing their loyalty with their blood that anti-

Semitism should be able to persist, but there is always enough stupidity, rancor, ignorance, envy and mediæval prejudice surviving to provide a moderate career for a limited band of Jew-baiters. So far they are to be congratulated that the illogic of the armchair has not translated itself into the crude criminality of the market-place. The organ of the movement styles itself *The New Witness*.[1] Its conductors who are understood to be Roman Catholics would do better to call it *The False Witness* and recapitulate its contents in the confessional.

On the intellectual side the movement is not strong except in names. Mr. G. K. Chesterton has tried to give it an intellectual basis by the allegation that the Jew's intellect is so disruptive and sceptical. The Jew is even capable, he says, of urging that in some other planet two and two may perhaps make five. One always understood that the crime of the Jew lay precisely in the dogmatism of his arithmetic in the realm of theology, but as a matter of fact the scepticism in question was most destructively displayed by Mr. Chesterton's own semi-sympathizer, Mr. H. G. Wells, in his famous discourse on "Scepticism of the Instrument," which now figures as an appendix to his *Modern Utopia*. Not to mention Pyrrho.

A minor fatuity of this school is to refuse the name "European" to the Jew, as if the overwhelming bulk of

[1] This organ is supplemented by the *Catholic Herald* and finds a subtle support in the *Times* which attributes to Jews or Jewish influence every enemy manœuvre, every hostile newspaper, while neglecting to accentuate the Jewishness of the numerous pro-English influences. In its issue of March 17, 1916, for example, we read headlines: "American Capital for Rand Mines," "American instead of German Financing," whereas the whole affair both in the Rand and in the States appears from the names to be in the hands of Jews. *Per contra*, a column headed "Jewish Finance and Turkey" contains nothing but the *views* of the *Berliner Tageblatt* on the fall of Erzeroum! (*Times*, February 25, 1916.)

the British Empire did not lie outside Europe, or as if all its religions had not been made in Asia or Africa.

I remember Sir Charles Waldstein writing to the *Times* to protest against the Jews being thus classified as non-European, but as he himself was born in New York, it seemed a somewhat Irish indignation, especially as he went on to say that the Jews had co-operated with the Greeks to build up the European mind. For if so, then the European mind is semi-Asiatic.

The British Empire, the greatest motley of creeds, races and colors, that has ever been brought under one standard of justice—a phenomenon in itself, as majestic as the Papal blessing *urbi et orbi*—lives by the harmonization of its measureless diversity, and the attempt of a little Catholic clique—till lately itself under oppression—to monopolize British patriotism and represent itself as the sole true-born-Englishmanry could only be dealt with adequately by the flail of a Defoe. This clique understands neither Christianity, which it crucifies, nor the British Empire, which it caricatures.

In so far as its members have any real religion, they are pre-Pauline Jews; too narrow even in their nationalism to remember the Mosaic Commandment that there is one law for the homeborn and the stranger. But the pre-Pauline Jews possessed only a toy kingdom, and that mostly under alien suzerainty; they did not straggle over a fifth of the globe, and set up pleasure or trading quarters in the other four-fifths. For members of this all-conquering people to resent the immigration of a race devoid of even a single square inch of national soil is an insolence describable only as ὕβρις and challenging like it a divine nemesis.

So far goes the arrogance of this little group that it still boasts of its "hospitality" even to British-born Jews. And even other Englishmen, free from anti-Semitism, are

still so caddishly conscious of their legislative magnanimity that they appear to expect the enfranchised Jew to endorse every passing mood of the majority, and to go about—to the third and fourth generation—exuding gratitude, like a Uriah Heep.

"With bated breath and whispering humbleness."

That were indeed to have sold one's birthright for a mess of pottage. The Jew cannot surrender even his right to criticise Christianity—indeed to criticise it is the sole *raison d'être* of his separateness. And he is not less qualified for criticising it—as the Christian curiously imagines—but more qualified by the fact of his racial affinity with its group of founders. For my own part I hold that the highest patriotic service a writer can render to the country of his birth is to offer it his truest thinking and his deepest race-heritage, and to try to make it worthier of his love. I take my definition of patriotism not from those who illustrate Dr. Johnson's [1] but from those who say with Jaurès: "La vraie formule du patriotisme, c'est le droit égal de toutes les patries à la liberté et à la justice, c'est le devoir pour tout citoyen d'accroître en sa patrie les forces de liberté et de justice."

Accusations of anti-Britishism would leave my withers less unwrung, did I not observe that Cabinet Ministers, models of propriety, patriotism and all-British ideals, fare

[1] "At Portsmouth Police Court on Saturday Herbert Cole, described as an author and publisher, was charged under the Vagrancy Act with attempting to procure charitable contributions by fraud. . . .

"The evidence was that the prisoner started what he described as 'The Patriots' League,' with himself as secretary. During 1915 prisoner had paid £628 into his bank account. . . .

"The prisoner was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and ordered to pay £25 towards the costs of the prosecution." (*Times*, December 6, 1915.)

no better at the hands of the anti-Semites than my unchastened Semitic self.

XLI

One word more and I have begun. Some years ago "Max" published a caricature of our men of letters, all engaged in tub-thumping instead presumably of cultivating literature proper in reclusive Italian villas. The notion that literature is a hothouse flower seems to belong entirely to our own generation and our own island, and was perhaps fostered by the fact that the two greatest poets of the Victorian era had the air of being unable to write in prose. On the Continent literature has never been divorced from politics. Nor was it in the virile ages of English literature. Defoe's passion for liberty led him to gaol and the pillory; Swift's pamphlet *On the Conduct of the Allies* produced the Peace of Utrecht (the preliminaries of which were moreover negotiated by the poet, Prior). It was to silence Fielding's pasquinades that Walpole instituted our dramatic censorship. But why multiply instances when the greatest academic artist in English literature—Milton—was also the most passionate champion of English liberty, some of whose books were publicly burnt by the hangman?

Mid-May, 1916.

THE WAR FOR THE WORLD

THE WAR DEVIL

(From the *Daily Chronicle*, April 21, 1913)

"First Moloch, horrid thing, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears,
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their children's cries unheard, that passed through fire
To his grim idol."—*Paradise Lost*, Book I.

I

Mr. Winston Churchill has more than once, in phrases stamped with genius, expressed his sense of the folly and futility of the armaments which he is doomed to organize and amplify—against a practically equal counter-weight on the opposition side.[1] Nor is the other side backward in handsome acknowledgments of futility and folly. And yet, as in a ghastly trance, conscious of everything, but unable to stir hand or foot, the peoples of Europe see themselves slowly crushed under masses of iron and steel, annually growing more monstrous and gigantic. When the twentieth century opened, England's naval expenditure was some 30

[1] "Une maladie nouvelle s'est répandue en Europe; elle a saisi nos princes, et leur fait entretenir un nombre désordonné de troupes. Elle a ses redoublements, et elle devient nécessairement contagieuse; car, sitôt qu'un Etat augmente ce qu'il appelle ses troupes, les autres soudain augmentent les leurs: de façon qu'on ne gagne rien par là que la ruine commune. Chaque monarque tient sur pied toutes les armées qu'il pourroit avoir si ses peuples étoient en danger d'être exterminés; et on nomme paix cet état d'effort de tous contre tous." (Montesquieu, *De L'Esprit des Lois*, Book xiii, cap. 17.)

millions; it is now approaching 50 millions. Our education budget is just about one-fourth of our fighting budget. Civilization, like Laocoön, is strangling in the coils of serpents, but of serpents it has itself hatched from the precious eggs of pedigree cockatrices. Hitherto, these serpents, as in the Trojan legend, were two—a land-serpent and a sea-serpent. But we have now generated an air-serpent, fiercer than the fabled gryphon, direr than the chimæra whose breath was fire. And while Laocoön strove to throttle his serpents, we are fatally compelled to fatten ours, to strengthen the sinister muscles that enfold us, to inject into the fangs the venom that beslavers us. Once a year, in a desperate effort to disentwine himself, Mr. Churchill offers a truce, some reduction of armaments, a Sabbatical year. But it is a forlorn hope. Germany can no more disentangle herself than England. The workmen are engaged, the dockyards must be fed. Nations are made for navies, not navies for nations. Would you throw out of gear the great industry of Death—that staple of Life! Even as he waves the white flag, Mr. Churchill is constrained to cry, in the spirit of another fool of Fate:

> "Build on—no bluff!
> And damn'd be he who first cries, 'Hold, enough!'"

Were our drama alive, this mysterious modern Fate, impalpable and ineluctable, against whose invisible mesh our up-to-date Winston feels himself vainly beating, would have replaced the unreal movement of destiny in the Greek tragedies or the obsolete supernatural machinery of the Shakespearean theatre. Imaginatively incarnated, this subtly-pervasive Necessity would appear as a sort of War Devil, chuckling with grim humor as he watches the writhings of his minions and marionettes—statesmen primed with culture and Christianity, their lips chanting the praises

of peace, yet condemned by their mocking master to add brick after brick to the Temple of Apollyon, and to build not God's Kingdom on Earth but the Devil's.

II

Blessed are the peacemakers runs the War Devil's Beatitude. But even his minions and marionettes must observe that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Size is not safety. The nation whose 9,000 sea-dogs, aided by the elements, scattered the 28,000 Spaniards of the Armada, should least of all put its faith in automatic arithmetic. One would imagine that Germany and England could play the war-game like cards, that Mr. Churchill could deal a destroyer and be trumped by a Zeppelin, that Admiral von Tirpitz could lay down a 20-knot cruiser to be taken by a 30-knot cruiser, or that England has only to show a sufficient hand of Super-Dreadnoughts for Germany to cry, "I pass!" One Nelson may equal a dozen Dreadnoughts. Yet I am not aware that the necessity of Nelsons, or of the *brain*-power standard, exercises either the Admiralty or the music-halls. That poor little schoolboy who killed himself the other day because he was refused admission to the Navy on the ground he was short-sighted in one eye—how he reminds us that the Nelson of the Nile and Trafalgar had only one eye altogether! Never, said the principal of his college, had he given a boy "such a consummately admirable character!" Possibly an embryo Nelson—yet lost to the nation on the same automatic system. And where in this ever-evolving programme to stop? In a century we shall have at this rate some 500 warships—the majority, I suppose, Hyper-Ultra-Trans-Super-Dreadnoughts. Who is to man them? Will Englishmen be all at sea, reverted to a race of searovers, like their Danish fore-

fathers? But more possibly water-ships will be as obsolete as stagecoaches. Armageddon will be in the air (where, indeed, it has been since my childhood).

III

In this nightmare of civilization, two comforting theories have found eager ears. M. Bloch taught that war is now impossible, since it can only result in stalemate. Mr. Norman Angell teaches that war is economically unsound, that it cannot pay. But it would now seem that it is peace which is impossible, that it is peace which does not pay. Mr. Winston Churchill has just told us there is no finality even in Super-Dreadnoughts, that each invention has barely the duration of a Lord Mayor, that every year the perfections of last year must be scrapped, that there is not an item of equipment but has to be constantly revised, be it dockyard machinery or telegraphic apparatus, be it searchlights or torpedo-tubes, range-finders or gyro-compasses, or this new plague of air-ships. For the Devil is a good paymaster and the cunningest brains of the globe are at work in his smithies and laboratories ever destroying the instruments of destruction by bettering them. Mr. Churchill did not mention the cost of casualties, or cite the chapter of accidents. Let some Member of Parliament extract statistics of the damages of the last decade—the lights that failed, the engines that exploded, the destroyers that destroyed themselves, the cruisers that collided, the air-ships that foundered, the balloons that burst. So far from feeling that safety lies in numbers, I have horrid visions of congested ships, under real war, jamming and ramming, the more the mazier.[1] Add the cost of the dress-rehearsals

[1] This has of course happened as the recent collision between the Laverock and the Medusa reminds us. Four or five smaller vessels have been lost

of war, not merely the pageants and demonstrations, but the everyday practice. Every gun that goes off blows into smithereens the upkeep of a family. What we call Peace is thus really a sort of Pankhurst-war, writ large, in which property is destroyed on a colossal scale, if not life. Were we therefore to follow the economic argument, I am not sure it would not lead us to wipe out the German navy at once, while it is still vincible, rather than face the annual destruction of scores of millions of money which Germany imposes upon us. Which conclusion being clearly a suggestion of the War Devil, it ensues that the Angel of Peace is not Norman. And verily the Angel of Peace is Hebrew, and Hebrew only. It is Isaiah with his great vision of a brotherhood of toilers, it is Jesus with His quite scientific doctrine that whoso takes the sword shall perish by it. "And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares." This is the only scrapping that will be effective in the end—not of sword into super-sword, Dreadnought into Super-Dreadnought.

IV

The War Devil has yet another device. For the price of Peace is paid not only in hard cash but in honor. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom, but the fear of the War Devil is the beginning of Madness. Worse than war

in this way; three or more have inexcusably blown up in harbor, and a number have foundered or stranded. But on the whole the Navy has done marvellously, and, in any case, the point of this article was not to demand a reduction of the Navy, but to point out that no rate of increase could be a safeguard against war. Coincidently with the publication of this article came the revelation of the moneys spent by the great German gun and armor manufacturers on "patriotism" and now that more than a hundred millions a week are being spent by the world on warfare, a colossal automatic mechanism has been set at work to impede the coming of Peace. All newspapers that talk of a "patched-up peace" should be strictly scrutinized; subsidization is always as possible as sincerity.

is the death of the soul of a people. For if there is a peace of God which passeth all understanding, there is a peace of the Devil which passeth all endurance. It is a peace purchased by sacrificing to security every high national ideal, every generous instinct. Such a peace we enjoy to-day. The baleful shadow of Bismarck looms like a Brocken-spectre over Europe, and in her terror England has thrown herself into the arms of Russia, sinking perforce to the level of her barbarian swain. And the more massive her armaments, the more mouse-like her action, the larger her Dreadnoughts, the greater her dread. We have all the cost of greatness, only no greatness. And the same spiritual blight has spread over the bulk of Europe. Hampered by their coats of mail, the nations can scarcely move a finger. The Balkan States rush in where the Great Powers fear to tread, and, when at last United Europe nerves itself to demonstrate, it is against—Montenegro! Here is the War Devil's opportunity to whisper, is Peace worth the price? What profits it to guard the husk of a people? It is in such moments that Christendom pants for Crusades, that Islam proclaims Jehads. Only by remembering there is *no* "Holy" War can we be on our guard against the War Devil in this, his subtlest mood. For who believes to-day that history's Holy Wars were indeed holy? The most righteous war may only end in blood-lust and earth-hunger, as the latest war of Cross *versus* Crescent is ending. No, let us turn a deaf ear to the Devil, though he speak with the tongue of angels. Though blood and iron paralyze and demoralize Europe, let us find some other remedy than iron and blood.

V

The favorite alternative to Armaments is Arbitration. But, even at The Hague, let us beware lest the War Devil

be not lulling and gulling us. Since the Hague Conference was established, some of the bloodiest wars in history have been fought. Outbuilt at sea, Germany takes to the air. France calls on her citizens for Napoleonic sacrifices. Nay, British Colonies, long as languorous abodes of Peace as Thomson's "Castle of Indolence," are now singing his *Rule, Britannia* in rag-time; they have embraced conscription, and are building battleships. Pleasant as it is to recall the successes of The Hague, the ubiquitous Peace bodies, the Peace agreements and Peace conventions, the Peace congresses and the Peace celebrations, and the hundred and three economists now preparing erudite international essays out of the interest on Mr. Carnegie's two millions, let us not forget that four armament firms in Britain alone have a capital of twenty-three millions, on which interest must be earned. And over the thin and intermittent pipings of peace crash the imperturbable hammers of the War Devil, fashioning his ships; the great furnaces roar, forging his cannons, the war-drum beats, the trumpet blares, the kings go to their thrones to the sound of tramping soldiers, the great captains of industry, the chiefs of art and learning, thrust into the background, hidden away like poor relations. So long as the War Devil dictates the very symbols of our civilization, he will remain its master. So long as our conceptions remain radically unchanged, so long as no new world-religion flames into being with a new passionate sense of brotherhood and a new scale of human values, so long we shall cry, Peace, Peace, where there is no Peace. Arbitration may be a palliative, the thought that the profit of war is "a great illusion" may give men pause, but neither of these conceptions goes to the root of the matter, and wherever men feel greatly or desire greatly, they will accept no arbitrament but the sword's. And it is Nationality, not gold,

that is the prize of war—the enhanced common consciousness of a group, with all its rich-dyed contributions to the web of human existence—and if Nationality is not worth the cost, or can be secured by more civilized frictions, or springs sufficiently from heredity and environment, let Nationality or its dependence on war be denounced as "the great illusion"—not the estimate of war's profits, which is not war's mainspring.

VI

If the Peace-prophets cannot bring the Millennium, it is because they are usually purblind. Hence the laughter of the ungodly. Hell is paved with the solutions of the myopic. The true seer must first of all see. An analysis of Arbitration shows that it leaves the facts of life out. It deals with the past. Life presses to the future. Life is unstable equilibrium. There is no reason on earth why England should, and Germany should not, enjoy the hegemony of the world—except that so it is. But there is equally no reason why it should remain so. By labor and sacrifice, by luck or cunning, it is always open to Germany to push England from her pride of place. And everywhere in the New World new nations are being born, old breeds mingling, fresh life-forces surging. But Arbitration supposes a closed world, a fixed world, the life-flood frozen suddenly when the first Hague Conference was founded. Its experts are engaged with musty documents, with faded maps, with forgotten records. Most of its problems are actually connected with boundaries. If Arbitration of this sort is to replace war, then the map of the world must remain eternally as it happened to be at the moment Arbitration was invented. But endless ancient enmities seethe, endless aspirations and earth-hungers demand

satisfaction, and if the world is not to be re-carved by the sword it must be readjusted by reason and love. The learned lawyers cannot help us. Their arbitrations take us no further. Their precedents becloud the issue. The love of Law must yield to the law of love. If Germany desires of our territory, she must have it. There is no reason other than the sword why Britain should possess nearly a fourth of the globe. No law of Sinai or Calvary laid it down that Australia or Egypt should be British. An all-red route means a route of blood. In her turn, Germany must give up Alsace and Lorraine, establish "the open door" in all her possessions. And so all round—over the whole field of politics. Those who cannot endure the notion of freely surrendering territory or tariffs at the bidding of reason and love must cease to prate of Peace. Between love and the sword there is no true third way. Sir Harry Johnston has recently published a precious little volume, indicating from his rich concrete experience of men and cities, of civilizations and savageries, many historic grievances which the Powers could set right as simply as they could have removed the Balkan grievances without the Balkan bloodshed. Such a book is a primer of true Arbitration, a first aid to statesmen. Without such an inner spirit the Palace of Peace is a white-washed sepulchre. The War-Devil can only be conquered by the God of Love.

LAMENT

(Published in 1912 in the First Number of *The Daily News and Leader*)

["The arguments of Sir Edward Grey and the supporters of his policy, when stripped of the specious garnishings with which they were originally decked, but the tattered and tawdry remnants of which few now ever pretend to cherish, are based on the following assumptions, all of which are open to grave objections:

"(1) That moral right and abstract justice have no place in Foreign Policy, which is and must be based solely on considerations of expediency.

"(2) That the support of Russia (it is absurd to talk of 'friendship' in this connection) was necessary to this country to maintain the 'Balance of Power' and to check the alleged aspirations of Germany to the hegemony of Europe.

"(3) That Russia's support could be bought and retained by the sacrifice of Persia, and that therefore Persia should be made a sacrifice to that end."—The Persian Oil Concession, by PROFESSOR E. S. BROWNE.]

They blind the linnet and it sings
  More ripplingly its inner glee,
Giving the soul a sense of wings—
  I cannot sing because I see.

Time was my voice as lightsome rang—
  In childish darkness lapped secure,
Self-shut in innocence I sang,
  The world was pure as I was pure.

A world whose seas yearned to its skies,
  That made a music as it span,
Quiring in holy harmonies
  The growing godliness of man.

A world whose head was England, crowned
  With freedom, chivalry and love,
The bondsman of the wronged and bound,
  The ark to every fainting dove.

But now my England I behold
  A Sancho Panza Land, supreme
In naught save land and ships and gold,
  Security her highest dream.

Let Finland fall, let Persia end,
  So Russia help her still to be,
She in her turn will aid her friend
  To bloodier autocracy.

That spheral music childhood caught
  Is mute, and for that angel-speech
I hear the jungle-gospel taught
  In tiger-roar and parrot-screech.

For man, that wilder beast of brain,
  Whose jaws spit fire, whose claws are swords,
Bellows the brute's old creed again—
  Earth's fiercest are her lawful lords.

And through the grassy flowered crust
  That veils her burning ball, I mark
The inner hell of greed and lust,
  The smouldering forces of the dark.

I see the sun-lands where the flow
  Of black men's blood is harvest-rain;
Congo, San Thomé, Mexico,
  And many a secret place of pain.

And worse! the white slaves shipped by guile,
  The women-freights that tawdry-bright
Walk alien streets with tragic smile
  And mar the majesty of night.

I see what drives the wheels of State,
  How nations hide their blood-stained loot,
Greatness that comes by murder's gate,
  And glory by the all-red route.

Give back my days of faith and flame,
  The magic mists of life at spring,
Blind me to Earth's and England's shame,
  Put out my eyes and let me sing.

PARADISE LOST

(From *King Albert's Book*)

"Do you know what I marvel at most in the world? It is the powerlessness of material force. Sooner or later the sword is conquered by the idea."—NAPOLEON.

Occasionally for me the fog in the North Sea lifts, and through the letters of a young officer on a battleship I get a glimpse of how Britannia is ruling the waves. The precise position of her trident remains scrupulously shrouded—at first even the name was removed from the ship's letter-paper—but the glimpse is enough to reveal the greatness and madness of mankind. It is life at its acme of strain and exaltation: life joyously ready to pass on the instant into death, as some unseen mine is struck, or some crafty torpedo strikes. Everybody sleeps in his clothes, and half the night not at all. The great ship is bared of all save necessities: my young friend's spare wardrobe, with all his miscellany of superfluous possessions, the queer garnered treasure of the years, comes economically home. Why, indeed, sink more capital with the ship than is absolutely inevitable?

Now and again the tension of this terrible vigilance is relieved, if only by a change in tension. One seeks death instead of waiting for it. There is a grapple with a German cruiser, and those not at the guns crowd cheerfully on deck to watch the match with that wonderful British love of sport. They compare the cannonading, note with lively interest the scores made by the rival shells. Once the rift

in the fog shows the return of a raiding flotilla, scarred with glorious battle, and the other vessels of the fleet are dressed to salute its triumph, the bands are playing *Rule, Britannia*, the crews are cheering and singing.

But none of these peeps has left on me so ineffaceable an impression as the picture of my young friend reading—reading at every break in his grim watches—and reading not the detective stories that unbent Bismarck but—*Paradise Lost!* For the first time he has had leisure to read that sonorous epic straight through and, unlike Dr. Johnson who questioned if anyone ever wished it longer, he revels insatiably in the Miltonic splendors, and he quotes Addison and the *Spectator* in endorsement of his enthusiasm. Despite the Admiralty decree, you see, he has been unable to regard his books as dispensable: they must sink or float with him. And so in the midst of this waste of white waters and hissing shrapnel, he has found for himself a quiet Paradise of beautiful words and visionary magnificence, and it exists for him out of relation to the tense and tragic actual. And yet what could be apter reading than this epic

> "Of man's first disobedience and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world and all our woe?"

The very first incident, indeed, recorded after Paradise was lost is a murder, and this fratricidal strife of Cain and Abel has repeated itself in every generation and given to the phrase "the brotherhood of man" a sinister significance. But never in all the long history of blood-lust have so many millions of brothers stood embattled, ready to spike one another's bowels with steel, or shatter their faces with devilish explosives, as in this twentieth century of the Christian era.

Now, whatever be the rights or wrongs of war, one thing seems clear. The weapons are wrong. My young friend, with his fine-spun brain and his spiritual delight in Milton's harmonics, ought not to be annihilated by a piece of raw matter. One does not fight a Sèvres vase with a stone. Bring up your Chinese vase an you will, and let the battle be of beauty. There is a horrible expression, "food for powder"—you will find it in all languages that are really civilized. It implies that the masses are so coarse in texture, are carcasses so gross and sub-human, that their best use is to be thrown to the guns—a providential fire-screen for the finer classes. Democracy will in due time take note of this conception. But in its rude way the phrase shadows forth a truth—the truth that, for all who have passed beyond the animal stage, the war of tooth and claw is antiquated. Our war, if war there be, must be conducted with weapons suitable to the dignity of the super-beast who has been so laboriously evolved, suitable to the spirit which through innumerable æons has been winning its way through the welter of brute impulses. Not for man the slaver of the serpent, the fangs of the tiger. And shelling is only the ejection of a deadlier slaver, the bayonet only a fiercer fang. It seems futile to have evolved from the brute if our brain-power only makes us bigger brutes. "The man behind the gun"—a 15-inch gun that hurls a ton of metal for twelve miles—is a wilder and more monstrous beast than ever appeared even in the ante-diluvian epoch, and that he should not be kept safely stuffed in a museum like the pterodactyl is an intolerable anachronism. A world in which with one movement of his paw he can kill off a whole congregation of Milton-worshippers is a world which should have been nipped in the nebula. No, if fighting there must be, let my young friend fight against Nietzsche-worshippers—let the lucid lines

of the Puritan poet confound the formless squadrons of the Pagan dithyrambist. Brain against brain, soul against soul, thought against thought, art against art, man, in short, against man—there lies the fight of the future. If my young friend were a man of science, he would be kept awake not by the German torpedoes but by the German treatises: were he only a tailor, he should never throw away his yard-stick for a lance but with his good old scissors cut out the Teutonic tailor.

After such civilized fashion, indeed, the Anglo-German contest has long been raging, and the German has been winning all along the line. His patience, his industry, his nice study of his customers, has everywhere swept the Englishman aside. Before his music the Briton fell—in worship; his drama invaded us triumphantly. Why was Germany not content with this victorious campaign, with this campaign worthy of human beings? German influence, German *Kultur*—it is spread by peace, not by the sword. To German Universities shoals of Russian students flocked as to shrines, humble feudatories of German scholarship, German thoroughness. To the barbarous regions, where an Ovid might still lament his exile, they carried back German methods, the cult of German science. And to me, on my illiterate island, little German cities, a Munich, a Dresden, where the theatre was classic and inexpensive, and the opera a form of art and not a social display, loomed like models of civilization. Why must Germany challenge the world on the lower plane of brute matter? It is only the inferior peoples that need the sword. The Turks have had to rule with a rod of iron—they had no right but might, no gift for the world. Such races must assert themselves in fire and write their edicts in blood. But fire burns down and blood dries up and fades, and the only durable influence is the power of the spirit.

Fatal perversity of Germany—to have misunderstood her own greatness! Proud in her pseudo-philosophy, she has repeated "man's first disobedience"—she has ignored the divine voice, she has listened to the lower promptings of the serpent. There will never be a Paradise again for man till he bends his ear to a truer philosopher than Treitschke, to a prince of peace:

> "Till one greater man
> Restore us and regain the blissful seat."

THE SHADOWS OF SOCIETY

As rags are but the shadows of our riches
And prostitutes the shadows of our lust,
And glooming slums are cast by shining mansions,
And round our churches lies a dark distrust,
So in this War where love and pity cease
Behold the obverse image of our Peace.

THE NEXT WAR

"As I reflected upon the intensive application of man to war in cold, rain, and mud; in rivers, canals, and lakes; underground, in the air, and under the sea; infected with vermin, covered with scabs, adding the stench of his own filthy body to that of his decomposing comrades; hairy, begrimed, bedraggled, yet with unflagging zeal striving eagerly to kill his fellows; and as I felt within myself the mystical urge of the sound of great cannon, I realized that war is a normal state of man."—Dr. George W. Crile: *A Mechanistic View of War and Peace.*

A hundred years ago the Congress of Vienna met with dancing and revelry to put the peace of Europe on a permanent foundation. Even the Jews, represented by deputies, looked forward—as the reward of their fratricidal strife in every camp—to equal rights everywhere.

While the pundits and diplomatists were still talking, Napoleon escaped from Elba, but after the little hitch of Waterloo, the Eight Powers proceeded with the partition of their world, and the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, entered into a Holy Alliance so that the Peace of Europe and the principles of Christianity should be henceforth unbroken.

At more than one peace-gathering in London, informed by even more than the Viennese enthusiasm for humanity, it has been my ungrateful rôle to try to bring home to my fellow-members the magnitude of our task, the pettiness of our equipment and the insufficiency of our sacrifices.

But there is nothing more blinding than the white light of an ideal. On one of these occasions the late Mr. Stead rebuked me hotly for my "unbelief"; he had just made a

tour of the crowned heads of Europe and they were princes of peace, one and all—war was practically ruled out. Another time it was the chairman, Lord Shaw, who was stung into reproof, the shrewd Scotch Lord of Appeal rhapsodizing like a Shelley.

But the most recent and vivid of my recollections—it is scarcely older than the war—is of seeing Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Carnegie side by side at a public peace-dinner, the fine upstanding English squire and the shrivelled Scotch-American ironmaster, each buoying up the other's dreams and the little octogenarian declaring with shining eyes that he, Carnegie, would yet live to see the end of war.[1]

The Congress of Vienna had at least the fall of Napoleon for an asset of hope. But in 1914 the very outbreak of war was the signal for the outbreak of optimism. *The War That Will End War* was the title of a precipitate pamphlet by Mr. Wells and his hail to the coming Peace on Earth found a hundred echoes. But it is characteristic of Utopians that in the very bankruptcy of their visions they find a fresh ground of hope, since a crash is at least a change, and as yet stagnation has been the limit of their achievement. The roughest examination of the facts reveals, however, that the seeds of war are scattered over the planet as profusely as the seeds of life, and as it needs only the fructification of a single seed to engender war, the notion that we can escape war by some process other than the eradication of these seeds from human nature, by some diplomatic dexterity, International Tribunal, or financial demonstration, is a pathetic illusion.

[1] The exact date was June 14, 1914, eleven days before Austria declared war. On my menu I find pencilled by Mr. Carnegie the name of "Count Karnebuck" of the Palace of Peace at The Hague to whom he referred me in a certain pacifist matter. A German paper reminds me that Mr. Carnegie presented a tribute to the Kaiser as an expression of the admiration of peace-lovers all the world over.

Most of the germs of war lie indeed in the spheres of consciousness below Reason, and to eliminate them needs a transformation of our deepest being. Men need not become supermen, but they must complete their evolution from the brute. The widely diffused ardor for world-peace is a welcome sign that this evolution is still in process, but this moral ardor is not accompanied by any adequate intellectual grasp of realities, nor is it even moral enough to be willing to pay the price of peace; no, not even though we have now learnt the price of war—the colossal, staggering, sickening price of modern war.

Until the conquering nations are ready to pool their winnings and divide them among the losers, it is idle to expect the Millennium. Let us rather analyze the causes of war so that in the "war against war" we may know what we are up against, and where to apply our counter pressure.

The first cause of war is the combative and sporting element in man, relic of his primeval barbarism. The higher ape we call *Homo* is the bravest and fiercest of the beasts. But he is angel as well as beast, and the fighting instinct is imblent with his noblest of impulses of love and self-sacrifice. He alone is capable of fighting for a vision.

It is this heroic side of war which the Utopians ignore. The military manual instructs you to twist your bayonet in the enemy's bowels, since mere transfixing may not be fatal. What can be more revolting? Yet, to overlook that the twister is offering his own entrails to the steel—to dismiss him as a mere murderous brute—what can be more unjust? Tennyson tells us that it is not so difficult to overthrow a lie, but that

> "A lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight."

War is a lie which is half a truth, and hence its invinci-

bility. And it is this truthful half which supplies a sound basis for all the poetry and romance of war, though these in their turn hide away the other half—the dirt and disease, the dullness and ghastliness, and the fact that the warrior is butcher as well as martyr.

At the front or in the hospitals, the verminous, gangrenous aspects of "the sport of kings" cannot indeed be obscured, but these ugly realities are the secret of a small minority; their descriptions are often euphemistic, and even when realistic are not realized by the vast majority of the nation, dominated as these are by the romantic vision of war, and, after a time, under the hypnotic obsession of the dominant romanticism and the transitoriness of physical impressions, the horrors fade even from the minds of the witnesses. The wounded who recover are pleased, and dead men tell no tales.

As over the torn and blackened fields of blood the green grass comes back to cover and purify, so poetry gathers over the ghastliest realities, illumining them with the old glamor. Mothers who have lost their sons cannot afford not to feel their death was necessary and sublime. The vested interests of love and grief are solid for war. The great national storehouse of war-lyrics and battle-pictures finds itself enriched by new treasures, beauty blossoming like roses under the manure of carnage, and the next generation is born into an even more compelling atmosphere of combat.

War breeds war as money begets money. Its infection is with us from the nursery. It is significant that Mr. Wells, himself, has not only found his chief literary inspiration in war, but has actually placed on the market a new war-game. After Armageddon, fought as it has been on land and sea, in air and under water, the novel combinations of adventure will engender a series of books for boys which

will enthrall the young generation and bind it fast to the war chariot.[1]

Moreover, just as War is a lie which is half a truth, so Peace may be a truth which is half a lie. To quote Tennyson again:

"Peace in her vineyard—yes!—but a company forges the wine."

When Peace in her turn becomes the breeding ground of sordidness, when life sinks to the cult of comfort and the dollar, then the spirit of man turns with tragic impatience to the other half-truth and the same poet to whom we owe the exquisite picture of an earth robed in universal harvest,

"Universal ocean softly washing all her warless isles,"

is found calling for

"The blood-red blossom of War with a heart of fire."

The second cause of war is the existence of the Army and Navy, with all their historic tradition, their ritual and pageantry, their atmosphere of music and bravery, and the subconscious desire which they beget in their members for professional experience, and in the nation at large for utilization of these vast assets. Who can believe that any nation is ripe for the disbandment of historic regiments, the scrapping of warships? War in fact has had a fillip by the invention of airships and submarines, for curiosity

[1] Of course some of these books will ostensibly be written for adults, and for these childish minds this war will be a storehouse for ages. Villains can be killed by Zeppelins, or torpedoed on the high seas, intrigues can be covered by alleged internments, ladies' limbs can be blown in to festive lunch-tables, as occurred in Paris. Thrills in short, *ad infinitum*. The cinematograph will of course seize on all that is appealing and eliminate all that is revolting. Did our Press Bureau supply unselected film-pictures of war, the next generation would no more want a war than an earthquake.

as to the practical working of all our novel engines of war is added to the itch for action.

The third cause of war is Nationality, with its struggle first for breathing space and then for places in the sun, and its semi-false conceptions of national glory. The price of Nationality is War, and so long as Nationality is believed to be worth the price, War there will be. The boundaries of nations are drawn in blood. They stand by their military strength or their strategic alliance with military strength. To relieve them from the pressure of enemies would be to sap the nerve of Nationality.

There are those who urge that everything is at bottom economic. But if I have not given the economic factors the first place, a high place they must surely have.

The vested interests of war are gigantic. An expert, addressing the Royal Statistical Society of London, calculated that the total cost of the first year of this war would be nearly ten thousand million pounds. Even in peace the trade of death is the livelihood of millions, and any attempt to cut down armaments will be resisted insidiously or openly by forces imponderable but almost invincible. And besides the interests already vested there are the interests sought—the trade monopolies and markets, the exploitation of mines and oil wells and food-supply areas.

Dynastic and holy wars are diminishing but far from extinct, and the clergy by never failing to bless the war banners keep up the notion that every war is holy. Color and race still maintain that dislike for the unlike, which is a fruitful source of strife.

The modern groupings of Alliances and Powers make for war by increasing the war risks of every member. The new importance of time and the attack in modern strategics gives no breathing space for delay. Negotiations are conducted at a fever-heat not conducive to pacific settlement.

Autocracy makes for war through the temptation to cover up failures at home by a "spirited foreign policy," and Democracy makes for war because the masses are easily inflamed. So far from this being the last war, the cult of war-glory has spread—not without cause—to the hitherto almost bloodless regions of Australia and New Zealand, as Kant feared it would when the masses were no longer the mere pawns of monarchies. "We have painted the Southern Pacific pink" writes an Australian proudly.

Contiguity makes for war—two schools will always fight; so will town and gown. It looks as if every atom has both an attractive and a repulsive force towards every other.[1] Add to these war-factors the personal quarrels of monarchs and statesmen (or their women kind) and the chapter of accidents, and you will see against what titanic forces Mr. Carnegie arrays his posse of professors and pamphleteers. Even if there were no other causes of war, the great historic and romantic tradition would suffice to kindle it. No generation likes to die without seeing this famous thing—War—with its own eyes. Every generation must have its war, and so the latest date for The Next War is fixed by the life of the generation now being born.

[1] "The houses of the ancient city of Lincoln are divided," says Charles Lamb, "between the dwellers on the hill and in the valley. This marked distinction formed an obvious division between the boys who lived above (however brought together in a common school) and the boys whose paternal residence was on the plain; a sufficient cause of hostility in the code of these young Grotiuses. My father had been a leading Mountainer; and would still maintain the general superiority, in skill and hardihood, of the *Above Boys* (his own faction) over the *Below Boys* (so they were called), of which party his contemporary had been a chieftain."

ARMS AND THE MAN

"If we consider gunpowder as an instrument of human destruction, incalculably more powerful than any that skill has devised or accident presented before, acquiring, as experience shows us, a more sanguinary dominion in every succeeding age, and borrowing all the progressive resources of science and civilization for the extermination of mankind, we shall be appalled at the future prospects of the species, and feel perhaps in no other instance so much difficulty in reconciling the mysterious dispensation with the benevolent order of Providence."—HALLAM: *Europe During the Middle Ages.*

My little children lie sleeping in their beautiful home by the sea, lovely little heads haloed in curls, gentle little souls in dreamless innocence. And at any moment through the starry silence of the night may come shrieking and crashing a shell that will rend and shatter home and babes in one fell fury. Blindly it may hurtle, from an invisible telescope-eyed metal monster twenty miles at sea, along a curve rising higher than Mont Blanc, and I am helpless against it; more helpless than was the lonely farmer of the prairie against the Red Indian. But as a citizen, I am responsible for the belchings of similar monsters against alien babes in opposite sea-places, and my little ones will grow up to wield the same, or still more devilish, gunpower, nay even now—in all their fragile beauty—could send the electric spark to explode the mass of cordite that hurls the ton of matter through the air at three thousand feet a second. It is surely time for humanity to take stock of its situation.[1]

[1] The famous Skoda gun, says a newspaper, sends a "Pilsener" shell which kills everyone within 150 yards and kills many who are further off. The

When the three Brobdingnagian savants examined Gulliver, they could not believe him produced according to Nature, since he had no visible means of self-defence, not even swiftness in fleeing, and even though his teeth proved him carnivorous, science could scarcely find any creature that did not over-match him. And indeed before man discovered arms, he was as poorly off among his fellow-beasts as Gulliver in Giantland. Samson may have rent a lion as he would have rent a kid, and Hercules may have strangled snakes with his infant fingers, but man's normal sinews of war, even though magnified by a primitive *Jiu-jitsu*, would have left him still up a tree. When Herbert Spencer and Huxley saw a man bathing, they marvelled—so Spencer tells us in his *Autobiography*—that this creature should have secured the hegemony of the planet. But of course it was not man naked and natural that became the lord of creation, but man armed and unashamed. Brain triumphed over brawn, and the hand that tore off the branch had grasped the rod of empire. The anthropoid apes merely bite and scratch. Alfred Russel Wallace, indeed, was kept at bay by a female orang-outang that threw

mere pressure of gas breaks in the partitions and roofs of bomb-proof shelters. Scores of men who escape metal fragments, stones, and showers of earth, are killed, lacerated, or blinded by the pressure of the gas. The gas gets into the body cavities and expands, tearing the flesh asunder. Sometimes only the clothes are stripped off, leaving intact the boots. Of men close by not a fragment remains; the clothes disappear and only small metal articles are found. If the shell is very near the explosion melts rifle barrels as if they were struck by lightning. Men who disappear in such explosions are often reported missing, as there is no proof of their death.

This instrument of Twentieth Century Civilization weighs 2,800 lbs. It has a normal trajectory of 4½ miles high and in soft ground it penetrates twenty feet before exploding, which takes place two seconds after impact.

A "Jack Johnson" can make a hole 40 feet across and 18 feet deep. The 15-inch "sea-gun" is a tube 58 feet long, weighing 97 tons and wound with 190 miles of steel ribbon. It hurls a 2,000 lb. shell twelve miles with marvellous accuracy—each discharge breeds an energy capable of lifting 82,000 tons!—W. G. FITZGERALD, on *The Workshops of War*.

from her tree a shower of branches and heavy-spined fruits, and the chimpanzee can snatch the hunter's spear and break it, even turn it against him. But that is the limit in the animal world, just as the size of a baby's brain is the limit of the gorilla's.

The proof of the advent of man is found not in his bones, but in his stones—the rude flint choppers and borers of the River-drift Men. He that was greatest among anthropoids threw the first stone. Slings and arrows were the sources of his outrageous fortune. From the sling to the 17-inch gun is a mere orderly progress through the ballista and the matchlock, and the first savage who tipped his reed with poison was a Prussian war-lord in embryo. Stone gave way to bronze, bronze to steel. The club begot the spear and the sword.

By weapons thus clapped on and not part of his organism like his teeth and nails, the cunning brute obtained an immense extension of militant power. But this separation of arms from the man has had other consequences that our race has not yet realized. For all these adjustable artifices of offence and defence have dispensed with Time. To evolve, say a spear, as an integral part of the organism like the tusk of the boar, would have cost a million years. But a detachable spear needs only to be invented to be at once transmissible to the next generation. And in dodging Time, a monster has been created more uncanny than Frankenstein's.

For when a fighting apparatus is naturally developed from within, it bears a reasonable proportion to the rest of the creature. It is in living relation with the whole organism, and to evolve it some portion of the total vital energy must be subtracted and specialized. An artificial weapon is not only in no necessary relation or proportion to the wielder, but being indefinitely variable, gives him an infinite

range of deadliness. Of the multiform organs of militancy developed by Nature in the struggle for existence, and distributed among the different species, man adopted all—the dagger-claws of the tiger, the bayonet-horns of the bull, the poison-fangs of the cobra, the mail-plate of the crocodile. He became less an animal than an armory. By traps he borrowed the sinister passivity of the spider, by saps and mines he copied the mole, by barbed wire he simulated the spines of the porcupine. The fox was out-rivalled by his tricks, the skunk out-stunk by his gases, the cuttlefish troubled the waters less foully. And now this crown of creation has taken on a new amphibious existence as a bird of prey in the air and a fire-spitting dragon of the deep.[1]

If self-preservation is the first law of nature, and if, as Spinoza taught, the effort to preserve our being according to its essence is virtue, we cannot find combat immoral. Every creature must secure its food and its mate, and protect its young, and in so far as its fighting is conditioned by its necessities and corresponds to its feelings, the creature is within the moral order. So long, therefore, as man relied on his thews and his teeth, the ethical situation was simple. But the supplanting of thews and teeth by artificial weapons complicated the position.[2] For one thing, it split up the species, creating almost a new sex of non-

[1] That is why there can be no Superman. The real literal Superman is already here in the shape of the man in the Zeppelin, who hovers over us,—according to his own confession—like a god. We can no longer evolve externally; internally we have been evolving all the time, but our accidental Supermen, Buddha, Moses and Plato have not managed to perpetuate themselves.

[2] As controversy equalizes fools and wise, so gunpowder equalizes Hercules and Tom Thumb. A letter sent from France, and quoted in the *Times* of January 24, 1916, says: "We had an officer killed, Lovell. He was a splendid man 6 ft. 5 in. in height and an absolute Hercules—it makes one furious to think that the man who fired the infernal grenade that killed him was very likely a puny, little weak-chested man, whom he could have crushed with one hand. In the old days Lovell would have been worth ten ordinary men."

combatants who in time became the majority even of the males. These having never handled a tool of war, nor cultivated even their natural lethal powers, became as helpless as lambs or nestlings, and distracted the social system by a double standard of ethics, one code crying that homicide was murder and the other that when nationalized it was a glory. And what made confusion worse confounded was that it was the civilians who were apt to idealize war and to flatter their protectors with poems and titles, while the soldiers tended to value most the civilization which they defended.

So long, however, as man confined himself to simple weapons, fighting remained human and natural. Weapons that do not leave the hand are merely an extension of it. The sword and the swordsman, arms and the man, are one. For by the psychological "law of eccentricity" our sense of our personality extends to the tip of whatever we hold. Even arrows and bullets that found their billet within a visible range of yards left some sense of corporeal participation. If the effect was greater than the effort, it was at least humanly measurable; the enemy could be seen and hated. But with the coming of cannon all the human side of war vanished. The elephant's trunk, as every schoolboy knows, can pick up a pin and uproot a tree. But it does not uproot the tree without a living straining sense of the reality of the operation. The firer of the latest 24-inch Austrian mortar, by an effort no greater than the picking up of a pin, uprooted a tower eleven miles off with his first shot. The cataclysm evoked by a gunner utterly transcends his own muscles, perceptions or emotions. He is an unfeeling and therefore immoral agent of destruction. He has sunk from a man to a mechanism. Such a fury of maleficence as would wear out a tiger in an instant—it actually wears out a 12-inch gun in twelve seconds—leaves the

gunner coolly renewing his inner tube. Had this colossal killing-power been developed inside and not outside his own organism, man—unless he became a mere appendix to his own hypertrophied lethal organ—would have had to grow proportionately in bulk, in feeling, and in brain. Not even Swift's Brobdingnagians, whose swords were forty feet long, would have sufficed to embody a duct that at one discharge can kill off thirty horses miles away and scoop a hole huge enough for their sepulture. To dare serve a Krupp or Armstrong gun, one should be as tall as an Alp, as good as an Angel, as wise as a God. A man lives up to the extreme height of his moral and physical nature when he dares to loose an arrow from the bow-string.[1]

But Time will not be cheated and Nature has not gone unavenged. If the forces man sets in action transcend his sensorium, they also surpass its endurance. Throughout Nature—which is perpetual war—the forces to be resisted are to every creature constant and familiar. But man's war, which is spasmodic and discontinuous, is an Inferno beyond the worst dreams of Dante, to which our nervous system is quite unequated. Men trained in peace, or even for it, are suddenly swathed in lyddite fumes from shells, or asphyxiating gases from cylinders, bespattered with flying brains and bowels and limbs, tortured by the groans of their comrades agonizing helplessly between the rival trenches, or by the odor of their putrefaction, and deafened by the screech and thunder of great guns roaring for their prey.

[1] It may be urged that the hand that serves the gun is really but one of the hands of the race, which is Briarean manually and also—by the size of its united legs—Alpine. This perhaps makes the distinction between murder and killing in war. It would only be if a man used a gun for his private ends that it would be murder, and this consideration might be pointed out to the "conscientious objector" who "objects to murdering." On the other hand, even the race united can hardly be said to possess the goodness or omniscience qualifying them to serve a Krupp gun.

What wonder if in such a hellish hurly-burly the higher nerve-centres are disintegrated, and men revert to a primitive somnambulistic sub-consciousness, deaf, dumb, and blind; or if, as Professor Gaupp tells us, the stoutest Prussian soldiers break down in madness, paralysis, convulsions, aphasia, and delirium? [1] For it is an environment out of all relation to our nervous system, more dreadful than Mother Nature has set any creature to face. Had we at least evolved our own shelling apparatus or poison-gland, the rest of our organism would have evolved *pari passu* and our cells and ganglions would have accommodated themselves in the course of the æons to our lethal organ. But in our fatal haste to grasp at results, in our severance of arms and the man, we have entirely outreached and outgone ourselves. Even those who can habituate their nerves to this man-made hell cannot bequeath their equilibrium.

Is it not high time that—with the exception of a few rifles against the animals we have still left our superiors—we humans should use up our bombs to blow up all our other armaments, and if we must needs quarrel among ourselves, return to fisticuffs? [2]

[1] See also Major Mott's Lettsonian Lecture, before the Medical Society of London, on "The Effects of High Explosives on the Central Nervous System."

[2] I was walking in the Wordsworth country with a world-famous chemist, when, discussing disapprovingly the misapplications of chemistry to war and the ceaseless quest for still greater powers of destruction, he suddenly startled me by saying "They might blow up the world." He meant seriously that radium had disclosed such unexpected new forces with which the chemists might accidentally interfere. I could not help thinking that it would be a very fitting ending for our murderous breed, though I hoped it would be German "efficiency" that would do the deed.

THE RUINED ROMANTICS

"Clear-singing, clean slicing;
Sweet-spoken, soft-finishing,
Making death beautiful.
I am the Will of God,
I am the Sword."

HENLEY'S *Song of the Sword.*

I

That is what the poet used to sing. "I am the gas-bag" would be nearer the mark to-day. And for the protagonist of the defence: "I am the sand-bag." The sword is obsolescent. Some Italian troops use the heavy four-foot *daga* but the British officer mostly finds his sword an encumbrance, and its chief use now in England is as an ornament for civilians at Court receptions. "The Will of God" is now the Zeppelin bomb, the asphyxiating gas, the torpedo, or the liquid fire of the German squirters, the results of which at Ypres, according to a British officer interviewed by the *Liverpool Daily Post* was to burn our soldiers' faces "out of all recognition to the human form." And the picture of our troops before the advancing flames is a grim transformation of our traditional war-pictures—this "line of men as far along as one could see, mopping their brows, from which sweat was streaming:" this combination of Hell and the Turkish Bath, relieved only by the irrepressible humor of the private, who opined that so much sweat would put out the fires by the time they reached the ranks.

The romantic Ruskin, writing in 1864, warned our soldiers that they "were never meant to be blown out of en-

gines nor to fight by chemistry" and predicted that at the rate they were going they would soon come to poisoned bullets. Civilized nations, he laid it down, "should settle their quarrels as civilized men do, on terms, and with choice of weapons." Modern warfare was unchivalrous—as if duellists should throw vitriol in each other's faces. The logical *Junker*, to whom war was not a theatrical tournament, but a scientific ruthlessness, answered like the man on London Bridge in "One of Our Conquerors," "none of your damn punctilio." And in the end humanity may be grateful to him for having stripped war of its last veil of chivalry and cast upon its crude nakedness the searchlight of hell. Now we can say of war, as Dryden said of Vice, that it is

> "A monster of such fearful mien
> As to be hated needs but to be seen."

But more corrosive to the war-ideal than even the vitriol Ruskin thought ungentlemanly, is the tedium of the trenches. "War has become stupid, war is dull" complains the *Times* military correspondent, and the men yawn with him. War in fact is as dull as the ditchwater in which the men stand, and Romance has been driven literally to her last ditch. In the words of *Punch*

> "Don't picture battle-pieces by the lurid Press adored,
> But miles and miles of Britishers in burrows badly bored."

Here then lies a new hope for humanity. War is worse than a crime, it is a bore.[1]

[1] "One of the first elements of successful strategy is surprise. In the old days a general of genius could outflank his foe by a forced march or lay some ingenious trap or ambush. But how can you outflank a foe who has no flanks? How can you lay an ambush for the modern Intelligence Department, with its aeroplane reconnaissance and telephonic nervous system? . . . What could Napoleon himself have done under the circumstances? One is inclined to suspect that that volcanic megalomaniac would

II

And—as if in symbolic harmony—the colors of war are faded too. The prosaic necessity of invisibility has ousted the peacock vainglory and the rainbow pride. The tartan—our last symbol of the joy of battle—will scarcely enliven another war. Khaki like a yellow fog swathes everything—it is for romance *The Yellow Peril.* True, the Germans still keep touches of the old palette. Mr. Powell's unforgetable picture of the German Entry into Antwerp gave us glimpses of burnished steel, befrogged jackets and fur busbies and silver-gray and bottle-green uniforms, and some of the French too are in the key of blue. But a day in the clay and ooze of the trenches sadly tarnishes this bravery. And even the cavalry—sesquipedalian, flamboyant—must crouch as mere bipeds.

Indeed, M. Georges Scott, the artist, laments that "modern warfare has absolutely nothing to do with colors. It is a symphony in sound. . . . The war is the end of the battle-painter since, apart from curiously lucky circumstances, there is absolutely nothing to paint." "This war," says the *Times* correspondent briefly, "is anonymous and invisible . . . the butchery of the unknown by the unseen."

But perhaps the subtlest force that is sapping what James Grant called "The Romance of War" is the belated recognition that the soldier is only one of its factors. General Pétain himself, the heroic defender of Verdun, says it is "a war of Workshops." And it is by an irony of history that on the very day Conscription entered the British Calendar, our war-lord, our grim English Odin, Kitchener, was forced to preach economy to the nation in the civic Guildhall.[1]

have perished of spontaneous combustion of the brain."—*The First Hundred Thousand,* by Ian Hay.

[1] "We have two great armies now" he said, "not only the army in the

The humor of these appeals for economy is fit to make the angels weep. "The cost of the shells fired at Suchez" says the official report, "would suffice to build it up again fifty or a hundred times." This is not to consider the cost of keeping the armies there to fire them. And Mr. Pollen tells us that a light craft like the sentinel Arethusa uses up ten times the horse-power that keeps going a great northern factory, with two to three thousand hands.

III

It is a pity that just when the steed and the sword were vanishing, air-ships and submarines should come to restore the lost picturesqueness of war. But even at its most spectacular, war is for most civilized people a mere savage survival. The very laborers in my village remark that they thought we had outgrown it. "Oi did think us had grown past that at this toime o'day." [1] They do not know Dr. Keith's demonstration that man is at least a million years old. But they feel instinctively that he is old enough to know better.[2]

field, but the other army, consisting of the whole of the civil population at home—and the army in the field" he confessed bathetically, "could not last a single day without the efforts of the civilian population behind it." Poor Romance! Economy, the most bourgeois of the virtues, is then as martial as daredeviltry. Even the urchin who refuses to have his face washed is saving soap, which seems, like everything else, including milk, to be convertible into explosives by our chemical devils, the milk of human kindness curdled indeed!

[1] Mr. Roger Fry after a recent visit to France reports the same thing, that the peasants regard war as an anachronism. "C'est trop bête, la guerre."

[2] "I am watching this war in its effects upon the masses. I believe that never before in the history of the world was the futility of war seen more clearly by democracy. The miner in the Aberdare village no longer regards the miner elsewhere as an enemy or a 'furriner,' and he is asking himself now, 'what is the good of war?' And the answer he makes is 'Rotten.'" General Bramwell Booth, interviewed by Harold Begbie. *Daily Chronicle*, March 8, 1916.

"I call it 'orse-play," said the indignant soldier in *Punch*, when he was toppled over by a shell and covered with earth. That is one of *Punch's* immortal words, "'Orse-play" is exactly what war is—a tragically gigantic gambolling, a super-shoving and hustling, a lubberly cyclopean sky-larking, a Brobdingnagian snowballing.[1] The larrikins of literature, the hooligan Bernhardis, the Peter Pans of poetry may imagine war vitally important, but in essence it is a Titanic tomfoolery that is noisy without being funny. And withal so irrelevant to the real war for the world. I never felt this so strongly as when, turning from the newspapers, I read Henry James's novel: *The Ambassadors;* whereof I wrote, "It makes the war-books ridiculous. A world, which has arrived at such fineness of impression and such depths of spiritual beauty as are evidenced in this masterpiece has no more to do with crude cannon-balls and silly shells than wolves and tigers have to do with the Ninth Symphony or the differential calculus."

IV

No, for those who have "the joy of battle," war may be natural enough.

> "Let dogs delight to bark and bite
> For 'tis their nature to."

But let us leave it to the Serbians, any of whom would gladly die if he could spit two Bulgarians on one spear,[2] to the Montenegrins, or the Senegalese who collect ears

[1] Since this was written "avalanche" warfare has actually begun.

[2] "They seemed to be obsessed with a determination to get their bayonets into the Bulgarians' bodies, laughing at them as their foes lay mortally wounded on the ground. Detached groups at a hundred places along the battle front, stabbed, clubbed, bit and choked savagely."—LOUIS EDGAR BROWN, quoted in *Times*, December 22, 1915.

and noses as the Red Indians collected the scalps, to the Turcos, two hundred of whom, according to the *Gaulois*, slid secretly on their stomachs and bayoneted seven hundred and ninety-two Boches in ten minutes. For these and their likes—*e. g.*, the British cavalry officer who wrote home "We had an amusing time, chasing Uhlans"—war is a glorious romp: and for them it may be as Kipling says, "The lordliest life on earth." Far otherwise is it with the likes of the poor Professor of Latin at the University of Bonn whose diary, published in the *Times*, revealed the pitiful slavery of the private's life under jackboot Junkerdom. A typical entry (September 27th) says: "One gets stunted intellectually. One has no longer a single idea except to keep going physically. Always the same longing for peace, and before my eyes the spectre of the French front close at hand, with the horrors of its artillery fire."

There is a German proverb about not chopping up the piano to light the fire. Imagine using a University Professor for *Kanonenfutter*.

V

"Glory of war" writes a Colonial from the Dardanelles, "is a thing of the past." And indeed nearly every one of my own acquaintances at the Dardanelles was down with dysentery, which does not seem to be even counted in the casualties, unless death lends it a little dignity.

Early in the war—through my perilous habit of "walking in war-time"—I was captured by a British officer and made to address his men. The khaki congregation, young recruits in all the pride of life and limb, squatted in the meadow and I stood, like Abraham of old, in the door of a tent. It was a picturesque scene, growing more romantic as the light faded and my discourse soared to the stars that came out to listen. I spoke of national righteousness, of

duty, and glory, and how they must shame the Goths by chivalry to their women and children. "Thank you, thank you," cried the Captain, fervently grasping my hand, when my heroic accents died on the perfumed darkness of the summer night. "You have saved me my evening exhortation. I was about to address them on lice!" How many of these young knight-errants have since been infected with typhus by these unromantic insects I know not, but it is the *pediculi* more than the Germans that have devastated Serbia. "They have practically taken possession of Serbia," wrote a doctor to the *Times*. "Rats and lice enjoy this warm weather," writes a British soldier from a front trench in Flanders.

"The lordliest life on earth"—or the lousiest—appears also to lead to insanity—whether the madness of melancholia or of terror. The Austrian asylum of Steinhof has had to be enlarged to receive the patients from the front. And this lordly life has begotten new diseases—now a novel form of neuritis, anon a trench fever credited to the bites of body parasites—the real lordly livers. The old diseases of course flourish more vigorously than ever—the list reads like one of the passages Zola penned so unctuously in *Lourdes:* "Typhoid, tetanus, paratyphoid A and B, jaundice, dysentery, spotted fever."

The marvel is that madness does not overtake whole battalions. For not in Dante's *Inferno*, nor in Poe at his most gruesome, nor in all the literature of horror, nor in the wildest pictures of Wiertz can anything be found even to equal the simple statements of the war-reports. In the Artois, says Mr. Buchan, "the French parapets are practically composed of dead Germans." We read of valleys turning into volcanos, of "heads and limbs flying in all directions," "of men wading through a sunlit blue sea that turns red, of chips of Alpine granite blinding seventy thou-

sand Austrians in six months, of ravines solidified with standing corpses. "There were bunches of corpses caught upon our barbed wire defences," says a French war report. There are all manner of wounds, writes Mr. Alfred Stead in the *Daily Express*—"men without the bottom of their faces, men who have lost noses, eyes and ears. . . . The smell of blood was heavy in the church, the incense of the world to the God of War—that sickening smell which affects even the surgeons more than the most horrible wounds. . . . In the space before the altar were the worst cases. When I went in, there were four dying in agony, the cries, despite injections of morphia being frightful, and the writhing limbs and convulsed features unforgettable. They all died in the night."

"Then hell broke loose," writes the London News Agency of the fight at Neuve Chapelle, ". . . in some places the troops were smothered in earth and dust, or even spattered with blood from the hideous fragments of human bodies that went hurtling through the air. At one point the upper half of a German officer, his cap crammed on his head, was blown into one of our trenches.

"The slaughter was sickening. In front of one of the brigades the Bavarians, coming along at the ambling trot adopted by the German infantry at the assault, and bawling 'Hourra!' in the approved fashion, blundered into the fire of no fewer than 21 machine guns. The files of men did not recede or stagger. They were just swept away. One moment one had the shouting, ambling crowd before one's eyes; the next moment, where it had been, lay a writhing, convulsed pile of bodies heaped up on the brown earth." Karl von Wiegand writes from Isonzo to the *New York World:* "The south-western knob of San Michele is known as the 'Mountain of Corpses' from the heaps of Italian dead there in front of the Austro-Hungarian trenches, into which

is flung a veritable hail of shells, at times rending, tearing, and throwing fragments of the long dead in all directions, a picture declared to be beyond imagination in ghastliness and stench." Even the cemeteries are shelled, according to Lord Northcliffe, and one sees open coffins, shrouded corpses and grinning skulls.

The explosion of a mine underground, writes a Petrograd correspondent, "leaves no sign above ground of the awful catastrophe that has occurred below. The horrors of such fighting defy the imagination and cannot be described by those who have survived." It is mechanical murder. Similar unspeakable horrors, I remember, with no sporting chance of romantic defence, were recorded by the *Times* of the bombardment of the Blücher, as the effects of our shells exploding in confined space, dreadful blastings and hurlings, and bodies cut in two by closing hatches.[1] A French soldier presses a button and explodes a mine as a German division is going through the Bois des Caures—and the division disappears. I know nothing in literature surpassing the simple words of the Paris journalist: "A tremendous 'boum.' Trees mixed with strange shapes

[1] "In the engine-room a shell licked up the oil and sprayed it around in flames of blue and green, scarring its victims and blazing where it fell. Men huddled together in dark compartments, but the shells sought them out, and there death had a rich harvest.

"The terrific air pressure resulting from explosion in a confined space, left a deep impression on the minds of the men in the Blücher . . . Closed iron doors bend outward like tinplates, and through it all the bodies of men are whirled about like dead leaves in a winter blast, to be battered to death against the iron walls.

"There were shuddering horrors, intensified by the darkness or semi-gloom. As one poor wretch was passing through a trap-door a shell burst near him. He was exactly half-way through. The trap-door closed with a terrific snap. In one of the engine-rooms men were picked up by that terrible *Luftdruck*, like the whirl-drift at a street corner, and tossed to a horrible death amidst the machinery. There were other horrors too fearful to recount." (*Times*, February, 1915.)

sprang into the air. Terrible cries were heard and then the silence of death." Another version of a similar pressing of a button (reported by the *Petit Journal*) says the effect was "like an infernal waterspout amid this human sea. And through the whirlwind of smoke, iron and fire, I see faces horribly distorted, arms, legs and trunks of men hurled high in the air as though cast into the sky from a diabolic volcano. The wave of Germans advancing like a great avalanche and singing the *Wacht am Rhein* is broken, and a vast crater is filled with German corpses." "Day and night," says the diary of a German officer, "our hands and our feet were, at every moment, coming in contact with unnameable things that had once been human bodies. When you stand behind a barrier, four men deep of these horrible things—"

The notion of distributing V. C.'s or Iron Crosses under such conditions is an anachronism, a relic of old romance. The heroism of humanity simply takes my breath away. *Every* man in the trenches is a hero, braver than Agamemnon. Or perhaps the truth is that *no* man is a hero. Courage can be acquired by practice, it can be taught, writes a British officer. Who does not remember Turenne saying to his body: "Tremblest thou? Thou shalt tremble still more before I have done with thee!" According to a German pyschologist, the soldiers in the trenches revert to subhumanity. Caught between their officers and overlords behind, and the vomiting iron jaws in front, they develop a sombre sense of fatality, and move like somnambulists towards their appointed doom.

VI

Nor are the effects of war outside the camps altogether as ennobling as the Romantics pretend. Mixed with a great

uplifting of the nation in sacrifice and goodwill, and a renewed sense of nationality, and a healthy trans-valuation of values, is also a sordid greed on the part of a large commercial minority that—incredible as it sounds—would rather see profit than Peace.[1] The moral consciousness and political sense of the nation disintegrate and everything is sacrificed to the elemental passion for victory. To hear of hecatombs of our enemies and the shipwreck of their argosies gives us a lively satisfaction. The sense of reality is dulled, catastrophes that would have set Emperors and Presidents cabling condolences no longer stir the faintest thrill of sympathy. In England there is, according to the *Times*, a "Heavy toll on child life indirectly traceable to the war," a "dangerous wastage." Both in Germany and England a serious degeneration of school-children is noted, alleged to be due to the absence of the fathers. The *Cologne Gazette* says that crimes of violence have increased alarmingly in young people of both sexes between sixteen and twenty-six, and the Governor of Cologne draws the attention of the municipality to the outbreak of pickpocketing by boys of from five to ten, while boys of from eight to twelve are becoming skilled cracksmen. The *Berliner Tageblatt* says "the German people are in danger of being wholly submerged beneath the extraordinary wave of laxity and immorality that is breaking over the country." *The Deutsche Tages Zeitung* describes the "appalling amount of open and flagrant immorality," and ascribes it to the high wages young people are getting in factories. But in the rural districts also all sense of decency is being swept away. Drastic sumptuary laws for children under seventeen—tobacco, snuff, books and films,—are being everywhere enacted. Cigars and alcohol are forbidden to children

[1] Twenty-five per cent was yesterday paid for the "risk" of peace breaking out before the end of the year. (*Times*, March 17, 1916.)

under twelve. Eugenically of course, war combines a lowered birth-rate with an increased death-rate among the most virile elements.

VII

"Shall we never shed blood?" wistfully wailed that incurable Romantic, Stevenson, comrade in letters of the author of *The Song of the Sword*, bedridden both. They dreamed of being soldiers because they were invalids, and of being seamen because they were not able-bodied.[1] It is to be hoped the *manes* of these "literary gents" are satisfied now. It would be no unfitting hell for these frivolous Romantics to be compelled to witness the measureless agony of this war, the suffering of mules and horses, as well as of men, women and children; the illimitable carnage and bestiality, the insanities, suicides, hangings, shootings, crucifixions, buryings, or burnings alive, diseases, exiles, and anguishes; to hear the innumerable moans of milkless infants, and see every gate to death open and besieged by agonizing queues. The only excuse one can find for Henley and Stevenson (and the school they created) is that they had no imagination. They lived remote from Mars and could see only its ruddy splendor.

In the presence of the war itself our poets are dumb, or if they speak it is of its spiritual inspirations, its intellectual ironies or its psychological incongruities. Of the old joy of battle there is not a trace. The poor ruined Romantics! Even Kipling, who but for the Grace of God might have been Poet Laureate of Prussia, has not egged on the slaughter. Indeed with the close of the South African war and the publication of his great pacificist poem, *The Settler*, his career as a Tyrtæus seems to have ended.

[1] There died the other day another of Henley's colleagues on the *National Observer* who like Henley himself was a cripple.

That wonderful poem—of an Old Testament greatness—is Kipling's real Recessional. And his vilification of the "senseless bullet" and the "barren shrapnel," and his glorification of the "holy wars" of united mankind against the evils of Nature, mark the public bankruptcy of the ruined Romantics.

ON THE COAST

"Let me fall now into the hand of the Lord . . . but let me not fall into the hand of man."—(*King David's Prayer.*)

Black within and without
  Save a lamp-circle falling
On the page that at midnight
  I sit peacefully scrawling.

Crash and boom, from afar!
  Life seems suddenly dearer!
I must warn all the household.
  Boom and crash—it is nearer.

Then a zigzagging flash
  Splits my terror asunder.
Thank God, it is only
  His lightning and thunder!

THE GODS OF GERMANY

"Die germanischen Göttergestalten, woran freilich kein besonderer Kunstsinn gemodelt hatte, und die schon vorher so missmütig und trübe waren wie der Norden selbst."—HEINE.

I.—THE OLD HEATHEN GODS

Hans Richter, the great conductor, once told me in the days when the deranging of London's dinner hour by "The Ring" was our idea of a sensational event, that in reading or conducting Wagner's music he felt himself in mystic union with the old gods of his race. But who were these old gods? Tacitus, who has left us a valuable study of the Germany of the year 98, and who records incredulously the rumor that there were German tribes with human faces but the bodies and limbs of wild beasts, reports that the chief god was Mercury, and that the Germans propitiated him even with human victims. Now Mercury, from whom comes the French for Wednesday, was merely the Roman name for the Teutonic Odin or Woden, who survives in our Wednesday. Mercury was the malevolent god of commerce and gain, and Woden comes from a root meaning the furious one; so that the worship of this grim old German god seems accurately to foreshadow the contemporary combination of "Realpolitik" with Militarism.

But how could such a god appeal to a musician? Richter's Odin was probably the Wagnerized Wotan of the "Ring." And the Norse and Icelandic mythology which Wagner sophisticated had been already modified by radiations from Christianity. The old Teutonic races knew nothing of Valhalla or the Valkyries—these were the crea-

tions of poets of the Viking period working on a microscopic basis of folk-myth. But whatever the intellectual falsifications and fallacies of Wagner, he did undoubtedly set out to transcribe the German's "own indigenous national world of feelings and tones," and this his subconscious genius effected so truly, so far as the mere music was concerned, as to send the old racial memories vibrating through his fellow-Teuton's soul, deep calling unto deep. I imagine, however, that what Richter felt was not so much the presence of definite old gods as the absence of the Christian. Heine pictured the old gods as going into exile underground at the triumph of Christ. Where they really went was under consciousness. As they had never had any life outside man's mind, so now they became not subterranean but subconscious. And it was these submerged strata of pre-Christian feeling that Wagner stirred up in Richter.

It is these pre-Christian strata that, under the inspiration of German philosophy, now threaten to rise to the top again —not sublimated as art, but in all their crude reality—and to resume their sway over the mind of the West, nay, to drive it to those extremes of barbarism of which only logic is capable, and from which the heathen, in his simple blindness, would have shrunk in horror. That it was the old German gods—"those abortions of blood and mist"—who would lead this assault upon Christian civilization was prophesied by Heine in that marvellous chapter of his *Germany*, in which he figured the German philosopher evoking the demoniac energies of old Germanic pantheism, wakening the ancient Teutonic battle-madness, and rousing Thor from his thousand-year sleep to shatter the Gothic cathedrals with his giant hammer, and to send the old German thunder—"der deutsche Donner"—crashing as naught ever crashed before in the whole history of the world. Felix Dahn and the German novelists of the seventies had

begun coquetting with the old gods and warriors, but by an irony of history it was Nietzsche who by shaking what he called "the Semitic slave-morality" of Christianity paved the way not for the supermorality he preached, but for the ancient barbarism.

Christianity was not, indeed, difficult to shake. A late and exotic importation, it had never harmonized with the Western temperament, and in the nomadic warriors of the Northern forests it was a mere veneer. Peculiarly did its universalism clash with European tribalism. It was vain for Paul to declare that there should be neither Jew nor Greek, neither Scythian nor Barbarian. Nature, says the Roman poet, will return even if driven out with a pitchfork. Still more if driven out with a dogma.

By dint of the Roman Empire, and through its spiritual afterglow, the Holy Roman Empire, Christianity did indeed achieve an uneasy universalism. But it is significant that Germany through Luther was the first to break such European unity as had been attained by the martyrs and thinkers of Christendom. For whatever be the merits or necessity of Protestantism, the Reformation was as much a reaction of nationalisms as a protest against the corruptions of the Church Universal. The treatises of Luther mingled criticisms of the Papacy with appeals to German patriotism against the jurisdiction of a foreign Power. In Switzerland Zwingli likewise combined spiritual reform with a political protest against the Pope's claim to raise a Swiss levy. Even the countries that remained loyal to Rome could only be handled on a loose rein. As for England, the jealous national spirit not only shook off the Pope but all possibility of communion with the Reformed Churches of the Continent. How deep goes the British instinct against alien domination may be seen from the shock Thackeray received when on his Irish journey he read in the newspaper

that the local Bishop had just been consecrated by the Pope. "Such an announcement," he wrote in the *Irish Sketch Book*, "sounds quite strange in English, and in your own country, as it were; or isn't it your own country?" There could not be a clearer or more unconscious identification of religion and country. National boundaries are felt to be natural boundaries. Had these boundaries been really crossed by Christianity, it is impossible we should witness Christians fighting Christians, still less Catholics fighting Catholics, or Protestants Protestants. Everywhere the old national religion has remained latent beneath Christianity, and in moments of peril it is not the angels that appear, but the old gods of the race upon their war-horses.

So long as this atavistic reversion to the tribal theology is unconscious, it is comparatively innocuous. It leaves the road open for the return of Christianity when the war ends. But the wilful German backsliding to heathenism is as dangerous as it is ridiculous. Idolatry is catching. Already we have George Moore crawling underground—as if Heine's fantasy was a geographical reality—in quest of old Irish gods. One hears too of fire-worshippers and Diabolists. Will some sophisticated Syrian revive the cult of Astarte or some intellectually intoxicated Greek the Dionysiac festivals? Are we safe even from the Egyptian cat? These galvanizations of the dead past are as grotesque as that "Primitive" Art which chisels with a swaggering simplicity the crude wooden dolls that were the savage's stride towards complexity. To religion, as to art, self-consciousness is fatal.

II.—The New State Idol

Less grotesque, if no less perilous, is the German movement, not to restore old gods, but to give new lamps for old. Why should not the modern spirit be as creative as the

ancient? This is essentially Nietzsche's question, as it is the "Leitmotif" of that voluminous work by Houston Chamberlain which the Kaiser distributed so lavishly. Why be beholden for your religion to Jews, if indeed Jesus was not a German? But just as Nietzsche's effort at construction only achieved destruction, so his apotheosis of aristocratic individualism has been answered by the deepest abasement of the individual and the greatest glorification of the herd known to history since the days of Sparta. Well may Nietzsche denounce the State as the coldest of all cold monsters; the liar that says "I am the People"; the piece of hellish machinery, the "horse of death, rattling in the attire of godlike honors."

Yet it is in this "hellish machinery" that Dr. Stanton Coit, of our own Ethical Church, has found such edification that in his profound book, *The Soul of America*, he adjured every country to found similar State religions. We are to worship each our own national spirit, to the exclusion even of whatever God transcends humanity. For every institution has its spirit—Eton, Cambridge, the Carlton Club—we even speak of esprit de corps and the genius loci—and the spirit of the nation should be the real and sufficing centre of religion. It is a notion to be found also in the disciples of Durkheim.[1] But this religion shatters itself like neo-

[1] Émile Durkheim introduced the study of sociology into the French Universities, and being the son of a Rabbi was probably inspired by his experience of Ghetto tribalism, which is a reaction from Judaism proper. It is perhaps from Durkheim that the notion of group gods, even of village, street, family and town gods, comes into French literature through the poetry of Jules Romains, who has even written a First Book of Prayers to these gods that transcend and transform the individual will. In Russian literature Dostoievsky's preachment of "The Russian God" preceded these new-fangled theses. Though the title of a popular book on Burmah, *The Soul of a People* has become almost a cant phrase in England, where, however, Mr. Lowes Dickinson falls into the opposite error in supposing that individualism is the sole rational basis of society.

paganism upon the rock of self-consciousness. You can sink yourself in worship of a God believed infinite and ineffable, but hardly in one whom you know to be merely the Spirit of your tribe, mutable and fallible. And how if it is an evil spirit, a narrow puffed-up spirit? French patriotism, according to Heine, expands the man, warms him towards all civilization, whereas "the patriotism of the German is shown by his heart becoming narrower and shrinking up and drawing in like leather in a frost." And how well Heine knew his countrymen we have already seen. "Deutschland ueber alles"—that Germany's citizens shall put her before all their private interests—is a creed which may be better for them than none at all, but Prussian patriotism is, if not the last refuge of a scoundrel, the last refuge of an atheist. Immune from any standard outside itself, it easily slides from the ideal of a Germany above all its citizens to the ideal of a Germany above all the world—a mistranslation of its motto into action which justifies the current mistranslation into English.

When Fichte, the preacher of the national patriotic education which the Kaiser has fostered, delivered his famous "Addresses to the German Nation," in 1808, the destiny he put before the young generation was "to found an Empire of Mind and Reason—to destroy the dominion of mere physical power." But Fichte was speaking after Jena, when Prussia lay powerless at the feet of Napoleon. The grapes were sour. As soon as Moltke provided the sword for a more material Empire, the inherent viciousness of State-idolatry became manifest. Communal egoism is no more worshipful than individual. Not by worshipping themselves but by sacrificing themselves to something conceived as larger than themselves, have nations or institutions become saturated with the spirit of greatness. And as the individual requires the State, so the State requires the

world and the great international ideals. If Dr. Coit overlooked this fatal defect in State-religion, Prussia has probably enlightened him by now.[1]

III.—The German Jehovah

But there is still another German theology, and that the most popular of all, with the Kaiser as High Priest. There is a German God—"der deutsche Gott"—who has often been compared to the old "tribal" Hebrew God, with Germany in the rôle of Israel, and the Hohenzollern as the Patriarchs.[2] Were there truth in this comparison, Germany would not stand alone in commandeering Israel's God. Did not Kipling annex Him in his *Song of the English?*

> For the Lord our God most high, He hath made the deep as dry
> And smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the earth.

And the liturgy of the Established Church anticipated Kipling. The Romans merely took Palestine. The English have taken the whole of its history and literature.[3] But they have taken it because—despite all the aberrations and iniquities of Imperialism—it represents their own ideal of

[1] "We do not stand and shall not place ourselves before the court of Europe. Our power shall create new law in Europe. Germany strikes." (Maximilian Harden.)

Similarly Thomas Mann claimed that this is a war of *Kultur* against civilization, and Friedrich Gundolf wrote: "Wer stark ist zu schaffen, der darf auch zerstören."

[2] "Deutsche Religion" seems to have been invented by Friedrich Lange, an ex-editor of the *Tägliche Rundschau.* German world-rule as the rule of the German spirit is the note of Rohrbach. That the coming Emperor of Europe will be a German Emperor is the thesis of Alfons Paquet.

[3] A wise Englishwoman writes: "It is quite true but that only shows how much deeper is our humanity than our nationality. It is interesting, though, that in our little village I can refer with more certainty of response to the *Book of Numbers* or the *Epistle to the Hebrews* than to *Shakespeare* or the *History of England.*"

justice for all races. And they have taken it with its shadows as well as its lights. For Israel had not only a sense of mission, but also a sense of sin. Germany has only a sense of mission: no German Kipling has arisen to write her *Recessional.* "It is really because we are pure," Pastor Fritz Phillipi told his Wiesbaden flock, "that we have been chosen by the Almighty as His instruments to purify the world." "Not for thy righteousness or for the uprightness of thy heart," says *Deuteronomy*, "dost thou go to possess their land: but for the wickedness of these nations the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee." The Bible is, in fact, one long indictment of the Hebrew race. But outside Nietzsche we look in vain for any castigation of the Prussian.[1] The Kaiser's God is a mere carica-

[1] "We are morally and intellectually superior to all men. We are peerless. So too are our organizations and institutions." PROFESSOR LASSON, of Berlin.

Herr Basserman even applies to Treitschke the very words applied by Jewish tradition to Moses: "A divinely gifted narrator, the man divinely appointed to show to our children and grandchildren the greatness"—not of God or His Law but—"of the German nation!" In the same vein Deputy Oertel declared that "The German aim of the war is the fulfilment and attainment of the world-historical goal which a Higher Being has placed before the Deutschtum." Dr. Ernst Dryander, the First Court Preacher, wrote an open letter (published in *L'Essor*, October 10, 1914) to a French pastor glorifying God for the perfection of the German and all that is his, and rejoicing in His "holy wrath" against Germany's enemies. Professor Rheinold Seeby, who teaches theology in Berlin University, wrote in a magazine article that Germany loves other nations and when she punishes them it is for their own good. Pastor Vorwerk has re-written the Lord's Prayer, ending with: "Thine is the Kingdom, the Germanland; may we, by help of Thy mailed fist, win the Power and the Glory." Compare on the other hand Milton's modification of the British claim: "What does He then but reveal Himself to His servants, and as His manner is, first to His Englishmen; I say as His manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of His Counsels *and are unworthy*." (*Areopagitica.*)

These quotations whose authenticity is beyond question make it unimportant whether other preachers have said literally what is attributed to them. There is an undoubted stream of tendency in this direction, nor is any belligerent country free from it. Herbert Spencer told us long ago of the

ture of Jehovah, for it is a gross if popular error that the God of the Old Testament was a tribal deity with a pet people. The very first line of Genesis is universal. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The genealogy of all races and colors from Adam strikes the same broad note, while Abraham, the founder of Judaism, actually asks God, in what I have always considered the epoch-making sentence in the Bible, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" A righteous God is not a tribal God because a tribe is the first to worship Him. Browning was not a cliquey poet because he was at first the poet of a clique. The God of Abraham could no more be kept tribal than electricity could be kept English because Faraday was. Elijah did not rail against Baal as an alien rival god, but as an abominable idol.

The sense of a mission is indeed common to all great nations. For Victor Hugo Paris was the city of light, to Mazzini Italy was the Messiah. And in the sense of Lessing's fable of the three rings, the world has only to gain by this competition in spiritual greatness. A chosen people is merely a choosing people, a self-consecrated people, just as every poet, artist or prophet feels that he has a call.[1] But though Israel may have been a chosen people, Jehovah was not a Hebrew patriot. He was much more what would nowadays be called a "pro-Roman." And to think of Him as a Prussian patriot is precisely the Kaiser's blasphemy. The Old Testament does indeed show similar backslidings

British sea-dog, who being pursued by a Dutch frigate, felt sure that the wind would change in his favor, for, said he, "God will never desert a fellow-countryman." And a perversely beautiful poem in the *Times* (March 22, 1916) called *To the Fainthearted* ended with the lines:

"Slay on, that so our brother be
Not dead, but living to the Lord."

[1] According to Clement of Alexandria the "Called" (κλητοί) are really only those who choose to obey.

into tribalism, but this is just what the Hebrew prophets were always fighting against. The Germans must rejoice, Pastor Laible declared at Leipzig, when submarines drown the "non-elect." "How can ye rejoice?" God asks Israel in the Talmudical legend that rebukes the song of Miriam over the drowning of the Egyptians in the Red Sea. "How can ye sing when my children are perishing?" There speaks the Jewish God. But the German God is not a God at all. He is only a German.[1]

[1] "In August and September Thou hast vouchsafed us Hohenzollern weather. Thou hast helped agriculture by the high prices which it has been able to get for its horses from the Army authorities, etc., etc."—PASTOR POSSNER'S Harvest Sermon.

MILITARISM, BRITISH AND PRUSSIAN

"Io non credo, diceva la zanzara . . . che sia cosa al monda viva, la quale sia più utile e ad un tempo più nobile di me."—GASPAR GOZZI.

"The pillar on which the Empire rests is the Army."—THE KAISER.

Since Swift published his tract on *The Conduct of the Allies* in 1711, no such patriotic pamphleteering has been done in England as by Mr. Bernard Shaw in his *Common Sense about the War*. It is all the more regrettable, therefore, that he should weaken his case and ours by blurring over the common-sense distinction between British militarism and Prussian—the one subconscious and defensive, the other overconscious and aggressive. The *Junker*, he tells us, is merely (in the dictionary) "a country gentleman," and since England indubitably possesses country gentlemen, she is as cursed with *Junkers* as Prussia. On the same principle, *Taube* means "a dove," and since there are doves in my garden, there are also death-dealing aeroplanes—and of the precise Prussian pattern. The plain fact is, that since the young Pomeranian squire, Bismarck, fought his twenty-seven duels, the Prussian "country gentleman" in the course of caricaturing that man of genius has developed so odious a type of militarism that the German name for his class stinks in the nostrils of civilization. Mr. Shaw begins, indeed, by allotting separate categories to the *Junker* and the militarist, but practically runs the two as synonymous. The sober and ornithophilous Sir Edward Grey and the dramatic and drill-demented Kaiser are pilloried as a pair.

Mr. Shaw's pretext for beclouding a distinction, which is

as clear to his uncommon as to my common sense, is that in practice British militarism and Prussian work out much the same. But then, they are not always *in* practice, and it is not for a writer to put together what a merciful heaven has put asunder. There are the times of peace, and in these lucid intervals we in England have peace from the soldier. His swagger is limited to the parks, his fascination for the female sex to the nymphs of the perambulator. When Kipling wrote his ballad of *Tommy Atkins* to correct our national coldness toward our defenders, the soldier's uniform, instead of striking awe, was a badge of exclusion from the theatre and other respectable resorts. In Germany the lieutenant is the unquestioned Adonis even of the drawing-room, the prostration of the civilian is a by-word. During the Boer War we had an eruption of generals' photographs, almost ousting the actor from the shop-windows. But the moment the war ended, the actor resumed the centre of the stage.

Nor is it only the Prussian Army that is military. The same mechanical brutality has infected every department of the State, and I have already related how as the President of an emigration bureau with ramifications in Germany, I have wrestled in vain against the barbarity of railway-porters, sailors, and frontier-officials.

Professor von Mach, of Harvard, makes fun of the claim that we are fighting to put down militarism, since England, he alleges, spends sixty per cent per capita more for armaments than Germany. This is a familiar *ignoratio elenchi*, or missing of the point. As if the veriest Quaker would not get a watch-dog when burglars were about! It is not the size of the watch-dog, but the worship of the watch-dog, that makes militarism. Britain, with possessions scattered all over the world, must necessarily have more watch-dogs than Germany. Gilbert has observed of the British burglar

that when he is not a-burgling "he loves to lie a-basking in the sun." But the German burglar never basks. He reads Bernhardi on burgling, attends scientific courses on crib-cracking, proves philosophically that larceny is the law of the universe, and sings *Alsatia ueber Alles*. Why, Professor von Mach need only consult our marching-songs to see with what gay aloofness the Briton marches to war. From Armageddon it is a long, long way to Tipperary; yet *Tipperary* is only typical of all our marching-songs. In a list of nearly eighty, traditionally attached to different regiments, *Rule, Britannia* occurs only once, and the majority of our warriors advance on the enemy to the irrelevant strains of *Come, Lasses and Lads*, *The Lincolnshire Poacher*, and such-like rustic melodies. The self-conscious anti-German war songs provided by a *Times* correspondent fell still-born. *Rule, Britannia* itself dates only from 1740, occurring in a Masque of Alfred by a poet, whose real achievement was his rustic description of *The Seasons*, and whose most famous line, "To teach the young idea how to shoot," has nothing to do with rifles.[1] And even *Rule, Britannia* is more concerned that sea-power shall save the islanders from enslavement than that they shall build up an Empire by it. It was not till 1689 that Parliament consented to legalize a standing army at all, and to this day the Army created by the Bill of Rights has—like the measure of autonomy conceded to it in 1881—to be re-legalized annually in the House of Commons. If that is not a sufficient refutation of the Harvard Professor, let it be recalled that while the Prussian principle of universal conscription has been adopted all over the Continent, not even the impassioned crusade of the veteran Lord Roberts, foretelling the war, could woo England to even the semblance of

[1] It seems to have been taken too literally by poor Pearse, the schoolmaster-President of the Irish Republic.

conscription. The political genius of England has always understood that civilization is—as its name implies—an affair of civilians, and hence even the War Office must be run by a civilian! If it is now run by Lord Kitchener, that is the exception which proves not only the rule but the utter unpreparedness of England. At the greatest crisis in her history Mr. Asquith was doubling the parts of Prime Minister and War Minister, and our two greatest naval experts—Lord Fisher and Sir Percy Scott—were lying on the shelf as too old for the burdens of peace! And, despite the crisis, and even despite the temporary triumph of conscription, Lord Kitchener is far from being a military dictator. Even the militarist *Times* resents the efforts of the Ministry to take shelter under his name and points out sternly that the responsibility of the Cabinet remains one and indivisible.

And while the Prussian officer is saturated with the Treitschke philosophy of force, and while, as Heine so wonderfully prophesied in 1834, the ideas of the German philosophers find issue in Berserker blood-rages that stagger Christian humanity, the British officer is an amiable Christian gentleman, only too occupied with Jerusalem and the mysteries of the Beast. Who can imagine a German General Gordon? A British Bernhardi is equally inconceivable. Kitchener himself spent five years in the Palestine Survey, and excavations for trenches probably interest him less than excavations for holy archæology. Even that grim sea-dog Lord Fisher would not subscribe to the creed of Bernhardi, though he might practice it. As the peacock's tail achieves its splendors without pigment, so Britain has achieved her Empire without imperialism. Absent-mindedly she has acquired a fifth of the globe, blundering, as Joseph Chamberlain pointed out, into some of the best parts of the earth, and impeaching her Empire-builders as

often as she has rewarded them. Clive, Warren Hastings, Rhodes, were all censured in the House of Commons. It took an outsider, Disraeli, even to discover the Empire, and all Chamberlain's exhortations to think imperially broke themselves against an invincible insularity. Only yesterday a powerful section panted to cut away our colonies, those colonies for which Germany would bathe the world in blood. It may be urged that subconsciousness so deep amounts to stupidity. But I prefer brainless Britain to godless Germany.

This is not to deny that Britain possesses a conscious militarist minority—especially in the shape of poets physically disqualified, like the lame schoolmaster Tyrtæus, from military service. But the Machiavellian Foreign Policy imagined by the Continent is a myth. It was not even continuous till Hardinge came to the Foreign Office to carry out the Edwardian plan of isolating Germany, and this policy was merely defensive and apprehensive. It is Germany that has refused Mr. Churchill's reiterated overtures to reduce armaments. Her responsibility for the present war is as clear to everybody—except Mr. Shaw—as her surprise at England's taking a hand in it. Irritated by the attempt to paint Germany as a wolf and England as a lamb, Mr. Shaw paints England as a lion, with Germany, apparently, as the lamb. In truth England is a gorged lion and Germany a hungry wolf. The one wants repose, the other blood. Subconsciously as John Bull acquired his Empire, he is morbidly conscious of any attempt to rob him of a single sterile square inch, and like the old squire whose ancestors have annexed common land, he regards any examination of his title-deeds as blasphemous. The Prussian *Junker* appears to him as a land-grabbing parvenu. But it must be admitted that the satisfaction of his tenantry—their readiness to die for him—is

almost a retrospective justification for his proprietorial paternalism. That Germany might well be conceded some of his uninhabited land is a proposition the *Daily Chronicle* allowed me to make in London in 1913, and the *Neue Freie Presse* in Vienna. But the *Berliner Tageblatt* would not print it because of the corollary that Germany in her turn must give back Alsace and Lorraine. If force is thus nakedly proclaimed as the sole arbiter—if the Germans endorse Herr Harden's dithyrambs on "the will to power"—then no theoretical justification, no Titanic grandeurs of effort or sacrifice, can cleanse Germany from the guilt of high treason against mankind. For Germany can catch up with Britain only by rolling back the planet. And that involves rolling it back to a barbarism that combines the era of the cave-men with the latest devilries of science. Vain for Germany to cry that it is Russia which is the enemy of civilization. The Cossack is only a wild beast, the German is a wilful beast. The Briton is a beast neither by nature nor by design.

ARMS AND THE BAND

[Speech at the Mansion House, January 27th, 1915.]

"Beat! beat! drums! Blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation."

WALT WHITMAN.

I feel it a peculiar privilege to be allowed to speak this afternoon in support of Mr. Kipling's resolution on behalf of so national a cause, inasmuch as we literary men stand at this moment—unless we are young enough to stand in the trenches—in a somewhat humiliating position. As I have complained before, it's a long, long way to liter*ary*. Indeed a friend of mine who does stand in the trenches tells me that literary men should be absolutely silent unless they can say something that will contribute to our country's victory. Without altogether agreeing with him, I am yet sure he would permit me to break silence this afternoon, for it is certain that the movement for which I have the honor to plead, and which I feel sure you will help to create, will contribute in no small measure to our country's victory. Patriotism makes us acquainted with strange platform-fellows, but I do not think that Lord Denman who has just spoken should have utilized this opportunity to preach conscription. Since he has done so, I must also go outside our theme proper and say a word for those who like myself, oppose conscription, not because it is not the duty of every citizen to serve his country, but because under the present military system he loses all his civil rights. The bullying in consequence in the Prussian Army is a byword. But even in England soldiers have the

same feeling that the army is above the law. Even the late revered Lord Roberts when called before a civil tribunal in some case involving the army disdainfully refused to give evidence. But the cause we are pleading this afternoon is independent of the vexed question imported by Lord Denman.

There was a king who once offered a reward to anybody who would invent a new pleasure. One would have thought, such is the multiplicity of appeals to-day in connection with the war, that it would be impossible to invent a new need. And yet our appeal for martial music is so obvious, so simple, that the only wonder is how it escaped being invented at the very start of the war. But then we had so much to think of—so much indeed, that the only consolation I can find in our utter unpreparedness for war is the proof it affords that at least we did not plan this war, and that the responsibility for this monstrous blood-guilt does not rest upon the soul of Britain. A measure of responsibility will rest upon us, however, if, by neglecting to bring to bear every force at our disposal, we delay, even by a day, the end of the war. And for quickening the pace of progress and precipitating the march of victory, there is no fresh power that we can call to our aid so potent as the power of music.

Music is an ally worth at least another Balkan State. Music to an army or a nation in war time is not a luxury; it is a necessity. It is not something that can come after gum boots or waterproof overcoats; it is something that in a crisis may be more efficacious than either. As Shakespeare says:

> "A merry heart goes all the way,
> Your sad tires in a mile-a."

Music hath charms not only to soothe the savage breast, but to lift the tired foot.

But no less important than its effect on the recruiting and on the route marches is its effect on the outside public. The *Times* told us recently of a French cartoon in which two soldiers are seen under shell fire in the trenches, as stout-hearted as they are mud-stained, but wistfully remarking, "If only the civilians will hold out!" There is, you see, a reciprocal relation of mutual support between the soldiers at the front and the civilians behind them, and one reacts on the other. Indeed, M. Delcassé has given the name of "internal defence" to those measures which are necessary to keep up the *moral* of the nation. And for keeping up a nation's *moral* it is necessary to call in the Muses—the spirits of poetry and song.

One often sees quoted the sentiment of the utilitarian philosopher Bentham that the game of push-pin is more useful than poetry. Well, we have forgotten what the game of push-pin is, but the poetry of Bentham's contemporary, Wordsworth, was found useful in the *Times* only the other day to hearten us up with the sense of the greatness of our country. So I imagine, too, that the poetry of Mr. Rudyard Kipling may outlast even the game of golf. This useless thing—poetry—this apparent literary luxury has become, you see, a daily necessity of the newspaper. Just as above a certain temperature water turns to steam, so at a certain point of national exaltation the prosaic newspaper article must needs give place to rhyme and metre. Man cannot live by bread alone; the soul in these high moments demands nutrition. And so, too, the national spirit at this supreme crisis demands to be uplifted by the ubiquitous strains of martial music.

I remember drawing attention, some twenty years ago, to the importance of music even in the more humdrum affairs of civil life. If our sense of citizenship too often fails, may it not be, I asked, because too little appeal is

made to our sense of poetry and color. Our Lord Mayors thrill the imagination with their robes and gilded state, and there is never any lack of civic pride and consciousness among aldermen, or even the Mansion House footmen. But for the bulk of citizens there is nothing to remind them that they are citizens of no mean city. In the pictures of mediæval processions you will see that each art and craft had its costume of honor, even the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker. In Sicily to this day the very dust-cart is glorified by gay paintings all around it. I trace the reluctance to pay taxes to the absence of any dramatic appeal to our sense of citizenship and any reminder of the national uses to which these taxes are put. If the tax-collector, instead of coming in the shape of a gray piece of paper, came at the head of a band playing national airs, we should have a much truer sense of what taxes mean, and we should pay them far more cheerfully. The proverb talks of paying the piper, but where is the piper to pay? How gladly would we pay tribute to his skirling tunes and fluttering tartans! But we can only pay the paper, and it is a drab and joyless thing to do.

In this fading out of life and color from our national life, only the soldier retained his brave apparel and his joy of music, and I pleaded, therefore, that for the better understanding and for the better proportioning of national values something of this military gaiety should be infused into civil life. Alas! what do we find to-day? Why, even military life has lost its gaiety—it has been infused with our civil dulness. Lately there was revived in London a play two centuries old—"The Recruiting Sergeant" of Farquhar, and to me the only stirring moment of this dreary old classic was when the recruiting band marched along with its fifes and kettle-drums. I longed to jump on the stage and to fight for Queen Anne—though I understand that

she is dead. To-day, confronted by an infinitely greater crisis than Queen Anne's England had to face, we go about our recruiting in solemn silence. It is the more depressing because of the darkness of our streets at night. Berlin is blazing with light. The Germans have doubled their normal standard—they have the two-power standard in lamps if not in ships. No doubt it is not the light of truth. Still less is it sweetness and light. But it does keep up the spirits of the Germans. Now, I do not complain about our darkness, especially if it is a military necessity. I should even approve of it were it only a fine piece of symbolism. It is right that we should be so constantly reminded of our heroes agonizing in alien trenches—it is fitting that we in our comfortable homes should have hanging over our land this shadow of the wings of the Angel of Death. This is a blackness which can, and should be, *felt*. It is a darkness which says—"lest we forget!" But if we thus share, however faintly and symbolically, the gloom and darkness of the battlefield, so have we a right to share its ardors and its ecstasies.

The blind man said that scarlet was like the sound of the trumpet. Like the sound of the trumpet, too, is that heroic uplift of the civilian's soul as he offers himself for his country, and we demand to be reminded of this likewise in our daily comings and goings, to feel not only the bodily miseries of our soldiers translated into darkness, but also their spiritual exaltations translated into music. Music helps us to remember that war with all its inevitable evil and ugliness has also its soul of nobleness and beauty, and that this war in particular is the war of the spirit against the spirit of war.

But though it is wrong that we should have been left so long without this symbolism and this inspiriting of music, I cannot regret it when I think what a wonderful wealth of

heroic service we have tapped—without a single tap of the drum. It is sometimes said that war-music is a mere intoxication to lure off the thoughtless. It is said that the gay clothes of the soldiers are equally alluring, especially to females. Well, we have seen tens of thousands of young men throwing over their careers, enlisting and marching in silence at the mere plain call of duty, drilling in the wintry streets without even the mitigated gaiety of khaki to stimulate them. It is a spectacle that will ever be remembered among the noblest episodes in English history. But now that England has stood this supreme test of her moral fibre, there is no need to prolong it. Let the streets of London now resound to the music it has so nobly deserved, let the music kindle the ardor of sacrifice in those who have till now held back, and let it accompany and quicken our march to victory.

THE MODEL MONSTER

"The State is called the coldest of all cold monsters."—NIETZSCHE on *The New Idol.*

I

Two friends of mine—famous dramatists both—went to Germany together some months before the war and came back ecstatic over the tidy towns, the absence of poverty, the spacious workshops with their insurance and pension systems, the artistic railway stations, the high level of technical and general education and of literary and especially musical taste,—that gave our own composers their first hearing—and the general sense of organization and efficiency, and they declared with a unanimity rare in two men of letters that our slipshod English ways must be instantly replaced by a paternal protectionism. Now nobody is more painfully aware than I of our British deficiencies and the ludicrousness of London as a literary or musical capital; and I have long considered that the most ironic spectacle in the world is our semi-sober, semi-unemployed street-lounger as the representative of an imperial race holding one-fifth of the globe, and ruling one-fourth of living humanity. What's Empire to him or he to Empire? Nevertheless my friends' raptures struck but a faint responsive chord in my incorrigibly Victorian breast.

"Wanting is—what?
Duty redundant,
Beauty abundant,
Where is the blot?"

II

I remember—before the war—going one sultry August day into the princely offices of a Jewish financier of German origin, and finding him—to my surprise—enthroned as usual before his table, with cables and telegrams coming in six-deep and tape-machines ticking out their implacable information. I must have expressed my astonishment at finding him at work when almost everybody else was at play, perhaps surmised it was the secret of his success, for I recall that, being in one of his genial moods, the great financier went on to trace Anti-Semitism to the resentment felt for efficiency. The Christian banker, he said, expected to come down to his office at eleven and to leave at four, to have a long week-end and to hunt twice a week in the season; and then when he saw he was losing business, resentment against his successful rivals began to rankle. I could not escape a sneaking sympathy with poor John Bull thus disconcerted in his debonair way of living. I am perfectly aware that the efficiency of its bankers makes for the prosperity of the Empire, and, in these times of attrition, for its safety even, and if a safe prosperity is the test of greatness then the Jewish financier was more patriotic than his easy-going rivals. But is the game worth the candle? Is not the Jewish ideal of a leisurely study of holy lore a more desirable way of life?

Another acquaintance of mine, a professor of chemistry at a great provincial university, announced a lecture (during the war) on "How to capture the German dye-trade!" Charlie Chaplin himself could not have drawn a more numerous or eager audience. "First of all," he began, and every ear was pricked up, and every eye glistened, "No week-ends!" The faces fell. A dim presentiment that German trade was capturing *them* chilled the ardent

assembly. In point of fact, what did it mean, that Germany was "dumping" goods on England? That in her cousinly devotion to the interests of our masses she was toiling day and night to supply them with commodities as cheaply as possible. Poor patient, drudging Teuton! Pitiful helot, bearing our British burdens! We did not want to be a nest of ants with a slave-colony. But if Germans ever, ever, ever, *will* be slaves what is to be done?

III

It is because Germany has thus speeded up everything, that her commercialism is as much a menace to the human race as her militarism. True, she only copied British industrialism, but by surpassing her model she made it still uglier. Aristotle rightly places virtue in the mean, but the Germans seem to have borrowed from Oscar Wilde, one of their favorite philosophers, the maxim that nothing succeeds like excess. My mind goes back wistfully—democrat though I am—to those sleepy old Courts that Napoleon crashed into and Bismarck absorbed, to those petty principalities and Grand Duchies so delightfully described by Heine, where the little peoples slumbered at the feet of their princes, waking up to say "*Guten Morgen, Vater,*" whereat the princes answered: "*Guten Morgen, meine Kinder.*" It was not only the Princes who were not "*geplagten*" in those days. The terrible grind of modern life began only, when giant machines arose to take captive and enslave the little breed of man, so that their uncanny passion for warmth and whirling might be gratified without stint. It is not so much the long hours that are to be execrated—nobody works longer hours than myself—as the monotony of the labor to which these iron masters constrain them. One might even condone the monotony

if the products were satisfactorily divided. But the poor remain poor and life becomes ugly even for the rich. Düsseldorf, the birthplace of Heine, from his description of which I have just been quoting, once celebrated for its school of art, and boasting of scholars and philosophers, is now famous for its iron factories and its manufactures of explosives—a literal conversion to blood and iron.[1]

IV

The cry to "organize," the slogan of "Efficiency" comes from every quarter of the horizon—we are ignorant and self-satisfied, says Sir Oliver Lodge, our governing classes, all classes. Our commercial men have neglected the expert, says the Royal Society, and the War Office has neglected him even more fatally. The Empire is disorganized, disgraced by preventable poverty, says Mr. Hughes, the man from Australia. We need to borrow "the national self-discipline which lies behind the German Armies," says the Archbishop of York. It is all true—*nostra culpa*—abominably true; Lord Rosebery preached it long ago, even before Germany had in every sense shocked the three corners of the world in arms. Admiration for her (as Sir Max Wächter pointed out in the *Fortnightly Review* for May, 1913) "was clearly apparent in Great Britain's desire to shape its administration, its education and its social legislation on Germany's model." No wonder "Efficiency" now meets us everywhere like a patent medicine, and "Organization" is replacing "Mesopotamia" as a blessed word.

Nevertheless I continue to hold that we must fly from

[1] The reason Germans are disliked, according to Naumann, the author of *Mittel-Europa*, is because their State has arrived at the "second step" of transition from private Capitalism to Socialism in the sense of "a national order for the raising of the common produce of all for the use of all."

Germany's Efficiency and Organization as Mr. Poultney Bigelow tells us the cinnamon-colored children of her colonies fly from German education, shinning up the tallest trees. God would indeed "strafe" England if this is to be the outcome of our gigantic struggle for liberty; if we are to accept the ideal of making ourselves efficient fighting cocks—whether the fight be military or commercial—or of turning our State into that perfectly-working Diesel machine which Mr. Lloyd George so magnificently denounced at the beginning of the war. To any true civilization, Prussianism is as deadly as prussic acid. Abolish Greek in our universities if you will; nay, replace it by chemistry. But by chemistry as an intellectual interest, not as an aid to commercial competition. We cannot dispense with Tityrus,

"Patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi"

even if he is meditating the chemistry of his oaten reed, instead of playing upon it. Germany is full of skilled technical experts with a university training. And they are ground down to the wages of clerks. In short—first catch your hare. Before you babble of "Organization" and "Efficiency" see that you have a civilization worth organizing, and an ideal that efficiency will not make still more monstrous.

V

Efficiency is but a means to an end, and if the end is unworthy, organization only increases the evil. Neither the rigid military religionism of the *Junkers*, though it has its beauty, nor the scientific industrialism of the commercial classes, though it has its necessity, nor the nationalization of education, though it has its nobility, is improved by the extreme to which it is pushed by a people of inexor-

able and therefore imperfect logic. For life is crushed in these iron grooves. That which other peoples have held lightly and with a sense of the simultaneous pull of rival ideals and aspects Germany drives to a one-sided finality. As her philosophy has made of Darwinism an excuse for militarism, so her militarism shrinks from no brutality implicit in a syllogism, while a horde of poets and philosophers follow in the wake of her armies, ready to find a logical niche for any unforeseen barbarity and to cover even an accidental atrocity with a fine-sounding theory.

Other peoples find military operations occasionally necessary, but Bismarck must declare "War is the natural condition of humanity," Moltke must make it a religion, Bernhardi a biological necessity, and Treitschke a philosophy of history. Other peoples find it necessary to rely more on manufactures and less on agriculture, but for Germany this must be a *Weltpolitik* necessitating "places in the Sun"—market-places, ordinary mortals call them. Other peoples find it necessary to have ships, but "the future of Germany is on the water!" These poor Teutons can think only in terms of the State, in which they have merged their docile souls.

VI

Now every country is already sufficiently Prussian to be only saved by its inefficiency. Every country holds in solution the elements that could be precipitated into a Prussia, mediæval religionism, divine right of Kings (even Republics have always Pretenders latent), fighting services and traditions and illusions of the glory of conquest, grinding factories, lust of world-trade and of new Afric markets, etc. As Burns almost wrote:—

> O wad some power gie us, brithers,
> To see ourselves as we see ithers.

Prussia is a distorting mirror in which we may see ourselves straightened out—our incoherence distorted into systematic rigidity. We may also see ourselves upside down, for Prussia stands upon its apex—Junkerdom and the Kaiser—instead of being "broad-based upon the people's will." The vision should be enough to keep us right side up. If Englishmen do not think at all, they at least escape the bad thinking of the Germans which, beginning on a wrong basis, gets steadily worse the more logical it is. With an illogical person two wrongs may always make a right, but your German never blunders back into sense. If, however, England is now strung up to thinking point, let her think out a better social order for organization than Prussia possesses. The real trouble with Prussian organization is not that it is efficient but that it is premature. The Englishman may be uneducated but the German is highly miseducated. That is, I take it, the answer to Sir Leo Chiozza Money, who could not understand why Mr. Sidney Webb's socialist organ *The New Statesman* should be so against Prussia, and conscription. But if Prussia's approach to State Socialism leaves even the Socialist cold, it is because Bismarck stole Lassalle's clothes and put military buttons on them. National service with civil rights must form part of any rational social order, but when conscription came on us like a thief in the night, it combined the immaturity of Prussia with the inefficiency of England. Like the pessimist in the humorous definition, placed between two evils, we chose both. We want an efficient England, not an efficient Prussia. But an inefficient Prussia would be "pessimism" indeed.

SOME APOLOGISTS FOR GERMANY

"He takes the part which he thinks most in need of his support, not so much out of magnanimity, as to prevent too great a degree of presumption or self-complacency on the triumphant side."—HAZLITT.

I

If I had not read *The Fatherland* every week and not been deluged with abusive letters from German-Americans, I should have been tempted to think there was something to be said for Germany. But the gross vulgarity and exaggeration of the pro-Germans of America, their rancorous misreading both of British history and their own President, contract the sympathies. I feel they would have a much better case if they would consent to be even a little in the wrong. Just as I feel my own admirable countrymen would occupy much firmer ground, if they would consent to tone down their saintliness and chivalry. The only hero—or heroine—of this epic is Belgium. She is the only figure *sans peur et sans reproche*. There was nothing heroic in our going to help her. True, we were not bound to help her—our guarantee was not unconditional—but if "a German Antwerp is a pistol pointed straight at England" Sancho Panza himself would have scarcely refrained from the adventure. Our generosity and loving kindness to her refugees went beyond the bounds of military necessity—we are entitled to plume ourselves on that. But to vaunt our honor in the business would be like bragging of our honesty because we had thwarted a shopkeeper's attempt to give

us short change. Nobody now, however—except perhaps the Archbishop of Canterbury—represents us as fighting primarily for the sanctity of treaties. Even Mr. Garvin now admits that Colonel John Ward, M. P., went to the heart of the matter when he cried in the House: "Surely anyone can see that the battlefields of Flanders and France are as much our own battlefields as though the battles were being fought in our own villages." The soldier "shrivelled up sophistry" Mr. Garvin tells us.[1] I believe it is Mr. Shaw who claims to have shrivelled it up. But surely it was neither he nor the Colonel but that plain-dealer of politics, Mr. Bonar Law, who by offering Mr. Asquith his co-operation even before Belgium was invaded, and by saying in the House immediately after she was invaded, that *we* owed Belgium a debt that we could never repay, surely it was he, who put the war on its true basis as the long-impending struggle between England and Germany. It has indeed been somewhat disconcerting to all of us, who have for years been thrilling with expectancy of this Titanic war for the world, to be fobbed off—when it did come—with talk about assassinated arch-dukes or violated treaties. In so elemental a contest for hegemony the pretext for hostilities is of only minor relevance, and there is even a sense in which neither side can be classed as "right" or "wrong." Kant somewhat ironically wonders that the word "right" has not been openly banished from politics as a pedantry. But surely the real distinction between England and Germany is not that one is "right" and the other "wrong" but that one is England and the other Germany and that it would be a sad day for the world if Germany triumphed. The victory of England is desirable—even for the outside world—not because she is "right" but because she is England, because she represents a freer and less selfish civilization. She may

[1] *Observer*, January 4, 1916.

be no better than Germany in her lust of Empire, but once her rule is accepted, she will rule with justice, with sympathy, with generosity, and without crushing her subjects with her *Kultur*. Had Germany possessed the naval hegemony instead of England, there would have been no "freedom of the seas" even in peace, but vexatious tariffs and closed areas. Wordsworth lamented of his country,

> "Oh, grief that earth's best hopes rest all with thee!"

But at any rate they are earth's *best* hopes. Placed between the German devil and the deep sea Britannia rules over, no sane person could hesitate to commit himself to the mercy of the waves.

Which things being so, even Mr. Shaw's contention—in perhaps his finest piece of English—that the old British lion seized the chance of making a spring at Germany when she had foolishly handicapped herself with two other antagonists, would not put England in the wrong. She was merely following the maxim of Barney Barnato—"if you see another man about to hit you, you hit him first."

II

Still less sympathy have I with Mr. Shaw's pseudo-Prussian logic in acceptance of her "frightfulness" as fair fighting, his professed inability to see why civilians who pay for the war should not suffer by it as much as combatants. No form of fighting is unfair, if fair warning has been given, but if the parties have bound themselves by the law of nations—such as it is—not to use this or that weapon or method, a breach of these conventions is treachery. Even so, you may play Association Football or "Rugger" but you cannot suddenly throw the ball you have agreed only to kick. At the Hague Peace Conferences of 1899 and 1907

Germany undertook a number of obligations—such as not to bombard undefended towns or to terrorize non-combatants—which she has drastically ignored. Indeed such breaches of faith are declared by Dr. von Campe to be wrong only in Civil Law, not in International Law. "A nation which against its vital interest would observe an international treaty would commit high treason against itself." The learned German jurist does not perceive that he has destroyed all possibility of that International Law of which he treats. His countryman Kant was more clear-sighted. For the sixth article of his Treaty for "Perpetual Peace," runs:

> "No State at war with another shall countenance such modes of hostility as would make mutual confidence impossible in a subsequent state of peace; such are the employment of assassins (*percussores*), breaches of capitulation, the instigation and making use of treachery (*perduellio*) in the hostile State."

Even if it were true that humanity's demand for an international ethic protecting non-combatants and mitigating war is a logical absurdity, we ought not rudely to dispel a delusion which unlike so many of humanity's delusions makes for a better world. Life is psychological, not logical. But for once it is humanity and not Mr. Shaw, that is logical. The world was really not born yesterday, as some of our writers seem to think, and by its unfortunately long practice of war it has arrived at many a convention of which not necessity is the mother, but convenience. Non-combatants and women were to be sacred because they could be struck out from each side of the equation without affecting the military values. There have always been people who urged that the more frightful war was made, the less it would be practiced. But the more reasonable view has prevailed that since there always *would* be wars, they should be made

as mild as possible. Hence did the mediæval Church invent "the Truce of God" (denied to-day even on Christmas), hence did the "Decree of Eternal Pacification of 1495" abolish private war. Hence, after the brutal religious and civil wars of the sixteenth century which disgusted Ariosto, Rabelais and Montaigne, the attempt of Grotius in 1625 and of Vattel in 1758 to humanize war and limit its effects on neutrals; hence finally the Red Cross League and Hague Conventions.

"I saw, says Grotius, in the whole Christian world a license of fighting at which even barbarians might blush, wars begun on trifling pretexts or none at all, and carried on without reverence for any divine or human law, as if that one declaration of war let loose every crime."

But the laws that were to be silent during arms were, he protested, only the laws of civil life, not the laws of natural justice (*dictata rectæ rationis*). In his great work *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, the Dutch jurist proceeded to lay down such natural laws; maintaining against his countryman, Erasmus, that war thus honorably declared and bounded was not unchristian. It would be interesting to compare his rules with those of The Hague. Suffice it to say that he bans poison, or poisoned missiles, burning of the harvest, destruction of houses or works of art, plundering of churches, sinking of piratical ships containing innocent passengers, killing of the unarmed or the old or women and children, causing unnecessary loss of life, etc., etc.: indeed, all his laws might be summed up in the one that prohibits *everything tending to prevent the resumption of friendly relations between the belligerents*. A study of Grotius enables us to see more clearly how Germany has sinned against the light, and how much cultivated ground has been re-swamped by the German Ocean.

But it was not left to the year 1625 to humanize war. The doctrine of Clausewitz and Mr. Shaw that "war is the extreme form of violence" would have been repudiated by all the greatest spirits of antiquity—from Moses to Cicero and Seneca, from Plato to Plutarch. If fight we must, it is still men that are fighting, not fiends or beasts.

"Our legislator," writes Josephus, defending the Jewish *Kultur* against Apion,

> "would have us treat those that are esteemed our enemies with moderation; for he doth not allow us to set their country on fire, nor permit us to cut down those trees that bear fruit; nay, further, he forbids us to spoil those that have been slain in war. He hath also provided for such as are taken captive, that they may not be injured, and especially that the women may not be abused."

And the customs Josephus was declaring at the end of the first century were already over a thousand years old. "Non-combatants to be spared," says Plato's *Republic*, "no houses to be burnt, no farms to be devastated, the dead to be honorably buried, no trophies of war to be placed in the temple of the gods." While thus from hoary antiquity, we find man laboring to minimize the bestiality of war, it was reserved for the remorseless logic of the Germans to say that since war is bestial, we must be as beastly as possible.

III

When, however, it is sought to soften our just fury against Germany by the plea that not all Germans are beasts, we enter upon more reasonable regions of controversy. There indeed we come upon Burke's immortal contribution to eirenics—that you cannot draw an indictment against a whole people. No less an anti-German than Mr.

Lloyd George has said (I quote the report, grammar and all):

"We are not fighting the German people. The German people are just as much under the heel of the Prussian military caste, and more so, thank God, than any other nation of Europe. It will be a day of rejoicing for the German peasant and artisan and trader, when the military caste is broken. (Cheers.)"

That Mr. Lloyd George spoke truly, may be read clearly in a German letter written on July 28, 1915, and vouched for by Dr. David Starr Jordan, Chancellor of Leland Stanford University, in which the Junker regards the war not only as a bid for the mastery of the world but as the salvation of his noble order from the stupid people (*der dumme Michel*) with its democratic and pacifist chimeras. Even without such testimony it was obvious that from the militants we must deduct the millions of Social Democrats, who have only become militants in the actual crisis of war, and that against Bernhardi who is disavowed by the Intellectuals as practically unknown in Germany we must set such writers as Captain Persius, the well-known naval expert, who not three weeks before the war published in *The Peace Movement*, issued at Berne, a strong plea for Mr. Churchill's suggestion as to limitation of armaments, and was attacked in the *Kreuz-zeitung* of last December as the reputed author of *Der Zusammenbruch*, a work avowedly written to prove the suicidal results of a clash between the British and German fleets. The pacifist and anti-absolutist Jews of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, the journal to which Captain Persius is attached, occupy of course the same position. And before the war, evidences of the existence of a sane minority abounded on every hand. Thus the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of December 14th, 1913, contains a report of a speech delivered by Pastor Nithak-

Stahn on "The Moral Code of Nations" repudiating the idea that this is not the same for all nations, asserting that each of them is but a branch on the great tree of humanity, and that to reach this common ideal we must overcome:

"(1) The obsolete ideal of national arrogance, (2) The romance of war, the ideal of the beast of prey, not of man, (3) that nervous and immature sense of honor which is ever ready to unsheathe the sword." [1]

The same Frankfort organ on December 19th rejoiced in the prospective Anglo-German understanding. In the Reichstag sitting of December 12th, Herr A. Alpers, the member for Hanover, exhorted opposition to any future armament bills and pointed to the readiness repeatedly shown by the British Government for mutual limitation of ships. And nobody in Europe has denounced armaments more fearlessly than the veteran Professor Brentano of Munich University. Even now, with war at full blaze, voices are raised against the mad militarist *Kultur*. Thus, according to the German papers, a great-grandson of Schiller, Baron von Gleichen, lecturing to an audience that filled the great hall of the Reichstag to its utmost capacity, derided the half-understood catchwords of the Kulturists and what Romain Rolland calls "the mobilization of the intellect for war." "Get real culture," he told them, "and you will get the brotherhood of the nations."

Militarism in fact has never been without an opposition even in the palmy days directly after the Franco-Prussian war. From an address delivered at Munich in 1875 by the late Dr. Döllinger [2] we learn that there were then two parties in Germany—the one looking forward to its becoming

[1] Cited in *War and Peace*, January, 1914.
[2] *Studies in European History.*

again, as from the tenth to the thirteenth century, the spiritual leader of the world, and the other predicting "the speedy downfall of the empire and the rushing in of chaos." Thus we see that when Germany was made over again in his own image by Bismarck, large sections escaped the hypnosis, and remain as a powerful nucleus for a modern State conception.

IV

Nor is it necessary to believe in all the atrocities or to believe that the genuine ones represent more than a jackboot minority. Our own men have got out of hand, too, sometimes. The early Christians and even the latter-day Jews have been accused of using human blood in their mysterious rites—hate is a marvellous myth-maker. In Serbia at least we know from Dr. Ella Scarlett-Synge that the Bavarian regiments behaved excellently, and the same pleader for fair play gives a certificate of decency to the German internment camps. A German officer's diary issued by the British Press Bureau in November, 1914, in evidence of the vandalism in Belgium, bears also proof that it was not abstract malevolence. Thus, under date August 23d, we read:—

> "Our men came back and said we could not get on any further as the villagers were shooting at us from every house. We shot the whole lot, 16 of them. The losses in our regiment (thirty killed and many wounded) were caused chiefly by villagers who shot at us from the houses. The men were absolutely mad at this sneaking way of fighting. They wanted to burn everything and they succeeded too in setting light to several houses."

It is also asserted in a German volume on pictorial slanders that a picture of a *pogrom* that appeared in the German-Jewish magazine *Ost Und West* was passed off on, and by, *Le Journal* as an episode in Belgium. A child whose hands

were cut off figured in the martyrology but must have been carried off by the Russians who came to England viâ Archangel, for nobody has ever been able to produce her. As for the destruction of cathedrals I do not know that you can shell or bomb a town so accurately as to avoid them, and the sudden passion for mediæval architecture among the Philistines of my acquaintance is not convincing. When I hear these plaints *ad nauseam* about the Cathedral of Rheims, I cannot help recalling a passage written by the poet of the Gothic Cathedral, Victor Hugo himself, who relates casually in his *Choses Vues*, how a month before the coronation of Charles X in this very Cathedral a swarm of masons with ladders and hammers occupied a complete week in breaking off every bit of projecting sculpture in the world-famous façade—for fear a piece of the stonework might fall on the King's head. Their fragments encumbered the pavement and were swept away. "I long possessed a head of Christ fallen in this fashion," says Victor Hugo.

V

A charwoman, working in the house of a Jewish friend of mine, startled him by remarking "Jews is a bad lot." But, she added meditatively, "Christians is wuss." In so far as the apologists argue—with "Vernon Lee"—that at any rate Prussia is better than Russia, since whereas Social Democracy is proscribed in Russia, it is a great political party in Germany, with a popular press, few people except Mr. Wells will disagree. (Mr. Wells is, however, not wrong in relying upon the illogic and inefficiency of Russia, for Social Democrats may represent their party in the Duma, though they have to disappear as swiftly as possible into the recesses of Russia as soon as its dissolution removes their immunity.) But with all my respect for Mr. Morel I

cannot follow him, when he tries to make out that Germany is more sinned against than sinning. Under the title of *Ten Years of Secret Diplomacy* he has published a long cock-and-bull story (I refer merely to the Gallic cock and John Bull), showing that France and England were in collusion to keep Germany out of colonies, markets and places in the sun, and that when in 1906 the representatives of the Powers drew up the Act of Algeciras "in the name of God Almighty" to guarantee the independence, integrity and economic freedom of Morocco, a secret treaty was already in existence with the connivance of England, practically partitioning it between France and Spain—a partition since carried out. I will grant Mr. Morel that, so far as he deals with facts, his book is an excellent illustration of "the levity of war-politics" and the tragi-comedy of diplomacy. I will even concede that such an impartial authority as Sir Harry Johnston confirms the tale of the constriction of German colonial expansion at every possible point, and the creation by France at least of protectionist areas closed to her rival. In Sir Harry's article, *The Problems of Germany*, fortunately published before the war, we were warned that Germany "must break out somewhere" for her view that England's veto lay across her path, though distorted, was mainly right:

"England who at conferences and by treaties and understandings was willing to agree to Belgium, the United States, Spain, France, Russia, Portugal, Greece, Bulgaria, getting, annexing, occupying something, but never Germany or Austria, except with a tremendous outcry and veiled threats of war, . . . Germany winces yet from the sermons in the British press whenever she has hungered after a naval station at Trieste, a port on the Euphrates Delta, or a Pacific island. And even while such sermons are being written the Anglo-Saxon mouth opens and englobes the Malay provinces of the Kingdom of Siam. . . .

Yet more than ever Germany was in need of an outlet for her enormously developed industries. She wanted—as also Austria—lands in which vast quantities of raw products could be found or grown—especially cotton, iron, and coal—and to which manufactures could be sent. And, further, there was that vaguely defined desire which comes to all successful peoples—the wish to extend the home empire over other kingdoms, to subjugate, control, educate other peoples. Where could Germany look to found such an empire if she did not strike soon?"

In the same vein Mr. J. A. Hobson writes[1] that "the present war is in the main a product of these economic antagonisms," especially "the close protection of the French colonial system, recently and in defiance of treaty rights extended to Morocco," and supplemented by the fear that Great Britain would abandon Free Trade. And he cites the Belgian economist, Henri Lambert, to show Germany's apprehension of being left out in the cold—Germany with a growing population of seventy millions and only one-tenth of the territory possessed by Britain; menaced moreover by Russia's threat of serious modifications of her present commercial treaty with Germany when it expired in 1916.

VI

I have given the full strength of the Morel case—and even bolstered it up by quotations from Sir Harry Johnston who is now all for dismembering and despoiling Germany. And I have done so, because it is, as the Ibsen lady said of literature, "so irrelevant." The world had passed beyond "ordeal by battle." Europe had moved on: cruel, satanic even, as Mr. Morel had shown it could be to colored and inferior races, the great advance in means of communication was unifying it, internationalizing it. The fact that

[1] *Towards International Government.*

Germany was born too late for her fair share in the spoils of other continents, that the best parts of the globe were staked out, was not—in the phrase of her own Leibnitz—a "sufficient reason" for setting the world ablaze. If by the filibustering code by which past empires have been won, Germany was theoretically entitled to hew out an empire in her turn, it is precisely her application of this code that constitutes her treason against humanity. For it was a code outworn and obsolescent, that even in its prime had never been accepted consciously and in all its logical implications. The British Empire of which Germany was so jealous was only a nominal empire. It had grown up without design, through individual activities, trading companies, and historical accidents. It had no cohesion, no protective tariffs. The seas were free. Germany was welcome to all the trade she could do, and economists say that with Canada she was actually doing twice the trade that England was. It is Germany that now bids fair to make a real British Empire, as Napoleon made the German Empire.

It is true, France tried to Frenchify trade, but France would have crumbled before Germany by the mere decay of her population. There was no reason whatever for the arbitrament of War; the pen of the German clerk was mightier than the sword. If England unduly favored France it was in sheer terror of the blonde beast, who, even if he had a good case before the war, has retrospectively spoiled it by a display of strength and of savagery that shows how justified this apprehension is. The course of the war has vindicated the assertion of Professor Usher in his book on "Pan Germanism" that "the Germans aim at nothing less than the domination of Europe and the world by the Germanic race." It is certainly no negligible observer who informed us before the war that "the Germans consider perfectly feasible the construction of a great con-

federation of States including Germany, Austria, Hungary, the Balkan States and Turkey, which would control a great band of territory stretching south-east from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf."

It is urged that Germany needed either colonies to receive her surplus population or a great new market to give them employment at home. I deny both alternatives. When Germany says "I must live," I agree cheerfully, but when she says, "I must live outside Europe," I reply: "*Je n'en vois pas la nécessité.*" Such colonies as were open to her to administer as German colonies were incapable of sustaining white populations, and in point of fact her emigration had ceased of late, owing to the improvement of the homeland. If it is said that nevertheless a point of saturation would ultimately be reached and she must then either have the new market, or else see her sons absorbed by non-German-Americas, my answer is, that this is the best possible fate for them. Why having attained a population of nearly seventy millions should not Germany be satisfied to maintain it at this and let the others form part of new geographical and political creations? Seventy millions are enough to preserve *Germanentum* in all its greatness (not to mention the millions of Austria)—why this bloodthirsty clinging to every German? Let this blood—if it is so marvellous—blend with and improve the blood of the world under other constellations. The new world is a melting pot, not a preserving pot. A reduplicated Europe would be a bore. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new," and the German may well be as content as God to fulfil himself in many ways.

The friends of Germany will answer, "This is all very fine philosophy! But coming from England, it is her customary British cant. What of her Canada, her Australia, her New Zealand? She can conserve her race even

in emigration." But here again the shadow is taken for substance. In the first place half of England's emigrants go to the United States. In the second place myriads of Germans go to Canada. The notion that Canada can be kept English (apart from a great province being already French) is a British illusion. I do not even say with Goldwin Smith it will join the United States—Germany by her war has stopped that for a long time if not for all time—but it will *be* a United States—a Melting Pot of every people under the sun, and even its English institutions will not prevent the rise of a new political entity with a psychology of its own. The same with Australia. The idea that the British Empire can be populated with the surplus population of two little islands with a falling birth-rate still further reduced by the war, is a fallacy more than once dealt with in this book.

VII

As for the desire "which comes to all successful peoples—the wish to extend the home empire over other kingdoms, to subjugate, control, educate other peoples"—that is the most pernicious of all. What England did by genius Germany wishes to do by consciousness and talent. But genius, despite the pro-German Carlyle and his Goethe, is *not* an infinite capacity for taking pains. It is all very earnest and touching, this devotion to *Deutschland ueber Alles*, but you cannot by taking thought add a foot to your stature, you cannot get by cunning what England got by luck, you cannot turn back the stream of history. Moreover, just when John Bull was beginning to discover that Empire in the German sense was a mistake, that intensive imperialism or the perfection of the homeland was the true ideal, just as he was trying by the door of self-government to back out of India, into which he had blundered, lo! the German comes

along with all the vulgarity of a parvenu coveting and aping the life whose finer principle he misses, glorifying Empire like a pirate King, commercializing it like a tradesman and steeling himself by a pseudo-philosophy to justify the crimes we had begun to repent of. And the irony of the situation is that we hear ourselves summoned to follow this gross refraction of our ideal and to begin copying our own caricature.

This is why, much as I sympathize with Mr. Morel's campaign against secret diplomacy, I cannot follow him in his vindication of Germany. In the Congo business Mr. Morel had to deal only with crude facts whose face-value was their all-in-all: here he has to deal with complexities and world-currents and historic phenomena, and his timeless abstract standards of equity cannot be applied to England, France and Germany as though these were the E, F, G of a mathematical proposition, and not nations with immensely varying histories, temperaments, ideals, and ambitions. His notion that E, F, G were equal entities, entitled to an equal share in the partition of the backward regions of the earth, is a mere piece of ideology. G by her refusal to limit armaments had already imposed an intolerable burden on E and F, which would alone have justified them in opening up new sources of revenue to her disadvantage. She meant to use every new territorial gain as a fulcrum for world-power and her world-power, unlike E's, would have been a grinding tyranny. Dishonorable as was the partition of Morocco, there was at least no danger in F being there. Would it have been equally safe to enthrone G opposite Gibraltar? If I took a knife from a madman, would Mr. Morel say I was a thief? Let Mr. Morel read the recent tribute to Von Hindenburg by the chief of his staff, if he still fails to understand how German ambition has ruined our generation.

THE KAISER AT THE JUDGMENT BAR

"For in those days might only shall be admired
And valor and heroic virtue called;
To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory, and for glory done
Of triumph, to be styled great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, Gods and sons of Gods,
Destroyers rightlier call'd and plagues of men."—*Paradise Lost.*

"A fav'rite has no friend."—GRAY.

Mediæval art has familiarized us *ad nauseam* with Heaven and Hell. In mosaic and enamel, in fresco and bronze, in marble and jewel-work, majestic on canvas or minute in missal, the same picture perpetually assails us—the Judge super-dominant in the centre, the rising dead at his feet, the saints on his right hand, smug and symmetrical in their haloes, the sinners on his left *en route* for the torture chamber below.

I

This conception of the Last Judgment is for us moderns dead—killed by our sense of justice. A brave attempt to replace it by a better has just been made by "A Humble Clerk" in a book called *The Grand Assize*, which in a more sensible world than ours would at once have been adopted as a Sunday school prize. The ethical basis of this new "Last Judgment" is that "anyone who looks into his own nature must feel his brotherhood with all who have been found out." Divine punishment, not calculated to re-

generate this nature by suppressing the evil germs and developing the good, is merely a barbarous futility. The Judge is therefore no aloof avenger, but a friend and brother; no prisoner is brought to the bar unless he is so self-satisfied that the leaven of better impulses is not working of itself, nor is he then accused except by himself. The only Advocate who appears is briefed for *his* side, and the Judge, all love and pity, sums up and delivers a sentence whose purpose is purification.

Before this bar "our humble clerk" arraigns the leading types of our day, from the Plutocrat to the Derelict, from the Actor to the Daughter of Joy, from Mrs. Grundy to the Party Politician, and to create all these so various trials obviously requires no small knowledge of the world and the human heart. One suspects that the author is that *rara avis*, a priest to whom religion is a call as well as a calling, and who has a touch of the spiritual genius as well as the humility of St. Francis. Where, unless weary worldlings had poured out to him their egotistic troubles, could he have gained this uncanny insight into the windings of their ways and the labyrinths of their hearts? Especially is this borne in upon us when such a figure as "The Actor" appears before the Divine tribunal—and misses his audience badly! Since Browning vivisected Bishop Blougram there has been no such incisive yet pitiful study of a complex modern temperament. Indeed, we find Browning's Bishop uttering the very core of the new gospel—

> "No, when the fight begins within himself,
> A man's worth something . . ."

II

The problem of "The Grand Assize" is thus threefold. First, to set out Everyman's spiritual failure as he sees it

in his own heart, despite the outer gauds of success; secondly —since Everyman is good as well as bad—to say all that can be said in his favor, and finally to discover a way out for the soul through its tangle of evil. The Plutocrat, for example, who has risen to riches on the ruins of a thousand lives, has yet benefited industry and art, and been unhappy in his home life, and by his damnation to a life of poverty is to have the chance of winning his way back to the human brotherhood. It is a method which may be fruitfully applied in all directions, and it is not surprising that the author applies it to the Kaiser.

Nor is it surprising that under this method the Kaiser is far from appearing the vulgar ogre of the British cartoonist, though there is humor enough in the figure he presents before the Judge—whom he salutes as an equal, and before whom, "being hopelessly mechanical," he behaves "as at a court-martial." Nevertheless, I am afraid that in this one instance the charity of even our new St. Francis has failed before his patriotism, and that he has not sought so eagerly, as with his other occupants of the dock, to furnish the Advocate with an extenuating plea. Even the Judge betrays for once a British bias, and his judgment has the severity of Draco rather than the compassionateness of Christ. It is true the Kaiser is not to be put into a cage, as the British workman demands, but it jars one's sense of the judicial, not to mention the god-like, to find the Judge telling him "Only by appealing to the brute in man did you gain your empire over the masses."

III

The case against the Kaiser is surely dark enough—the childish passion for soldiers, the mail-cart fist, the megalomania, the vanity of a Jack-of-all-arts, the epileptic out-

bursts of rage, the reactionary mediævalism with its Torquemada-like ruthlessness—to be in no need of British blacking. And, on the other hand, the Advocate would surely find ample material for the other side of the balance-sheet. He would plead that not by appealing to the brute in man but to the soul in man had the Kaiser gained his empire over the masses: by giving his subjects a shining example of labor and prayer and purpose. "While other Kings," he would say, "have been sunk in debauchery, his life has been a model of domesticity and temperance; while others have given laws only to fashion and folly, he has infused his ideals even into his school-children's copy-books; while other Courts have reeked with inanity, he has chosen for companions the leaders of thought and life, so that in his kingdom science and literature were honored as jockeys and play-actors elsewhere; he has studied at first-hand all European problems, and while the majority of rulers must rely upon an Aaron for their language, he has crystallized his thoughts with such epigrammatic eloquence that they have turned into proverbs. For a generation he has kept the peace in face of the most militarist gang in Europe, and his resolute patience was only sapped by their arrogance. As a youth he had the courage to oust Bismarck: as a man he has not recoiled before even a world in arms. And if, my lord, he feels himself your favorite, that I submit is only what some of the greatest figures in history have felt, from David your Psalmist to the British Cromwell. It is only an excess of their virtue—the virtue of faith."

IV

Hearing which, the Judge would—I imagine—wind up: "Your punishment, prisoner at the bar, shall be to be born again, but of Belgian refugees in poverty, and a modern

man of genius instead of a mediæval man of talent. Hence, what you shall strive for shall be Brotherhood, not Empire, and in place of a world of flatterers and parasites to magnify each mediocre gift, there shall be round you a world of enemies and disbelievers to depreciate, flout and deny you. Instead of the crown of sovereignty you shall wear the crown of thorns. You shall know no glory of triumph but only the tragedy of laboring in the darkness for a cause that shall seem hopeless, till at last, fainting and heart-sick at the sight of cities desolated and homes death-stricken, and millions of men turned into manure-heaps, you shall cry out: 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' And in that moment perchance through the great blackness you shall see the glimmer of light."

THE WAR AND THE DRAMA

"Destinie this huge chaos turmoyling."—EDMUND SPENSER.

I

That the drama has ceased to hold the mirror up to nature or to uplift our age by its art, is a proposition urged with increasing frequency and uneasiness. The war, with its great moral issues and its high fate-driven personalities, has deepened this sense of a wasted or perverted instrument. The war has provided the themes, urges M. Victor Giraud, the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, it only remains for writers to find a modern framework for a drama which shall be to our generation what the classic drama was to our forefathers.

Nearly twenty years before the war we find Maeterlinck defining the same want. "When I go to the theatre," he said in his essay, *Le Tragique Quotidien*, "it seems to me that I am passing some hours with my ancestors." Dramatists, he explained, continued to draw their inspiration from violence, whereas "the greater part of our lives passes far from blood and cries and swords. Our tears have become silent, invisible, almost spiritual." Hence the "material sublime" had ceased to appeal. "Violated virgins and imprisoned citizens" were but the outworn motifs of the obsolescent theatre of "blood, external tears and death." The Sage sitting by his lamp, a hand opening or closing a door, a ray of light through a casement, a shadow on a blind—such were the only legitimate effects open to the modern dramatist, if his color-scale was to be

as subdued and subtle as life's. And in 1904, in *Le Drame Moderne*, our poet noted with satisfaction that this internalization of the drama was duly proceeding in Björnson, Hauptmann, and especially Ibsen, and he looked forward to a still more pacific theatre, our clearer conscience and broader love eliminating many even of the spiritual conflicts on which the older drama hinged. In the end the modern theatre might be "a theatre of peace, of beauty without tears."

One has only to turn to Maeterlinck's latest utterance, *The Hour of Destiny*—to see how grimly life has taught him to contradict himself. His cry now is of "ruins and sacrifices, nameless tortures and numberless dead," and we are enjoined to destroy "root and branch," and "even against our own sense of pity and generosity"—as ruthlessly as Samuel hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord—an enemy who is "in secret alliance with the evil influences of the earth." For Maeterlinck is a Belgian—and no longer a Belgian Shakespeare or a Belgian mystic, brooding on "The Treasure of the Humble," but a Belgian Avenger of Blood.

II

Among our dramatic critics—drawn for the most part from the genteel circles of a sophisticated and pacific civilization—a similar reaction against violence had taken place, if without the Maeterlinckian profundity. They had seen the drama become—in the Robertsonian theatre—a storm in a teacup. They had seen the disappearance of the robustious actor and the growth of the natural, if not always audible, jeune premier. They had believed—with that admirable light comedian, Mr. Charles Hawtrey—that the day of the high tragedian is over, though he might linger on in those occasional galvanizations of Shakespeare

which piety for the dead classics would continue to inspire. But, in truth, Shakespeare seemed as barbarous to them as he had seemed to Voltaire. Ignorant of life, all the flamboyance of passion and color, all the odd gleams of purity and beauty, all the pathos and grotesquerie that challenge the artist's eye from Clapham to Martaban, had ceased to exist for them when these things went out of fashion on the stage. All characters not common as City clerks were improbable; sentiments not expressed currently in drawing-rooms were fustian. They recognized comedy by soda-water syphons and cigarettes, and melodrama by pistols. That pistols might consist with comedy, or cigarettes with tragedy —even blank verse tragedy—they could not conceive.

The war must change all that. It has demonstrated that, far from growing more inward, life is more crudely external than ever. It is still heroic and vulgar in the grandiose old fashion. There are soldiers, not chocolate, but iron, there are traitors and bullies. There are clamorous and riotous crowds that pillage and run amok, there are love-makings and clownings under the shadow of death, there are monstrous coincidences, impudently improbable. It is, in fact, melodrama that stands vindicated, if not in its method, at least in its material. Even the spy does, it appears, really exist, though he is revealed—in the German variety—rather as a great soldier-soul and martyr than as the comic Judas of our theatres. And after the revelation of Germany's scientific ruthlessness and imperial ambitions we can no longer scoff —like Shakespeare and the Elizabethan critics—at Marlowe's picture of "Tamburlaine the Great,"

> "He that calls himself the scourge of Jove,
> The Emperor of the world and earthly God."

Even the "swank" of Tamburlaine's chariot drawn by bitted and bridled kings has a cartoon-truth, if not a literal truth.

III

And with the vindication of melodrama goes the vindication of high tragedy—indeed, Greek tragedy was literally melodrama. High tragedy we thought high-falutin. We had not, we moderns, sentiments of such an amplitude. As for verse, who spoke it? The newspaper—and newspaper prose—that was modern life. Yet suddenly we have seen every newspaper bursting out into poetry—and quite shamelessly and daily, as though, under the pressure and urge of national emotion, verse was actually the natural language of speech. I remember at the first night of Lengyel's study of the Japanese "Typhoon"—a production we owe to the artistic passion of the ill-fated Laurence Irving—the amazement of critics and audience alike at the self-immolating patriotism of the little yellow men, at the utter absorption of the individual life in the service of the State, a sacrifice carried on as continuously and unfalteringly in periods of peace as in the heats of war. That the germs of patriotic abnegation existed in England too, and might be developed to equal intensity at a certain temperature, was unknown, or rather forgotten. And, because it was forgotten, patriotism was relegated to melodrama and the music-halls. It was the last refuge, not of a scoundrel, but of a comic singer. To have rendered it in the key of high art would have confused the critics and closed the box-office. Tragedy was equally taboo.[1] I

[1] A soldier back from the front, who signs himself "Wounded," laments in a letter to the *Times* of December 6, 1915: "The general rottenness of taste and feeling in a country which can amuse itself with 'Charlie Chaplin' in days like these. Those of us who got home wounded had our depression confirmed."

On the general fatuity of our stage of which the latest example is a "Disraeli" up-to-date, pro-Russian and anti-Turkish, my wise woman writes to me: "Our London stage has been ruined by London 'Society'—a silly out-of-

imagine that the typical producer of his day, Charles Frohman, never produced an "unhappy ending," never allowed his dramatists to suggest that a beloved and blameless person might be crushed mercilessly between two giant forces at clash. Yet this "unhappy ending" has proved far less depressing than many a Frohman comedy. In no Frohman comedy shall you find a curtain-tag as beautiful and exalting as his own last speech: "Why fear death? It is life's finest adventure." That, spoken not in the academic armchair, but in the Lusitania, settling down to her doom, will forever cling round his memory like an aureole of light. It is the great, the Plutarchian word. Before I knew of it, my mind kept going back on our talks, seeing him—as he sat at his favorite view over the Thames—overbrooded as in a Maeterlinck play by a pall of destiny, that made his unconscious sunniness and optimism only the more tragic. But now, by his great last word, he has dispelled the pall and has fixed an image of himself more radiant and lovable than ever. He stands, as it were, tiptoeing into the unknown, welcoming the last great adventure, so that

"Eternal sunshine gathers round his head."

date sort of business. 'Society' in that sense reached its zenith during the culmination of the 'Ancien Régime' which gave its great Drama to France; and English 'Society' has been a sort of pale imitation of it, very expensive and giving no adequate return either in enjoyment or direction to the nation which supports it. The tragedy of the Nineteenth Century is 'missed opportunities.' The Drama has been suffocated by the unintelligent inheritors of wealth and their associates; almost the only good plays I have seen are the cynical ones, 'The Importance of Being Earnest,' 'The Return of the Prodigal,' and both their authors succumbed to the unhealthy social atmosphere; they were 'gassed' by it. Modern conditions make the theatre and the newspaper such expensive things to run that money has shed its curse over both of them. Yet there are lots of talent, good will and generosity amongst us and we could provide very appreciative audiences if we could afford to pay for our seats."

If only he had had the courage to put his own larger self on the stage!

But, alas! the Stage Society—free from the commercial conditions that hem the managers and actor-managers—has none the more ventured to present life at its true height or depth. It has only replaced the "happy ending" by the ugly ending. As if to be unpleasant—the phrase is actually flaunted by Bernard Shaw—sufficed to create art! The Stage Society, though it has some original plays to its credit, has done nothing to win back the lost province of poetry; indeed, its members seem to have flattered themselves they were "seeing life," much as the night-bird imagines he is seeing it.

IV

The passing of the high tragedian—so cheerfully recorded by Mr. Charles Hawtrey—meant the loss of the drama's highest organ—poetic tragedy—and with it a shrinking of human values. That sense of the greatness of human life, which the most ranting Shakespearean actor conveyed, which the veriest barn-stormer adumbrated, which lingered like the echoes of thunder even in the tragedies of Sheridan Knowles, had vanished from our post-prandial theatre. No wonder that the Germans (whose artisan class in the very stress of Armageddon built for itself a great classic theater) considered Shakespeare theirs, and the Englishman a "slacker."[1] There is a

[1] "Speaking in the Prussian Diet last Thursday, Herr Von Loebel, the Minister of the Interior, said that all plays which had been passed by the Censorship before the war had been reconsidered upon the principle that the programmes must now have 'a serious moral basis.' Between August 1, 1914, and the end of 1915, eighty-one plays were forbidden in Berlin alone." (*Times*, March, 1916.)

"The programme for the theatrical week in Berlin ending January 17

subtle relation between all a nation's activities, and in an age when war is far more science and organization than brute courage, the British cult of brainlessness on the stage could not but be a sinister index of military laches. And if our working classes rose so slowly to the conception of national sacrifice, may it not be because no effort had been made to use the theatre to cultivate those ideals and impulses, the traditional channel for which their estrangement from the Church had choked up? I do not mean that the theatre should have appealed for recruits or for more devotion in the munition workers, but that it should have fostered that habit of mind and fineness of temper which would have made such appeals superfluous. What we need from our stage is a drama that helps us to move habitually on the high plane to which we are roused by the death and

presents some interesting features, and offers a striking contrast to the theatrical fare of London in the same period. To begin with, there are two large houses in which first-class opera is performed every night, and two others in which music of a lighter character may be heard. Among the operas are 'Tannhäuser,' 'The Flying Dutchman,' 'Siegfried,' 'Lohengrin,' 'Hoffmann's Tales,' 'Rigoletto,' 'The Marriage of Figaro,' Weber's 'Freischütz,' 'La Traviata.' In three theatres we have plays by Shakespeare: 'Hamlet' (in two houses), 'Twelfth Night,' 'Julius Cæsar,' 'The Comedy of Errors,' and 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' Schiller's plays, with their historical and patriotic teaching, are greatly in evidence: 'Die Jungfrau von Orleans,' 'Maria Stuart,' 'Wallenstein's Tod.' Goethe's 'Faust' (first and second parts), and 'Götz von Berlichingen' are being performed in two houses. Ibsen seems in great demand, especially his 'Rosmersholm,' and well known and popular dramatists like Gustav Freitag, Hauptmann, and Sudermann figure largely on the list. Looking at the programmes of the ten best theatres in Berlin for the seven days, between January 9 and January 17, we have forty-five different plays and operas, not one of which is not a great dramatic or musical possession, not only of Germany but of the world." (*Daily Chronicle*, January 13, 1916.)

About the same period the same organ said of a new revue at the Empire: "A newcomer is Miss —— ——, who disrobes by degrees, with a naïve insouciance rare even at that historic house." It is only fair to add, however, that the *Tageszeitung* bemoans the impotence of decent Germans in their efforts to get a pure stage.

heroism of our soldiers and our sons, by the agony and aspiration of our country. A nation that never breathes the mountain air of high art, nor ever takes the sacrament of poetry in common, is not likely to sustain itself long in the rarefied and glacial air of sacrifice. A nation whose greatest actors are drawn off to the music-halls is not likely to disentangle itself from commercialism when the hour for heroism strikes; a nation that feeds its spiritual fires upon the slag and ashes of dead formulæ is not likely to burn with a clear flame.

V

In what form, however, can M. Victor Giraud's demand for a drama suitable to our own age be satisfied? The old classic drama of every country had—as Maeterlinck has pointed out in a preface to Mr. Sutro's play, "The Cave of Illusion"—a background of supernatural powers who lent to the action the necessary depth, mystery and grandeur. This background, blotted out or at least befogged by modern conceptions, must—he urges—be restored in some form or other, if our drama is to be raised to the atmosphere of "Hamlet," "Œdipus" or "Antigone." Such atmosphere as Ibsen achieves in his social dramas Maeterlinck believes to be merely unhealthy and unbreathable.

It is true, of course, that we are at a transitional moment in which neither Jove nor Jehovah, neither the Furies nor the Fiends, neither the ghost in "Hamlet" nor the witches in "Macbeth" correspond to our sense of the vast mysterious forces beyond and around our little life. And this uncertainty is accentuated by the war and finds expression in the candid and naïve confession of many unphilosophical people that they are waiting to see by its issue whether there is a God or not. In such a period the hack dramatist, shrinking from the ancient supernatural background, and

having no substitute in a personal sense of the universe, produces not art at all but photography. Our stage figures have the sharp-cut shallow objectivity of cardboard characters in a toy theatre or the Indians and cowboys of the cinematograph. But if this war, with all its world-tragedy and epical happenings, does not suggest to us a modern handling of the drama, or something nobler than the glorification of the Briton who stays at home to outwit German spies by his superior brain-power, we may well agree with our admirable light comedian that upon the high tragedian the curtain has been rung down.

Not that this nobler drama is half so necessary to-day—when life itself is exalting enough—as it was in the piping times of peace.[1]

[1] A letter written by me to the *Pall Mall Gazette* in March, 1913, on "Theatre Abstainers" shows how the masses of English people are left even in normal times without uplifting influences whether artistic or spiritual.

"SIR,—Last week you quoted the *Church Times* as saying 'there are more people who object to the theatre altogether than there were in the drab days of the Victorian era.' In the spirit of Oliver Twist, I immediately purchased the paper, and was duly edified to read that the event of the season was 'Joseph and His Brethren'—a purely pagan play—while 'The Doctor's Dilemma'—an amoral exposition of the artist—came as a special delight to those who had been shocked by 'Androcles and the Lion'—a Christian mystery-play.

"But what startled me most was the heading: 'The Drama—Retrospect.' Of course, I soon realized that Lent was full stop to the theatrical period of the Church, but I am left wondering how absence of art promotes spiritual purification.

"Do the pious take down their pictures in Lent, I wonder, or cease to read Wordsworth and Shakespeare? And does the old self-denying ordinance apply to the new cinema? May they witness 'Shakespeare's Immortal Tragedy'—as the cinema posters advertise 'Hamlet'—if the play is purged of words? May they have 'Hamlet' without the prince of poets?

"But these abstainers are, after all, temporary. The seriousness of the situation lies in the almost total separation between the Puritan classes and the Stage. Nor, in an era of pyjama plays, can one say the *Church Times* is unjustified in warning us that the family party is being driven more and more from the theatre.

"A generation may arise that knows not even 'Joseph.' But this is all

To-day a theatrical form of "Tipperary" may be even more needful as a relaxation from the over-stimulus. Nor is it necessary that even of the nobler drama the theme should be the war. Topical art is a dubious and dangerous province. "We do not find," wrote Matthew Arnold, "that 'The Persæ' occupied a particularly high rank among the dramas of Æschylus because it represented a matter of contemporary interest. . . . The Greeks felt, no doubt, with their exquisite sagacity of taste, that an action of present times was too near them, too much mixed up with what was accidental and passing to form a sufficiently grand, detached and self-subsistent object for a tragic poem."

Nevertheless, topical art with all its dangers is not to be banished, and if Æschylus, in 472 B. C., could dramatize the battle of Salamis and the defeat which the Greek navies had inflicted on Xerxes in only 480 B. C., there is no æsthetic reason why a modern poet should not dramatize Armageddon as precipitately as Mr. Stephen Phillips. True that by this hasty seizure of current matter the poet loses the immense co-operation of the mytho-poetic instinct which shapes and selects the story, and of time, which invests it with glamour. But the Greeks put so much stress

the more reason why the Church should rally to the higher drama, and even throw over its old-fashioned notion that literature and Lent are incompatible. For if there are plays that would profane Bank Holiday, there are plays that would hallow Good Friday—'The Passing of the Third Floor Back' or 'The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet,' for example.

"But if the dramatist and his work are left temporarily or totally outside the Church consciousness, in what case is the Church itself? Why, according to the *Times* advertisement of the Scripture Readers' Association, and the authority of Sir Charles Booth, 'the great masses of the people remain apart from all forms of religious communion.' Thus the total abstainers from the Theatre are paralleled and even outnumbered by the total abstainers from the Church. For the majority of the nation, then, there is neither Theatre nor Church. No wonder it is an age of joy-rides. Might not the two boycotted institutions be wise to join forces?"

upon this factor that they never treated an original theme at all—the daring of Agathon, the contemporary of Euripides, in inventing the plot of "The Flower," finding no imitators. The moderns who have thrown over the ancients by inventing their own themes might also succeed in handling their own times. It is all a question of the existence of the poets. Wordsworth told Charles Lamb he could have written Shakespeare, if he had had a mind, and Lamb retorted it was precisely the mind that was lacking. Granted the poets, I see no inherent reason why the raw stuff of to-day should not be transfigured into tragic poetry in "the grand style." The war certainly, as M. Giraud says, offers us matter enough. Nor is it wanting in suggestions of manner.

VI

For the man in the street the grand tragedy of the war was to be the fate of the Kaiser, passing in punishment for his hubris from the apex of an Empire to St. Helena, or Devil's Island, or a cage, or even, according to *Punch*, a gibbet. This concept of tragedy by "decline and fall" is the conventional one. It is the tragedy of Agamemnon in Æschylus, of Wolsey and Richard II in Shakespeare.

> "For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
> And tell sad stories of the death of kings."

But who cannot see that this isolation of an individual is utterly disproportionate to the gigantic scale and issues of the war? Already, in fact, the Kaiser has receded to the background even in Germany, where von Hindenburg and three or four others take precedence in the popular imagination. The fall of the Kaiser would be almost anecdotal in relation to the real theme of the world-tragedy.

The young German students who in defence of their

State-concept advanced in close formation under a hellish British fire, singing *Die Wacht am Rhein*, saw themselves fighting for a modern Athens, menaced by all the world's devils and by barbarians of every hue. To the flower of England fresh from the public schools, who freely and in the cause of freedom had thrown up their careers with a gallant gesture, it was those very students who were barbarians and devils. Here is the true tragedy of the war, here the core of its pathos. "For the masses," writes a *Times* correspondent, "it is a purely defensive war brought about by a wanton attack of jealous foes upon the most peaceful country in the world." He happens to be writing of Germany, but the description will fit any of the many belligerents. "The people are inspired by faith that their cause is absolutely justified. They take their losses as a kind of religious sacrifice." There lies the spiritual tragedy of our mutual murderings. For tragedy, as Hegel pointed out, may be a clash not of good and evil, of right and wrong, but of two goods or two rights. And even if one of these is less good or less right objectively—and we know from Bismarck how public opinion is manufactured in Press Bureaus and other laboratories—yet if to the protagonists themselves their ideal seems good or right, if they are alike in at least willing the highest, then the fact that one is more or less mistaken does not lessen the pity and terror of the crash when these opposed wills collide.

And the tragedy is one not only of ideals, but of these incarnated in masses, not in individuals. Were we content to concentrate upon individuals we could find as great a subject of tragic irony in our guiltless Lloyd George as in the guilty Kaiser. The hated apostle of peace and social reform turned into the idolized Minister of Munitions! Munitions which are not only non-productive negatively but destructive positively! The savings and social hopes

of generations past and to come swallowed up in and by shells!

But Lloyd George would not, like the Kaiser, be the centre of a personal tragedy. He would be only a symbol—like the reported conversion of a rectory into a shell-factory—of the bankruptcy of civilization, Christianity, and social reform, in a world that the Victorian prophets saw moving majestically towards—

"One far-off divine event."

Socialists would place the tragedy in the breakdown of the growing international brotherhood, and the collapse of internationalism is certainly one of its elements, whether the nationalism of the belligerents is contrasted with conscious Socialism or with the unconscious communism of commercial exchange and cosmopolitan capital. Moreover the newer nations—the United States, Canada, Australia, the Argentine, had been recruiting their population upon an industrial and not upon an ethnic basis, and this reaction to a bristling nationalism cuts across all the latest tendencies of the steam and electric age of civilization.

VII

In a symbolic drama lies, therefore, one possible development of a modern tragedy: in the presentation of clashing world-currents through figures incarnating the opposed tendencies. But these figures must stake their all upon the issue. Like Kruger, who stood for nationalism, like Cobden, who stood for internationalism, they must be carved in granite. They cannot turn lightly from peace to war, from militarism to pacifism, from faith to unfaith. That way lies comedy. When I saw Kruger in his exile, standing before his great Dutch Bible, I realized that his tragedy

lay less in his fall than in the clash of his naïve belief with the bigger battalions on whose side Providence had ranged itself. The dramatist, though he may use his figures as symbols and thus infuse his drama with a significance lacking to the suffering of individuals, must never forget that art deals with individuals and not with "isms." It is not in the collapse of internationalism or Socialism, of the Transvaal or Belgium, that poetic tragedy lies, but in the reflection of these events in the souls of the protagonists.

In the Mass-Drama—another modern potentiality exploited by Hauptmann in "The Weavers" and less purely by Hardy in "The Dynasts," that gigantic canvas more populated than Tintoretto's Paradise—no one individual summarizes the suffering. Hauptmann's hero is the crowd, and so is Hardy's despite that Napoleon occupies the foreground. Yet it is always through the individual soul that the great tragic forces are seen passing, refracted according to the nature of each.

VIII

Tragedy, interpreted as the clash of forces, and with the symbolization of these forces by individuals, or by masses seen through individuals, is thus our modern form of the higher drama. Mr. Galsworthy's "Strife," which is an exact exemplification of this formula of the clash, carries it in its very title. The "Armageddon" of Mr. Stephen Phillips, though its matter is burningly topical, is not a modern drama at all, and its supernatural stage machinery, its resuscitation of Beelzebub and Belial, is still more obsolete. Even Mr. Hardy, whose vision is so fresh and fearless, has environed his great epic-drama with the "Overworld," and created a series of "Phantom Intelligences"—Spirits and Choruses of Pity and Rumor, Spirits Sinister

and Ironic, not to mention the Shade of the Earth. It looks as if the poets felt instinctively the need of that deeper background of which Maeterlinck speaks, as if without some equivalent of it they cannot respond to M. Victor Giraud's demand for a drama that shall be to us what the classic drama was to our forefathers. Most of all do they seem to need a direct medium for that "criticism of life" which, *pace* Matthew Arnold, is far more the drama's function than that of poetry in general. Yet, as a device for a running commentary upon the action, Mr. Hardy's neomythic figures are not markedly superior to the Greek Chorus, while, as a substitute for the old supernatural background, they have the fatal defect of unreality. Mr. Hardy himself admits their insubstantiality without apparently understanding its cause. That lies in the fact that all the figures of traditional myth, from the talking serpent of Eden to those old German gods whom it is now sought to galvanize, had their day of belief, when they were felt as matter-of-fact as men and horses, and the aura of their ancient reality still lingers and vibrates about them. Of the Seraphs and the Cherubim the Hebrew liturgy even records the exact measurements from toe to wing-tip, and that the angel has still a living appeal is shown by the legend of the angels that appeared at Mons on the side of the British. But Mr. Hardy—as Charles Lamb said of much smaller writers—for the supernatural gives us the non-natural.

IX

Far more serious a contribution to the modern drama is Mr. Hardy's atmosphere of Fate. As given upon our stage by Mr. Granville Barker, "The Dynasts" was strangely debased into a British war-play with a patriotic tag, but it is in truth the spacious utterance of an agnostic Spinoza.

These swarms of figures from Napoleon to the smallest drummer-boy, from the beacon-watchers in Wessex to the candle-snuffers in the House of Commons, from empresses and arch-duchesses to trulls and market-women, are all exhibited as caught in the wave of a common destiny. The immanent World-Spirit—itself perhaps ironically unconscious—is seen animating the entire spectacle as an organic whole. We behold "as it were, the interior of a brain which seems to manifest the volitions of a Universal Will, of whose tissues the personages of the action form portion." The puppets, in short, dance and ironic spirits bid us

> "Mark the twitchings of this Bonaparte
> As he with other figures foots his reel."

And one must confess that the world-war seems to afford an uncomfortable confirmation of Hardy's dramatic method. Here is an immense net in which all the nations have tangled themselves, though at the moment of the outbreak of war probably not a soul in the world wanted it, for even the Prussian militarists must have wished to draw back when they knew England was coming in. The frantic struggles of the diplomatists to break through their own coils were only equalled by the desperate efforts of Emperors. Read the last wild telegrams exchanged at dead of night between Tsar and Kaiser, between Emperor and King. These mightiest of mankind, who bestride the planet like Colossi and command the homage of half the human race, show as straws in a maelstrom. It might well seem as if—in Hardy's words:

> "Ere systemed stars were globed and lit
> The slaughters of the race were writ,
> And wasting wars, by land and sea,
> Fixed, like all else, immutably!"

And the effort to end the war seems as beyond individual

volition as the effort to avert it. An immense force, clearly made up of individual minds, yet gigantic and impersonal, urges forward the combat, denies retreat.

> "A will that wills above the will of each,
> Yet but the will of all conjunctively."

It is a public opinion of which the largest constituent is fear of public opinion. We are all caught in the panic of a stampeding mob. Nobody wishes to push or be pushed, nobody knows why everybody is pushing, yet we are all pushed and push to our mutual destruction.

Nevertheless, it is precisely because of its all-enveloping fatalism that "The Dynasts" cannot become a model for the modern dramatist.

X

Hardy himself seems to have felt that the drawback of "The Dynasts" lay in its impracticability on the stage. When he finished it he felt like sending it to the managers—so he once told me—with a "Play that if you can!" And, indeed, so cosmic a spectacle—some episodes of which were to be viewed from standpoints in the stellar system—might well have seemed adapted only to an audience of archangels. But nowadays aviators might almost supply the audience, and films taken by them, might almost pass on their visions to the patrons of the cinematograph, which could in any case render the big battle-pieces. No, the real objection to "The Dynasts" is that it is a puppet-play.

In the Greek dramas Fate—at best an uncertain and wavering conception—was limited to a family, a dynasty; it was the nemesis of insolence, it was Ate visiting the sins of the fathers on the children. In Ibsen's "Ghosts," Ate

took the modern shape of heredity, and was the nemesis for vice. But in Hardy the fog of Fate swathes and muffles and equalizes everything. If Fate is to play a part in modern drama, it will be at most the Fate suggested in Maeterlinck's "Hour of Destiny." Here we have an evil Fate—a planetary will, or ill-will, making for the iron hegemony of Germany, yet avertible by a gigantic effort of the rest of the world. That is a conception not free from confusion, for what is avertible is not the will of the planet, but at most only a planetary tendency capable of being counteracted by another planetary tendency—with which we may range ourselves! This sense of freedom to fight Fate is not to be found in the brooding Belgian poet, but the outraged Belgian patriot feels it in his blood and bones, and even Hardy turned from an agnostic philosopher into a Wessex yeoman when at the call of the blood he affixed a doggerel tag to the stage representation of his fatalistic drama, some words like

> "The images of old heroic wars
> May spur to emulate our ancestors."

Philosophy, we perceive, breaks down in the stress of action, and it is no true philosophy that would build a drama on a basis which dramatists themselves, put to the test, are the first to abandon.

XI

But whether it is the business of the dramatist to indicate his own "planetary tendency" is a moot point. According to Bradley, he should, and our British thinker finds fault with Hegel for ignoring that one of the colliding forces that make drama may be evil. No fault can be found with Stephen Phillips on this score, for his Kaiser is merely Attila reanimated by Satan. This is a sufficient warning

against writing topical drama before Time, which tries all, has sifted things unmistakably. The spirit is like to be as partisan as the matter is raw.

The dynamic drama has, indeed, its place. The dramatist—like Brieux in some of his plays—may seek to enforce a point of view. But the dynamic drama, like the topical, has its risks. Like the political pamphlet, it is apt to become obsolete by its own success or its own failure, and to turn into a platitude or an absurdity. The poet is safest in limiting himself to the clash of forces. For life offers enough of beauty and pity and terror to build the highest art, and these abide eternally, and appeal afresh and under constantly changing aspects to every fresh generation.

To the apostles of causes this lack of the didactic will appear as a grave defect, but if the poet has written greatly, he cannot avoid teaching. "Prudens quæstio dimidium responsionis." A wise question is half the answer, said Bacon in one of his profoundest sentences. And the artist's exposition of colliding forces cannot fail to throw light upon the rights and the wrongs thereof.

Since these colliding forces run through creation—war proper being only what Bacon calls an "ostensive instance"—it follows that the drama, whose life is clash, is the truest of all literary forms. "All things run," said Heraclitus. He should have said that they run into one another. Nothing exists but by clashing against something else, which by limiting it also defines it, just as the sea and the land—"commensurate antagonists" Elia finely calls them—perpetually bound and fashion each other. Tragedy is thus no external accident but the very root of reality.

> "For tragic life God wot,
> No villain need be,

says Meredith. But it is not only by what is false within that "we are betrayed." Tragedy is of the texture of things.

"Sunt lachrymæ rerum."

Superfluous, therefore, to revive Beelzebub or Belial or to hatch new-fangled Spirits of Irony and Pity, when life itself offers every element of pathos and mystery, of horror and devilry, that poetic dignity demands. Out of the clash and conflict of the forces of life the modern dramatist may build a tragedy as noble and unadorned as a Doric temple rising 'twixt sea and sky on its rocky headland.

THE TWO EMPIRES

(For the Tercentenary Book of Homage)

If e'er I doubt of England, I recall
  Gentle Will Shakespeare, her authentic son,
  Wombed in her soul and with her meadows one,
Whose tears and laughter hold the world in thrall,
Impartial bard of Briton, Roman, Gaul,
  Jew, Gentile, white or black. Greek poets shun
  Strange realms of song—his ventures overrun
The globe, his sovereign art embraces all.

Such, too, is England's Empire—hers the art
  To hold all faiths and races 'neath her sway,
An art wherein love plays the better part.
  Thus comes it, all beside her fight and pray,
While, like twin sons of that same mighty heart,
  St. George and Shakespeare share one April day.

THE LEVITY OF WAR-POLITICS

"I can just remember, though I was then a child, the controversy with the United States over Oregon which brought both countries to the verge of a conflict. In that case a vast and fertile territory was in dispute, a territory worth fighting for, so far as its value went. Yet who has ever doubted, when once the excitement had passed away, that it would have been a frightful misfortune for both nations had they fought for it? Since then, how many war panics have we not seen in England? At one time men talked of war with France as inevitable; and within the last ten years there were many who set up Russia as the enemy with whom there could be no settled peace till there had first been a war. Now, by the exercise of a little good sense and good temper on both sides, we have established friendly relations with both these countries. Why not with all countries?"—LORD BRYCE in *War and Peace*, January, 1914.

"Wait and see."—MR. ASQUITH.

I

Speaking in the House of Commons on the 26th January, 1916, Sir Edward Grey described the most gigantic calamity that has ever befallen the human race as "a war forced upon Europe after every effort had been made to find a settlement without war, *which could easily have been found*." That cheers, and not hisses, followed this tremendous statement, means, I suppose, that it was taken as an impeachment of Germany for refusing the arbitrament of reason, whether in the shape of the Conference proposed by the speaker or the reference to the Hague Tribunal suggested by Serbia and the Tsar. But if Germany refused the settlement that could so "easily have been found," she must either have done so because the diplomatists

bungled their job—in which appalling alternative Sir Edward Grey may have contributed to the bungle—or because (as in 1870) she desired and preferred that arbitrament of the sword which even the Hague Conference left open to independent States—in which case a settlement could *not* "easily have been found" and Sir Edward Grey was talking nonsense.

An examination of the facts makes it probable that the first alternative is the correct one, and if it be indeed true that the diplomatists bungled their job, what is to be said of the monstrous levity with which mankind placed its fortunes in their hands? If States and their populations have ceased to be estates passing with their tenantry from sovereign to sovereign by dower, the peoples of Europe are still puppets worked by the makers of their Foreign Policy. So far as England is concerned, its diplomatic representatives are not notorious for knowledge of languages, psychology or even foreign politics. Of the hundred and twenty, big and little, who "lie abroad for their country's good," few have any experience of the land of their abode, and the Consuls who do have experience can hardly ever rise to diplomatic rank. Diplomatic talent is understood to be limited to young gentlemen with not less than four hundred a year. Sir Edwin Pears tells us that in the fateful months preceding the entry of Turkey into the war, neither our Ambassador at the Porte nor his main secretaries could speak Turkish! That the Ambassadors, though the chartered spies of the nations, did not perceive the war coming, is thus not calculated to surprise us. One of them—a representative of the Entente Powers at Berlin—gravely told the interviewer of *Der Tag* that the grouping of the Powers in the European Balance was the surest safeguard of peace. The date of this Solomonic utterance was May, 1914. And our Ministers—our hired

watchmen—were equally myopic. Speaking at the festive board of the Mansion House to the bankers and merchants of the City of London, Mr. Lloyd George—in the prehistoric times when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer—said that if there was civil war in Ireland, complicated with industrial trouble, the situation would be "of the gravest with which any Government in this country has had to deal for centuries." This was said July 17th, 1914. And the same blindness appears in the Austrian Cabinet Ministers, all of whom had given their names in support of the Twenty-First World Peace Congress that was to have been held on September 15th to 19th, 1914, in the Parliamentary Buildings at Vienna. Well might the philosopher bid his son observe with how little wisdom the world is governed.

II

"Every effort had been made to find a settlement without war!" Sir Edward Grey spoke truly. Not only did he toil like a galley-slave in the last desperate days of Peace but he had just concluded a settlement with Germany over a number of Colonial danger-points. Unless Germany, therefore, absolutely meant war at any price, he was in a better position than ever to keep us at peace with her. Austria, as we have seen, had a completely Pacificist Cabinet. Why then did the negotiations fail? Light is thrown upon this question by an actual member of the British War-Cabinet. In an article published in the *Daily Chronicle* on the first anniversary of the war, Mr. Masterman has given us an historic picture of the "company of tired men" sitting in almost continuous session during twelve hot summer days and nights, conscious that the whole future of civilization was at stake, and surrounded by a whirl of telegrams from every capital

in Europe, to which Sir Edward Grey kept replying by an endlessly changing series of conciliatory propositions, pleading frenziedly if only for delay, even by a few hours.

Imagine the fate of the world hanging on the tick of a clock, on the frantic telegraphing of a "company of tired men" who had even forgotten—one hears—that the difference between London and Berlin time would make the respite even shorter than it seemed.

III

"In the changing hours of that terrific strain," it is no wonder that Mr. Masterman could not understand the "combination of truculence and contempt" which ran through the German replies to Sir Edward Grey's heroic efforts. A year later, with his brain less "tired," he offers the explanation that Germany thought Sir Edward was only "bluffing." The War Party at Vienna and Berlin started with the firm conviction that "England would not fight."

There lies the dog—if I may quote a German proverb. Sir Edward Grey could not get himself believed. He was the voice of England yet he could not get her voice understood. If that is not to fail as her representative, I know not what failure is. And the incredulity with which he was met when he did menace war rested on his prior meeknesses. He had been a Peace-at-any-price man. He had let the Balkan States and the oppressed minorities of the world understand that their sufferings must not disturb the repose of Europe. Let sleeping dogs lie, even if they overlaid infants. Peace was the supreme good. And, knowing how lightly all these dogs were sleeping and how carefully they had been divided into rival packs, one can understand his gingerly footsteps. But when at last, his

sense of England's honor was stirred to fighting-point, and he stamped a bold foot, no Central-European dog cocked an ear or stiffened a bristle. Germany did not believe England would fight, attests Baron Beyens, the Belgian Minister at Berlin.[1] If the boy who cried "Wolf" too often was not believed when the wolf actually appeared, the same fate befell the wolf who had always gone dressed as a lamb.

Could there be a grimmer irony? Not only has Sir Edward Grey always failed to bluff *à la* Palmerston, he has never even called up to the value of his hand. And when he at last does call up to its value, he is supposed to be bluffing!

IV

The conclusion is inescapable that had our relations with Russia and France been Alliances instead of Ententes,—"understandings" which are really misunderstandings—had they been public politics instead of secret commitments or obligations of honor, Germany would never have risked "taking on" England simultaneously with France and Russia, though she obviously wanted war with the two latter.

Up to the eleventh hour France herself, nay, England herself, did not know if England was coming in—witness President Poincaré's appeal to King George on July 31st, 1914—how much less then could Germany know! Sir Edward Grey remained equivocal, he would and would not send support; we were not committed, he told both France and our House of Commons, and Lord Cromer authenticates his accuracy. "In July, 1914, the Government of this country was wholly free from any engagement to support France or Russia in the event of war." It was

[1] *Germany Before the War.*

this facing-both-ways in the quest for Peace that finally broke it.

Thus, it was not "The Balance of Power" which has failed to keep the peace of Europe, it was the uncertainty of whether the equilibrating Alliances existed or not on our side. We had their entanglements but not their prophylactic profit.

In the last analysis, the blame lies less on the unfortunate Foreign Secretary who could not make himself understood in German than on the system which combines the defects of autocracy with the drawbacks of democracy: which gave Sir Edward Grey a free hand to undertake obligations that without the ratification of Parliament he could not fulfil. For part of his original indecision came from uncertainty as to the attitude of the Commons.[1]

They called it "continuity of Foreign Policy"—this subtraction of the power of treaty-making from Parliament. Had the Inner Cabinet first asked Parliament *what* Foreign Policy was to be continuous, we should all have understood our responsibilities, we should have either made a peace with Germany or an unequivocal Alliance against her, and if we thought even France, Russia and England united would not be sufficient to keep the monster quiet, we should all have endorsed Lord Roberts's demand for National Service, and the transition to a more or less military state would have been made methodically and not enforced in a panic with all its disorder and discontent.

Leaving the Cabinet in the midst of its tragic anxieties, Mr. Masterman one day—he tells us—went to speak at an immense provincial meeting. And when he spoke of the possible imminence of war, half the audience thought he

[1] In fairness to Sir Edward Grey something should perhaps be allowed for the miscalculation in Germany produced by the vagaries of Sir Edward Carson and the Pankhursts, and by the industrial unrest.

was insane, and half that he was trying to evade the topics that really mattered. And this is twentieth century democracy! "Be not like dumb driven cattle," said Longfellow. But it is as cattle that our sons and our brothers have gone to the shambles.

V

Again if it is true that a settlement could *easily* have been found a day before the war, why cannot it as easily be found a day after the war, not to say a year after? Why must we gamble with the lives and resources of generations because forsooth diplomatic dignity or Machiavellian prudence requires that neither side shall make a move towards conciliation? As if it were all a gigantic landslide beyond human interference! Why should negotiations be broken off by war instead of remaining continuously in being, the rival diplomatists feeling each other's pulse day by day? Crucified humanity cries out against such cataclysmic imbecility. Again, if a settlement could *easily* have been found, it cannot be so absolutely necessary that "the military domination of Germany" shall be "wholly and finally destroyed." On August 2d, 1914, it was, according to Sir Edward Grey, quite *easy* to live in Europe with Germany. On August 4th this became so impossible that the flower of England and the resources of generations must be sacrificed to wipe out Germany. It may be said that the invasion of Belgium was a revelation: it was no revelation, for military plans existed against the contingency—as against every other—and it had been threatened by German fire-eaters and discussed by Mr. Belloc and other military writers. What Germany was we already knew from the treatment of Alsace-Lorraine and Prussian Poland. Yet we continued to live forty-four years in the same world with her. A cat has even

lived amicably with a rat, according to an engaging story in the *Times*. A Talmudical parable runs: "You and I cannot live in the same world, said God to the haughty man." But England is not God, and she is only less "haughty" than Germany.

One can understand that after those twelve hot tragic days, and that apparent "combination of truculence and contempt" in face of all the tired men's efforts for peace, Mr. Asquith's irritated brain should declare that we would not sheathe the sword till the military domination of Germany had been "wholly and finally" destroyed. But what one cannot understand is the levity with which Mr. Asquith long repeated the exact words of this moment of brain-weariness without any attempt to modify their "truculence and contempt" or at least to clarify and expand them into a practical political proposition.

I would respectfully commend to Mr. Asquith the profound warning of Burke that "firmness is then only a virtue when it accompanies the most perfect wisdom" and that "inconstancy is a sort of natural corrective of human infirmity."

VI

"No one in his wildest dreams," says Mr. Masterman, "would have imagined a year ago to-day" that we should have 3,000,000 volunteers or raised a thousand millions for the war, etc., etc. Mr. Masterman in his justifiable pride as a Briton, forgets he is damning himself as a Cabinet Minister. If the Cabinet did not foresee they would raise the necessary forces and finances, how dared they go into the war? Bloch had explained in six volumes that war was now an affair of trenches, yet they—Mr. Lloyd George unblushingly confesses—had not foreseen that trench warfare and the munitions therefor would play such a great part. More-

over—in view of this very European war—he and his colleagues had arranged for an Expeditionary Force of 160,000 men. That was to be England's military contribution, for she was—they said—a naval power. Yet within a year they discovered we needed to send not 160,000 men, nor even a million men, but every available Englishman, even at the risk of shattering the proverbial "palladium of British liberty." Imagine a housekeeper who, charged to be always prepared for a dozen guests of casual advent, is found, when the long-expected visitors arrive at last to have laid in two tomatoes and half-a-tin of condensed soup!

VII

"I don't think they play at all fairly, and they all quarrel so dreadfully one can't hear oneself speak—and they don't seem to have any rules in particular, at least, if there are, nobody attends to them,—and you've no idea how confusing it is, all the things being alive." So said Alice in Wonderland and the most cursory examination of history reveals it as a Wonderland truly Alician. If the present war was due to the ambiguity attaching to *Ententes*, the Crimean war was due to the ambiguity of a Treaty. Says Justin McCarthy in his *History of Our Own Times* (Vol. II, Cap. 25):

> "It may not perhaps give an uninitiated reader any very exalted opinion of the utility and beauty of diplomatic arrangements, to hear that disputes covering more than a century of time, and causing at least two great wars, arose out of the impossibility of reconciling two different interpretations of the meaning of two or three lines of a treaty."

The Franco-Prussian war—the prelude to the present catastrophe—reveals the same terrifying flippancy; high

politics would be high comedy were it not high tragedy. Although the first link in the fatal chain was forged by Germany, when the mulish militarist brain of Moltke was allowed to override the sagacity of Bismarck, and Alsace-Lorraine was annexed, yet it cannot be overlooked that it was France herself that loosed the thunderbolts of war. However Bismarck by doctoring the Ems telegram may have fooled her, yet it was to the top of her own bent that she was fooled, and had there been no French fire-eaters and no Empress eager for the glory of her son and her Church, the Franco-Prussian war would never have been. To quote another modern historian: [1]

"Whether the majority of the Assembly really desired war is even now a matter of doubt. But the clamor of a hundred madmen within its walls, the ravings of journalists and incendiaries, who at such a time are to the true expression of public opinion what the Spanish inquisition was to the Christian religion, paralyzed the will and understanding of less infatuated men."

These madmen, as it turned out, ruined first their own country and then the world. Their ardor for war was only equalled by their unpreparedness for it, and France was humbled to the dust. England had been pro-German but her chivalrous sympathy with the hardly-entreated loser might have turned her pro-French, had not the washing of dirty linen after the war, revealed "a private engagement between France and Prussia which would have allowed France on certain conditions to annex Belgium." [2] Alarmed and angry, England pressed upon France and Prussia a new treaty by which all three Powers bound themselves afresh to maintain the independence of Belgium. But this

[1] G. A. Fyffe, *History of Modern Europe.*
[2] Justin McCarthy: *A History of Our Own Times*, Vol. IV.

was not the only flouting of parchment, for Russia had seized the opportunity of Prussia and France being at death-grips to disavow the Treaty of Paris neutralizing the Black Sea, and Italy profited by the same pre-occupation of "The Concert of Europe" to reoccupy Rome. No wonder Gilbert in "The Happy Land" made Mr. Ayrton define a treaty as "that useful instrument which enables the man of honor to promise, when taken at a disadvantage, that which (under happier circumstances) he has not the remotest intention of performing." With European politics thus proceeding "on the bold assumption that the stronger has always a right to do anything he pleases with the weaker," [1] or on the well-known formula of Wordsworth:

> "The good old rule, the simple plan
> That they may take who have the power,
> And they may keep who can,"

the attempt to apply suddenly a standard of "All for Law, or the World Well Lost," is of a flippancy almost too great even for politics.

VIII

This "law of the stronger" was accepted by Europe when it allowed Alsace-Lorraine to be annexed and blood-and-iron to be established as the ruling principle. The sequel has been in keeping. Rape was followed by mésalliance, when France, re-estranged from England, distraught between dreams of Revanche and nightmares of further disintegration at the hands of the Huns threw herself into the arms of Russia and her savings into its lap, the first civilization in the world thus mismating with one of the most backward. "The Rights of Man" which had been the gospel and glory of the *ville lumière* were abandoned with a

[1] Justin McCarthy: *A History of Our Own Times*, Vol. IV.

levity worthy of a Mexican mob. I remember the days when the Franco-Russian alliance was being cemented, the popularity at the Paris *Foire au Pain d'Épices* of the gingerbread effigies of hand-shaking French and Russian sailors. In the very quarter of the Bastille the fickle populace had already forgotten Liberty: throughout France the peasants strangled her with their stockings.

Nor can all our admiration for the sublime stand France is making to-day—her whole population knit in love and sacrifice—blind us to her levity in not bearing sons for the day of battle. By an infinitely imprudent prudence and a tragically improvident providence she reduced her families to a minimum and simultaneously with pining for Alsace-Lorraine and reaching out for Morocco, she surrendered portions of her own beloved soil to black and yellow labor, importing Africans and coolies for her vineyards and coal-mines.[1]

The ominous growth of the German navy brought England more vaguely into the same grouping and ultimately into battle-line with Russia, her bogey of the last generation, with Serbia from which she had only recently withdrawn her minister, Montenegro, whose war habits, though they kindled Tennyson, have chilled Miss Durham who really knows them, and other still less civilized populations. With equal levity the people of Goethe and Beethoven fraternized with the illiterate Turk, the people of Luther with the lethargic Mussulman, and the people of Kant with the assassins of Armenia. Even in such a record of levity the mutability of Italy stands pre-eminent.

The levity in the history of Belgium belongs rather to the Great Powers than to the tiny territory that, though neutralized, was allowed to have an army and even to go on great imperial adventures, denied to Germany. To domes-

[1] *Times*, July 13, 1914.

ticate a kitten and then let it produce a brood of Congolese tiger-cats seems to me an inconsequence of which only politicians are capable. The Belgian Minister for the Colonies told us at a banquet this February that "Belgium without the Congo was unthinkable." I am very willing Belgium shall have a great colonial Empire—she is perhaps the one country that now deserves it, and whose tribulations will have taught her sympathy even with blacks. But my brain is quite able to think of a Belgium without the Congo, and quite unable to think of a Congo'd Belgium as entitled to a protective neutrality. In such a sphere as politics—where "to think clear and to see straight" is impolitic—it is no wonder that none of the belligerent populations is able to bear the truth about its own military and naval operations, and that the word "success" must accompany every notification,—a levity that does not shrink even from

"Success of our Retreat!"

How long we hid from ourselves the truth about the Dardanelles when, in the words of Arnold White, "you cannot pierce the earth with a bayonet in any square yard of the beaches of Hellas and Suvla Bay without touching the corpse of a British, an Australian or an Indian soldier!" This monumental example of levity in military operations was probably mainly due to neglect of Lord Salisbury's famous advice to "get large maps." We were only a few miles from an historic capital. Looking round the world for some comforting instance of absence of levity, I can only find it in the warnings of those German Socialists who opposed the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine as holding the seeds of future war, and in the Social Democratic Group in the Alsace-Lorraine Assembly, who eighteen months before this war, issued a manifesto appealing for a loyal understanding between France and Germany, as even to be

re-annexed to France, they could not contemplate "another war which would surpass in horror all that the human brain can imagine."

IX

On July 17, 1914, Mr. Lloyd George, addressing the bankers and merchants of the City of London at the Mansion House dinner already mentioned, said:

> "It is sad that so much of the capital of the world should be wasted in wars and preparations for wars. During the last ten years alone the nations of the world have spent 4,500 millions in war and preparations for war—1,000 millions more than Britain has advanced in fifty years to civilize the world."

Not three weeks later he had consented to a war which now costs us five millions a day, and the total cost of which for the Allies is some twelve millions a day, the very sum which paid his vaunted old age pensions for a year. Well might Lord Sumner say that "if the House of Lords and the House of Commons could be thrown into a volcano every day the loss represented would be less than the daily cost of the campaign." The expression was unfortunate, since our sense of loss in such a contingency is not acute, but the image is vivid. And to think that John Bright once fulminated because the annual expenditure on our Army *and* Navy was £26,000,000. It has been calculated that should the war last another year, the total cost to the Allies would be £8,600,000,000. Mr. Arthur Kiddy, City Editor of the *Morning Post*, estimated the total expense for all the belligerents at £12,000,000,000 of which rather more than £3,000,000,000 would fall upon England.[1] Such astronomi-

[1] "The cost of no war has even approximated to the cost of the present war. The largest amount spent by Great Britain on war in a single year before the present war was £71,000,000. The Revolutionary and Napoleonic War cost in the aggregate £831,000,000; that war was spread over twenty years

cal figures are perhaps the cause of the levity with which we dispense them. They mean no more to us than the distances of the Milky Way. But even these figures are too small, for they do not allow for the fact that the expenditure is destructive and each pound destroys—it has been estimated—ten shillings. Dr. Anna S. Shaw in her fascinating autobiography relates how when a child of four she visited Speke Island off Queenstown and watched the convicts, whose "hard labor" was to carry buckets of water from one shore to the other—and empty them into the sea. But war-labor is even more wasteful for it does not merely dissipate present labor, it destroys past labor too. Not to mention the cost of that cheapest of commodities, human life.

"Levitas, levitas, omnia levitas!"

The Crimean War cost £67,500,000; that was spread over three financial years. The Boer War cost £211,000,000; that was spread over four financial years." Interview with Mr. Lloyd George, *Pearson's Mazagine*, March, 1915.

THE PLACE OF PEACE

So came I to a scene of Witches' Sabbath,
Ear-cracking cannon-claps made devils'-thunder,
Mixed with the hiss and flare of foul explosives
And screams of disembowelled men and horses.
Green o'er the soil a ghastly vapor glided,
In heaven, roaring, hung death-raining navies,
Rocks burst into eye-gouging chips of granite,
The waters spouted up in boiling pillars,
Death boomed at once from earth and sky and ocean,
And men of every race, black, white or yellow,
At death-grips, clawed and stabbed and bit and throttled.
Miasma-breeding, lay unburied corpses,
Envied of youths gangrened and semi-frozen.
Leviathans ten thousand shipwrights toiled at,
With freights, the harvest of a world of workers,
Were gulped like paper-boats, and as an infant
Rubs figures from its slate, the painful garner
Of generations—cities, railways, harbors—
And carven treasure of the Middle Ages
Were childishly expunged. I saw around me—
Looming incarnadined, phantasmagoric—
Millions of torsos, eyeless, noseless, limbless,
Millions of women, binding up the bleeding,
Millions of women wailing o'er the corpses
To make which other women fashioned fire-balls;
On all the roads processions blister-footed—
Old men, and haggard women, violated,
And crying children falling dead from hunger.
God! such a maze and burr bemused my brain-cells,
That half distraught I asked a dying groaner,
'What is this place, and what purports this frenzy?'
'It is,' he said, with kindling eye and accent,
'The plain of Armageddon, and the war
'For righteousness.'

I fled that dreadful valley,
Stumbling through bloody mists and fumes and roarings,
Until the last reverberations faded,
And in the sunlit grounds of some great mansion
I found sweet haven. There among the roses,
And on the grass in all its green enchantment,
Walked gentle women with attendant mankind,
Whilst here and there upon the sward recumbent
Beside their shadows in some nook of summer,
I noted peaceful figures so engrossed,
Each seemed the spirit of the brooding season.
One read, one toyed with chess-men, one lay fluting,
One wrote a scroll in inks of many colors,
One drew great pentagons and epicycles,
One calculated horoscopes; the noblest,
A priestly figure with a beard white-flowing,
Interpreted a text apocalyptic.
Enraptured with this place of peace, I questioned
A passer what it was.
Quoth he, 'A mad-house!'

THE MILITARY PACIFISTS

"It was the same artifice which the devil employs, when he would seduce those who are on their guard, by transforming himself from an angel of darkness into an angel of light, and setting plausible appearances before them, carries his point, if the cloven foot be not seen in the beginning."—DON QUIXOTE.

I

The Pacific Pacifists are bad enough for the temper. The "sea-green incorruptible" of Pacifism for example reproaches me for refusing to think the soldier negligible. "Fighting is for tigers," he writes to me, "and I do not happen to be a tiger." Unfortunately other creatures do happen to be tigers and I am vastly obliged by the soldier and his rifle. The Pacifist is a shirker not of military duty but of unpleasant facts. Needs must when the devil drives and a citizen army, purely for defensive purposes, with civil rights, and war under democratic control is—at this stage of human evolution when Reason and Love are embryonic and insufficiently diffused—in no essential contradiction with the spirit of Pacificism. So, too, righteous rebellion is no more war proper than resistance to assassination is violence proper.

But the Pacific Pacifists are bearable compared with the Military Pacifists. Their notion of ending war by wiping out Germany is the most dangerous form of homicidal mania now endemic. These well-meaning Utopians overlook two small things—that you cannot end Germany and that you cannot end war, at least in our time. It is true

Mr. Asquith continues to ingeminate that "the military domination of Prussia" must be "wholly and finally" destroyed, but Mr. Asquith appears to believe like the Bellman in *The Hunting of the Snark*, "What I tell you three times is true."[1] Even the Russian Foreign Minister, Sazonoff, has had sense enough to declare that you cannot extirpate nearly seventy millions of people. And unless you do extirpate them you can no more get rid of their bellicosity than you can breed hedgehogs without bristles.

Delenda est Carthago. After twenty centuries, nineteen of them Christian, two great countries again at death-grips, one omnipotent at sea and one apparently invincible on land, and each crying this of the other.

It is true I have myself walked over the ruins of Carthage. But it required Three Punic Wars and a hundred and eighteen years to destroy her and Cato of the famous *delenda est* did not live to see it done. Whereas our pacifist militarists want to make only one bite at their cherry. And this although as Bonar Law pointed out it was the commercial Carthage that the military Rome conquered, and though it is we that have, like Carthage, the motley hordes, and Germany which has, like Rome, the unified army.

As a rule, Utopians do no harm, if little good. But in chasing the mirage of a Germany in ruins, they may work woeful mischief to England, setting her fortunes, as they do, on the fall of a single die, and declaring, as they do, that nothing matters—not even bankruptcy—so long as the pursual of their Will-o'-the-Wisp is unrelaxed. Being militarists, they imagine themselves practical, and that is the worst delusion of all. When a "practical" man gets a bee in his bonnet, his very command of the machinery of action makes him infinitely more dangerous than your pale

[1] Since this was written both Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey have fortunately toned down the crudity of the Guildhall Formula.

academic idealists. Imagine Sancho Panza tilting against windmills! In his fury against giants he would have actually destroyed the sails as well as himself. Whereas Don Quixote only killed seven sheep when he mistook them for the squadrons of Alifanfaron, his henchman would have slain the flock. Your military pacifist not only idealizes his impossible Dulcinea, he would actually marry her. He would pay a pedigree price for Rozinante.

II

The notion of ending war by the sword is not only chimerical—like the notion of ending beards by the razor—it has not even the moral value of most Utopian ideas. As I wrote to a Peace Conference: "Tennyson, who is considered out-of-date, though he predicted the Zeppelins, has really said the last word on the subject.

> 'Move upward, working out the beast,
> And let the ape and tiger die.'

In short, all war is a gorilla warfare, and can only end when the gorilla is worked out. Even therefore if we could extirpate Germany and leave our children the legacy of a compulsory military peace, they would only be like the children of millionaires, who generally go to the dogs. Every generation must work out its own peace or fight its own battles. There is no pre-natal salvation. The world can only be saved by Reason and Love. But even of these each generation must bring its own."

III

The whole conception of setting up posterity in vegetable beatitude belongs in fact to the same order of religious

thinking as the lotus-eating heaven that awaits ourselves. "No patched-up peace," cries the Stop-the-peace party. "Nothing that would expose our children to a revival of the German menace." We are forsooth to be wild boars that our children may be tame pigs in clover. But we cannot, if we would, steal their burdens and responsibilities. Nothing can be saved or lost except for our own generation. To suppose that you can establish a State—or even a state of peace—in *sæcula sæculorum* is a fallacy. As Mr. G. K. Chesterton has pointed out, a post painted white does not remain white. Zoroaster and the old Persian theologians who saw the universe under the image of the war of Ormuzd and Ahriman failed in insight and courage when they threw in the sop of a "final" victory with the coming of "The Good Kingdom," or "The Kingdom of Desire."

The reward of battle is not victory but the beginning of new battle and the cost of everything must be paid again and again. Nothing is on sale but everything on hire, and it is not liberty alone whose price is eternal vigilance. Have we not just seen that no British might, however ancient, is beyond challenge, no British right, however constitutional, beyond annulment, no British newspaper, however old-established, beyond bankruptcy?

One might ask the Military Militarists at least, why if war brings so many noble virtues, our children should be removed from its influences. And one might ask even the Pacifist Militarists why our children should not "do their bit."

"The work we have on hand must be done once for all," says the *Times*. That is dangerous nonsense. "Never again!" says the Military Pacificist. And echo answers mockingly: "Ever again!" For there must be either a win or a draw. If a win the conquered side will prepare for

reprisals,—*die Rache* or *La revanche!*—if a draw, either side will think

"Oh, the little more, and how much it is."

Far saner is the saying of the Talmud: "It is not thy duty to complete the work, neither is it thy duty to neglect it."

IV

When therefore we find Mr. Asquith saying at a Lord Mayor's banquet, "Be the journey long or short, we shall not pause or falter until we have secured for the smaller States of Europe their charter of independence, and for Europe itself, and for the world at large, their final emancipation from the reign of force," though our heart glows, and we see the world through rosy mists as of Guildhall port, yet our head misgives us. For, though Mr. Asquith's journey is in the right direction and I wish him Godspeed, yet if it means that this final emancipation is to be wrought at one blow—and if to deliver this blow we are to throw the "British Empire's last shilling" upon the green cloth, then it is a madder Quixotism than Cervantes ever dreamed of. But Mr. Asquith's knight-errantry seems to know no bounds. Did he not say when he was falsely accused of telling what would at worst have been a diplomatic or white-paper lie about Lord Kitchener's alleged resignation, that that would have been "stooping to an infamy almost indescribable?" What words, I wonder, would he have had left for a statesman who remained in office after saying that sooner than introduce conscription he would resign?

So white a flower of blameless life has seldom been seen in a politician's buttonhole. But if standards of honor are to be kept at such Alpine heights, we cannot lower our standards of sanity too abysmally. The Stop-the-Peace

Party should really attend to Tolstoy's adjuration to "stop and think."

V

As for Perpetual Peace, Immanuel Kant who wrote a great little treatise on the subject in the practical form of a treaty did not expect humanity ever to reach it. It was to be a "regulative" idea. And it was to be approached not by militarism but by moral improvement. Nor was it possible—without grave injustices—till humanity had organized itself in Republics. Kant, who was as shrewd as he was profound—he had Scotch blood—saw to the heart of a subject about which most pacifists—and most of the well-meaning World-Parliament projects now pouring so profusely from the press of every country—merely grope and fumble.

Before you can have "the United States of Europe" you must have the separate Republican States that America united. To unite States at so many varying phases of political evolution—even if a principle of representation could be found—would tend to stereotype the backward. For either the central authority would not interfere with their internal affairs, thus leaving their present despots a free hand, or it *would* interfere to repress revolution and thus make it eternally hopeless.

It was upon this rock that the Holy Alliance of 1815 split. Peace, though honestly sought, was sought not on the basis of a rearrangement of the world by Reason and Love but on the existing basis of autocracies and monarchies with a potentiality of dragooning minorities, national or sectional, by the "Supernational Authority" of which we now hear again. Moreover, when it is sought to set up a tribunal of justice among the nations on the analogy of justice among individuals, the analogy breaks

down. For what is a nation? What is England? What Germany? What Russia? These are living and therefore perpetually shifting concepts, always expanding, diminishing, changing. How again find a common basis for Mexico and China, for Canada and Monaco? If it be said that individuals, too, differ in size and strength and wealth and are constantly changing in all these qualities, and yet a common rule of justice *has* been established, the answer is that it has *not* been established. A state of comparative social peace has been established—tranquillity tempered by strikes and starvation. It is not, as Nietzsche argued, that social ethics is the device of the weak to keep themselves in existence against the strong. Quite the contrary. The social order is the device of the strong to keep the weak in existence for their service. Until a righteous social order is established we cry "Peace, peace, when there is no peace," even in the individual commonwealth.

"The Kingdom of God," like Charity, begins at home. When it is in reasonable swing there, we may begin to link it up with other provinces of the Kingdom. To bring about a millennium of the existing order—uninformed by social passion and devoid even of the tragic spirituality of war—would be to bring about not the Kingdom of God but of the Devil. The road to Mr. Asquith's noble ideal is long and toilsome. I am very willing we shall not pause and falter in it, but to suppose that the destruction of Germany is the end of the journey, to cry *Delenda est Carthago* in the name of Perpetual Peace generations before the world is ripe for it, is mere chicanery.

VI

Perpetual Peace, in its literal sense, is as much a fallacy as perpetual motion, nay a greater fallacy, for perpetual

motion, though we cannot create it, at least exists in nature, whereas perpetual peace does not exist at all. If it did, it would mean a universe not of life, but of death, and it is as barren an ideal for humanity as for nature. What is meant, however, is not stagnation, but movement without murder. Even this cannot be found in nature, nor can humanity create it except within the narrow human sphere. But it is as possible there as within the narrower spheres of families, clans, and nations, and were the Martians really able to invade our globe and perpetually menacing us, it would be achieved to-morrow. Hegel who preceded Treitschke and Moltke in glorifying war, held war was indispensable because everything needed opposition. He forgot that humanity finds all the opposition it needs in Nature.

The question remains whether our Quixote could utterly destroy Germany, even if it was the knightly thing to do. But that is a technical question which the Militarists can answer better than I. My province is merely to point out that that way lies Madness, not Perpetual Peace.

"From the lie there comes no life," said Heine, "and God can never be saved by the Devil."

THE ABSURD SIDE OF ALLIANCES

I

"Now B, on some convenient day,
Will make a secret league with A,
In which they practically say
They'll go for C together;
The secret, being one of state,
Is certain to evaporate,
And C may soon anticipate
Extremely sultry weather.
So C his neighbor will fatigue
With patriotic base intrigue,
Until he makes a secret league
With each of both the others;
And any two to fight are loth,
Because the third is bound by oath
To fight against and for them both,
As enemies and brothers."—ADRIAN ROSS.

These immortal lines by a confectioner of musical comedy, who in a more literate age might have become our Aristophanes, sufficiently dispose of "The Balance of Power" as a moral mechanism. "At the very moment the Act of Algeciras was signed," wrote Baron Greindl, the Belgian diplomatic representative at Berlin in 1911, "three at least of the participating Powers were contracting undertakings among themselves which were incompatible with their public professions." As the poet goes on to say—and Italy and Bulgaria have illustrated the thesis afresh—

"You cannot depend
On a foe or a friend
When it comes to The Balance of Power."

The question is, however, not one of morals but of politics—of security, first, against war, secondly, against conquest. But the first kind of security seems—for any individual member of the rival groups of Powers—to be diminished rather than enhanced, since friction between any two members compromises all the others. Indeed, it is less surprising that the jugglers should drop one of so many balls than that they should keep them all safely in the air. And the fall of one means the collapse of all. Thus a shot fired in Serbia has assassinated millions of every race, creed and color, and sent people to die at their Antipodes or in regions they had never heard of. Australians have perished in Gallipoli, and the bones of Dorset Yeomanry lie in the deserts of Tripoli.

Security against conquest is, however, another matter. San Marino has maintained herself for centuries by playing off one neighbor against another, and why should not the British Empire copy San Marino? That policy is not refuted by Mr. Shaw's comparison of it to the attempt to empty the Atlantic by pouring its water into the Pacific. Redistribution of forces is its essence. To balance things in motion means perpetual shifting of position. To be with Prussia against France in 1815 and with France against Prussia in 1915; to be with Turkey against Russia in the Crimean War and with Russia against Turkey to-day, is not the absurdity I would indict. For Lord Salisbury to say "The Ottoman Empire must stand," and for Mr. Asquith to say it must fall, is not ridiculous. Circumstances alter cases. What *is* absurd in this shifting quadrille is to lampoon the partner of yesterday and beslaver the partner of to-day.

II

There are obviously two and only two methods of political alliance. The one seeks the line of greatest united power, the other of greatest common ideals. The first is a mechanical union, the second a moral. A moral union is obviously only possible between nations of the same degree of political development. Thus when Russia pursued what the foreign editor of the *Novoe Vremya* now calls the "ill-omened policy" of supporting "thrones," wherever they tottered; when it combated Republican France, propped up Turkey, and built up Prussia and the Kaiser, its alliances were moral. When it joined Republican France, the alliance was mechanical.

Now it may be politically permissible for a nation to marry, so to speak, for money and position; and not for love. But it is not permissible to pretend that the heiress is your affinity. For though it is not theoretically impossible to achieve such a happy match, it is an unlikely political contingency that the path of safety and power should also coincide with the course of true love or the road to righteousness. Such alliances, if not immoral, become so when they pretend to be moral.

Yet it is this make-believe that all nations childishly play at, it is in honor of this puerile pretence that Presidents, Kings and Emperors raise their glasses. The rich and newly-divorced bride is invariably beautiful, and the love that binds her and her new partner is a romantic passion. In the quest of "The Balance of Power" the erstwhile President of the Amphictyon of Europe must woo with mandolin, purse, and sonnet every minx and drab of a State that once panted for a single glance from his *beaux yeux*. Sir Edward Grey is simultaneously glorified as the paladin of Europe and vilipended for having failed

to win over what is now described as "bloodthirsty Bulgaria." One wonders if Roumania got ready noble manifestos for either contingency.

The notion that our alliances can be moral and not mechanical survives the revelation that Sir Edward Grey has had to bribe his way, or has tried to bribe his way, offering now Cyprus to Greece, anon the Dalmatian coast to Italy, and that we are compelled to tolerate the *Militarismus* of Japan against China, despite our treaty obligation to maintain the integrity of Chinese independence.

The German Chancellor in a flash of candor admitted that the invasion of Belgium was wrong. The blush of shame was transient and soon sicklied o'er with the pale cast of sophistry. But why blush at all? Why should we not all admit that necessity knows no law—and no love?

III

With Alliances candidly envisaged as political and mechanical, the incessant chassez-croisez of the political dance would not expose us to the indecent necessity of virtuous protestation. Germany—herself guilty of siding with the assassins of the Armenians—makes great play with our hypocrisy in calling in colored troops to "take up the white man's burden." It is strange how, forgetting that *Krieg ist Krieg*, she becomes as romantic as Ruskin where other people's cold-bloodedness is concerned. The real inadvisability of such Alliances lies in their future rebound on ourselves.

But apart from the fact that colored interests are threatened by Germany no less than white interests, these motley forces are to us mere engines and munitions of war, and they have the advantage over white allies that there is no need to express devoted affection for them. It is true a

Manchester paper suggested I ought to recognize the enlightenment of our Fiji Islanders in choosing between us and Prussian militarism, but this was surely written by a budding Swift.

No, let us not be too adoring even of our white allies. Lord Melbourne said there was no d—d nonsense of merit about the Garter; let there be no d—d nonsense of sentiment about Alliances. Then we shall all look less silly. To-day, owing to the tactlessness of the Censor and the Editors, Russia has been so overdone with compliments that she has grown suspicious and begins to ask what chestnuts England wants pulled out of the fire.[1] As for France, what schoolboy does not remember the disdain for the defeated of Waterloo, the miseries of Froggy, the French Master? Is he a hero now, I wonder, in every dormitory?

An octogenarian tells how he formed one of a bodyguard of young men to protect John Bright from the angry Manchester mob. Bright was then the "pro-Russian" who was ready to see Turkey dismembered, as Tzar Nicholas I had so wickedly suggested.

Again and again Bright protested in his speeches that though he thought the safety of England did not demand that the military power of Russia should be wholly and finally destroyed, yet he was as good an Englishman as any anti-Russian.

The inconvenient memory of this octogenarian recalls that France was the Germany of his young days, the country that had to be crushed before she got too strong. Then the rhyme ran:

[1] Even from the utilitarian point of view the Alliance of Russia with Western Powers is not easily workable, for, as M. Stephen Pichon, late French Foreign Minister points out, when co-operation is required, the different political constitutions are a great bar to consultation and joint resolutions.

"Two bony Frenchmen and one Portugee,
One jolly Englishman can lick all three."

In 1853 there was a panic. Bent on revenge for Waterloo, France, it was said, designed to invade England. A pro-Frenchman was a traitor. Yet by the end of 1853 the English and French were allies in the Crimean War. Frenchmen changed from "a people of treacherous and envious instincts" to "a polished and chivalrous nation," and the octogenarian remembers seeing Englishmen "hugging, and even kissing them, Continental fashion."

"I have known Russians," he says, "to be regarded as the heroic saviors (along with ourselves) of Europe against France, then as dark conspirators against all civilization and human freedom, and finally as heroes of defence against the aggressions of a world-threatening German militarism. The Turks I have known in turns to be regarded as innocent 'gentlemen' persecuted by Russia, vile assassins of Bulgaria, enlightened reformers under a *régime* of Young Turks, and finally as despicable tools of German wickedness. I need not say how Bulgaria itself has changed from good to bad, or how the Boers of South Africa have changed from bad to good. In my young days the Prussians were so popular that public-houses were called after their kings and generals. The hope of all Englishmen seemed to be that Prussia should become the centre of a great united Germany to form a bulwark against Russian possible aggressions. . . . When Russia conquered Poland our poet described how 'Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell.' But I have lived to hear regrets at the ejection of Russia from Poland. It is a wondrous kaleidoscopic jumble."

A jumble indeed! And who knows where Germany will be at the next shake? Says Thackeray in his article on *The German in England:* "It insults every country with which it has to deal by absurd assumptions of superiority. It threatens all with war, or discord or invasion: it shuts

up its ports to foreign commerce; and distrusting everyone, cheating where it can, bullying where it dares, and insolent always, it bewails the unfriendliness of Europe, and complains of unjust isolation."

Thackeray was speaking not of Germany but of France—the France of 1842!

And for this France the seeds of distrust lingered on till the very eve of the Great War. Witness our shrinking from the construction of a Channel Tunnel which would have now—free from submarine risk—not only conveyed our soldiers to the Continent but subserved the still more valuable function of pouring in food from all allied and neutral lands in the event of Germany's success in seriously interfering with our food-ships. Now we have come back to the hugging and kissing, but our countries, alas! are still uncoupled. And to think that in a few years hence the quadrille will be differently disposed, the Presidents and the Emperors now devastating each other's dominions in implacable enmity will be raising their glasses to each other with rhetorical flourishes.

It is all very like the mentality of schoolboys, among whom the thickest comrades are apt to tumble into a period of dumb hostility—to be succeeded by a period of enhanced appreciation. I can vividly recall the bliss of these reconciliations when the rosy points of the boycotted pal fused into a picture more glowing than ever. Indeed, the whole war is reminiscent of a schoolboy scuffle, with each urchin crying to the Master: "Please, sir, it wasn't me. *He* began it." It would all be supremely laughable were it not also a tragedy too deep for tears.

THE WAR FOR THE WORDS

"For with words we govern men."—LORD BEACONSFIELD

We shall not sheathe the sword . . . till the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed. . . .—MR. ASQUITH.

It is absolutely necessary that Russia and England be driven from their present unnatural position of power.—HERR PATTAI, late President of the Austrian Chamber of Deputies.

No patched-up peace that will expose our children to a revival of the German menace.—JOHN HODGE, M. P., and British Statesmen generally.

If we do not accomplish this, the war will end without any real decision, and peace will not liberate the world from the perpetual war-danger with which England and Russia threaten the civilized world.—HERR PATTAI.

Unless Germany is forced out of Belgium, all Europe will be under the rule of blood and iron. —British Press, *passim*.

Unless Belgium is evacuated, there will be an appalling era of militarism, directed against Germany.—*Bund Neues Vaterland*.

This must be a war to end war. —MR. H. G. WELLS.

The supreme task of the negotiators of the settlement must be to exterminate not only war itself, which has destroyed whole generations, but also the fever of armaments.—HERR BALLIN in *Vossische Zeitung*.

If we mean anything by our declaration that this is a war against war, we shall simply be

They must also devise some sort of assurance that this bloody war will not be followed by an

playing the fool if we proceed to set up a fiscal system which inevitably makes for ill-will among nations.—J. M. ROBERTSON, M. P.

economic war.—HERR BALLIN in same.

Belgium, and I will add Serbia, must recover all, and more than all, they have lost.—MR. ASQUITH.

One has never heard anything, on the other hand, as to England and Japan being willing to give up the colonies occupied by them.—*Vossische Zeitung.*

The war was made in Germany. —I. ZANGWILL'S *Appeal to Neutrals.*

We did not want this war.—BETHMANN-HOLLWEG.

It was not we who conjured up this war.—COUNT TISZA (Austria).

A programme for the smashing of Germany drove her opponents into the war.—*Hamburger Fremdenblatt* (Militarist).

Forty years of preparation for the crushing of England.—British Press, *passim.*

No one thought of attacking Germany; there was not a measure taken by any other Power that was not purely defensive; the German preparations were for attack and were far ahead of others on the Continent.—SIR EDWARD GREY.

For the last forty-three years there has not been a single man in the whole domain of Germany, who wanted war, not one. . . . In England, on the contrary, I found during my last visits in 1907 and 1908 everywhere a frightful, blind hatred of Germany and the impatient expectation of a war of annihilation.—HOUSTON CHAMBERLAIN in *The Fatherland.*

The dread of Germany's designs was a delusion, a disastrous misunderstanding.—Manifesto of 150 German Intellectuals.

With the Germans their own natural superiority has become a

The Germans err rather on the side of an exaggerated appre-

first principle.—G. K. CHESTERTON in *New York American*.

The fleet is at this moment performing not for Britain alone, nor yet for Britain's Allies, but for the whole world a most important part in the drama now being played out for the freedom of the world.—MR. BALFOUR at the *Empire*.

The Bulwark of the cause of man.—*Times*.

We and our Allies believe that we are fighting to maintain the cause of Christ.—THE BISHOP OF NORWICH.

We shall not pause or falter till we have assured . . . for Europe and for the world at large their final emancipation from the reign of force.—MR. ASQUITH.

Germany's philosophy is that a settled peace spells disintegration, degeneracy, etc. . . . We are fighting this idea.—SIR EDWARD GREY.

Bryce Report on the Atrocities in Belgium. Press Comment on the Sinking of the Lusitania, the Zeppelin Raids, Bombardment of Rheims Cathedral, etc.

ciation of the merits of other nations.—HOUSTON CHAMBERLAIN in *The Fatherland*.

Germany is really fighting for the whole of Europe when trying to break England's rule.—*Kölnische Volkszeitung*.

We are fighting for a just cause, for freedom, for the right of our nation to exist, for a long future peace.—THE KAISER.

We are fighting against a Hydra of enemies in a battle for our existence and for the liberty of the world.—TSAR FERDINAND.

A war for truth and right, for humanity and morality: a war for Christianity itself.—PASTOR DORRFUSS.

Christmas still finds the peoples of Europe engaged in the sorry task of turning this old and beautiful Continent into a heap of ruins.—HERR BALLIN.

We have hated war,
To us it was the nightmare of the world
Alone we bear the load now;
That eternal peace may come.—
BRUNO FRANK: *Strophen in Krieg*.

These things are not separate acts, but links in the system of murder—the question is justified whether we can regard such fighters as being on the same level as honorable soldiers and sailors.—*Lokalanzeiger*.

A war made up, mainly, apparently of calculated ferocity, shameful and murderous atrocities. My German neighbors were after all, it appears, spies, and the stories of a long-planned invasion only too true.—Letter to Norman Angell, printed in *War and Peace.*

Then by what right can you still pretend, as you have written, that you are fighting for the cause of liberty and progress?—ROMAIN ROLLAND: *Open Letter to Gerhart Hauptmann.*

Innumerable are the cases in which, in the course of this war, England has lifted from her face that mask of the pioneer for human liberty, justice and civilization and shown her true features. Compared with the envy and greed which has caused a world conflagration, how harmless does the honest, manly German anger against England appear.—Pamphlets of "War Committee of German industry in Berlin," No. 18. The Baralong.

The struggle of civilization itself against barbarism.—BERGSON.

The killing of Germans is a Divine Service.—ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.

A war between Germanism and barbarism—the logical successor of our wars against the Huns.—KARL LAMPRECHT.

Bayoneting the enemy is serving God.—PASTOR SCHLETTER.

Germany has violated the Hague Conventions by pillage, illegal levies, bombarding undefended towns, torpedoing passenger vessels, collective penalties for individual acts, wanton destruction of artistic buildings, etc.—*New Statesman.*

It is probable that the English are confessing to themselves that a war against the German Empire, even though it be waged with a gigantic indecency, with robbery, piracy, kidnapping, violation of the Red Cross, with flag juggling, with assassination and butchery of the lowest kind, is no good and profitable business.—*Hamburger Nachrichten.*

The Huns, the baby-killers, etc., etc.—British Press, *passim.*

We ask in astonishment how the policy of a people can sink further than the stage which England has reached with the defence of the Baralong case.—HERR FISCHBECK in the Reichstag.

The Germans have destroyed the work of The Hague. Without good faith between the nations, International Law is impossible. After the treatment of Belgium it is impossible to put faith again in treaties.—British Press, *passim.*

The arrest (of the Consuls at Salonika) is only one more link in the long chain of violations of international law perpetrated by England and France.—German Press, *passim.*

We must resume and continue the work of the Hague Conference. We must do away with all prejudices against international treaties. It is not brute force which can give value to treaties but good faith between the nations that ratified them.—HERR BALLIN.

Nobody wants peace more than we want it.—SIR EDWARD GREY.

If our enemies desire the murder of men and desolation of Europe to go on, theirs is the blame.—VON BETHMANN HOLLWEG.

Peace through Victory. (La paix par la victoire.)—French formula.

The road to peace lies through victory.—*Munchner Neueste Nachrichten.*

NOVELISTS AND THE WAR

"There is not a more . . . despised animal than a mere author. . . . Your opinion is honest, you will say; then ten to one it is not profitable. It is at any rate your own. So much the worse: for then it is not the world's."—HAZLITT, *On the Aristocracy of Letters.*

From divers quarters one hears grumblings and sneers at the intrusion of "novelists" into war questions. Mr. Wells, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Jerome, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Chesterton, all flourish their criticisms and counsels before a public persuaded that its newspapers should only be written by hacks. Few people seem to understand that the novelist is—with the exception of the Commander-in-Chief—the most important person for the conduct of a war. England has already paid dearly enough for her distrust of the "intellectual," but when even Germany, which has so marvellously mobilized her men of science, has forgotten the novelist, how can we expect happy-go-lucky England to realize that without a novelist no War Cabinet is complete? Pray do not suspect irony; some covert allusion to the inferior fiction of Official Reports. The argument is plain and straightforward. War being not a duel of guns but of the men behind the guns and of the people behind the men, it follows that, however important it is for Governments to consult the expert in explosives, it is still more important for them to consult the expert in psychology. This is exactly what the serious novelist is—a professor of human nature. His books are merely applied psychology, none the less science because

it is entertainment. Nobody dissents from Pope's dictum that

"The proper study of mankind is man."

yet an authority upon man—his habits and ideas, his taboos and fetiches—ranks as a scientist below a Fabre who studies insects, even when, like Swift, he labors to show man quite as mean as the insect.

It is true Mr. Belloc has an eager following, but this is because of his scrupulously stony avoidance of the flesh-and-blood aspect of war, for he discourses exclusively, like "my uncle Toby," of sectors and salients, of envelopments and objectives and Polish triangles, presumably to cover up his past as a novelist.

To the novelist human and unashamed the strategy of war is not so fascinating as its psychology, as its pathological problems. There is, for example, the phenomenon of "double personality," first diagnosed by Stevenson in his classical treatise on *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* Under the contagion of the crowd, aided by alcohol,[1] a modern civilized man, even a professor of ethics, can, it appears, pass into "the fighting state" of a primitive savage. The admirable Dr. Jekyll had, according to Stevenson, increasing difficulty in dispossessing the deplorable Mr. Hyde every time he let him get his foot in. And so we find, even when "the fighting state" has subsided, that

[1] "The Austrians," says a correspondent of the *Morning Post* (February 8, 1916), writing of the night attacks on the Corso, "are deprived of their allowance of water during the day; at night rum is served out to the thirsty men, who are then literally driven to the attack in close formation, and intoxicated. . . . Some rum-sodden Austrians roll down the mountain-side, too intoxicated to keep their feet in the charge! Invariably, the prisoners fall into a drunken sleep, and next morning remember nothing of their night's adventures." The British ration of rum is given even to teetotalers, but as a mere tonic before the charge. According to the newspapers in March, 1916, two million gallons of rum had been purchased for the army so far at a cost of £323,000. The Germans are said to give ether.

an officer and a gentleman will write home that his "bag" of Germans was so many brace. Nevertheless there is reason to hope that with the complete return to civil conditions the military Hyde disappears. For a French manufacturer, some of whose employees came back disabled, tells me that they have "*un trou dans la mémoire*" —a hole in the memory: a sense only of some unreal nightmare. Reality is the old workshop. As the deadly poison-gas of the Germans may be got by decomposing common salt, so the common man may be decomposed into a demon. But he returns gladly to his simple table self. This explains how retired majors can become the pious pillars of our Southern watering-places.

Similar decompositions appear to be wrought by war upon the stay-at-homes. In Germany Eucken, the great spiritual teacher, defends his country's crimes. Britons, whose proudest boast is that they never shall be slaves, vote away Parliament and Magna Charta, and call for bureaucracy and the Censor. Yet psychology bids us hope that, with the ebbing of war, Eucken will become ethical again and Englishmen re-anglicized, though whether we shall quite slough our Hyde is a subtle question, which may be recommended to the disciples of Mr. Henry James.

Absorbing as these speculations are, they must yield place to the practical questions of the war, for it is in the handling of these that the novelist is most needed, though least in request. As the economist advises on the effect of withdrawing gold, as the general or the journalist reports on the sort of shells necessary, so the novelist should advise the Government how its measures will affect human nature. Thus, if the Germans had had one on their war staff, they would never have invaded Belgium and turned England into the United Kingdom and our chaos of colonies into the British Empire. They would never have sunk the

Lusitania and lost America, or executed Nurse Cavell and created infinitely more enemy soldiers than she rescued. We often hear of the Machiavellian methods of the Germans. But Machiavelli was a novelist (he wrote *Belphegor* as well as *The Prince*), and Machiavelli would have never let them in for blunders like that. On the contrary, he might have taught them (as he does in his *Discourses on Titus Livius*) "how one humane act availed more with the men of Falerii than all the might of the Roman arms"; how "cities and provinces into which the instruments and engines of war, with every other violence to which men resort, have failed to force a way, may be thrown open to a single act of tenderness, mercy, chastity or generosity." It is the moral taught by the novelist Æsop in his story of the trial of strength 'twixt the wind and the sun to divest the traveller of his cloak—the finest political fable ever written; it is the teaching of those still more famous Christmas stories, likewise in Greek, whose paradoxology proclaims that the meek shall inherit the earth. And if the Germans would have gained mightily at the moment by such a novelist on their war-staff, how much the French and British may have lost in the future by neglecting to consult a novelist before using colored troops! For the effects upon the whites, and the after-effects on the black, red, and yellow majorities of the world's population, required the gravest expert consideration by color specialists as well as by general practitioners of human nature. Rudyard Kipling was available for the Hindoo and Pierre Loti for the Senegalese, but I doubt if either was called in by his Government. It is not too late, however, to take expert opinion on the question of reprisals for the Zeppelin raids. Shall we avenge our slaughtered babes by bombing German babies? The answer clearly depends upon the effect on the Germans. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has opined that it

would serve to check the Zeppelins. But he is not an expert on Prussian psychology. We need here a German novelist —Dr. Ewers, for example. Perhaps, in the difficulty of communicating with the enemy, Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer would do. And he, I imagine, would testify that the Prussians would cheerfully sacrifice two German babies to blow up one British brat. Not to mention that their Press Bureau would presently prove that it was we who began this massacre of innocents. Personally I should advise dropping Dickens' *Christmas Carol* on undefended German towns. This combined demonstration of power and forbearance might penetrate even the hide of the rhinoceros (or should it be Rhineoceros?).

Nor can I believe that the Censorship Bureau is as expertly run by nobodies as it would be by novelists. These forty blue-pencilling gentlemen—forty fooling like one—can they really appraise the precise effect, say, of the repercussion on Russia of the elimination from British journalism of everything except a purring satisfaction with the Russian bureaucracy? Does it really tend to make the Russian people more anxious for victory?

But by far the most important of the questions that call for the novelist is the popular demand for the extirpation of Prussian militarism as a condition precedent to peace, as indeed the only way to avoid a "premature" or "an inconclusive peace." Of course, if this means rooting out the Prussians, it is a military question on which the novelist must not presume to offer an opinion, and if the military experts assure me that with the forces at our disposal, and despite the accessory hordes of Austrians, Bulgarians, and Turks, we can wipe out sixty-seven millions of the stoutest fighting stock on earth, or at least render it impotent to reproduce its martial strain, I can only express my satisfaction. But if it means that we are to force

a change of heart upon Germany, so that she purge herself from within of her militarism, then as a novelist I must regretfully report that this can never be done by castigation. For in order that the chastised party may be converted he must be conscious of his guilt. A clerk caught forging, a schoolboy caught cribbing, may draw the conclusion, as they writhe under the judge or the rod, that cheating never prospers. But a suffragette caught window-breaking had a feeling of injury, not guilt, and her punishment only enhanced her sense of saintliness. Did the Germans feel that they had drowned the world in tears and blood for mere lust of domination, then punishment would seem to them a righteous nemesis and they would turn from their idolatry of force. But so far from feeling guilty they look upon themselves as a nation of martyrs: holy innocents assailed by a combination of all the white and colored devils of the world, jealous of their culture and their commerce. To our cry of "Prussian militarism" they oppose "British navalism"—the dictatorial might of our Grand Fleet, with its 2,300 subsidiary vessels. The Bryce Report on Belgium they counter with equally official documents on the Russians in Poland or the Turcos in France. "Nothing," says the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, "can ever wash out of the conscience of the English Government the war with all its horrors," whilst "the case for Germany," according to a writer in the *Fatherland*, has "the grandeur of a mighty crusade, the sanctification of a sacrificial cause, the glory of a vast and universal ideal."

Against such a state of mind—aggravated as it is by Germany's crafty introduction of civilization into the conquered parts of Russia—force is powerless. The more the Germans are crushed, the more holy and innocent they will feel, the more sternly they will brace themselves to build up their army afresh. As the blood of the martyrs

is the seed of the Church, so punishment would only be the seed of a new and still mightier Germany. And hence the conversion of Christmas [1] to Christianity, by consecrating it to a Conference of the Belligerents for a belated peace, might be more fatal to militarism than all the military victories we promise ourselves.

But I am encroaching upon religion, and the novelist—no less than the bishop—must confine himself to mundane considerations when he touches on war. He has not even the bishop's privilege of blessing the war. He remains a simple student of its psychology, zealous to impart his wisdom at his country's call.

[1] This was originally published in the Christmas number of the *Herald* for 1915.

WALKING IN WAR-TIME

"Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner . . . and to be known by no other name than the Gentleman in the parlor."—HAZLITT.

"How do I get to Bourton-on-the-Hill?"

The brawny farm-lounger looked at me with an ingratiating smile.

"How much will you give me to tell you?"

I was taken aback. In a goodly experience of tramping my native land I had never been asked for money before by any human finger-post. "You surely don't want to be paid?" I gasped. But perhaps—I was thinking—so contorted a route, which had already been given me in terms of fish-ponds, a private drive, swans, a house with a cupola, white gates, and half-invisible footpaths, made an abnormal tax upon one's instructor.

"Why not?" he answered with another Alice-like repartee. "I'm a stud-groom." Ultimately—though he never learnt my name—he turned into a special constable, who had been trying to test if the "German spy" thought the information worth buying. But he candidly admitted he did not see the military advantage to the invader of learning the way to the sleepy Gloucester village, and for the excellent chart he contributed to my note-book he refused the tip.

Nearer the danger-zone one does not come off so easily. On the East Coast I have fluttered the farmyards and sent the ploughboys speeding for miles on their cycles to the

nearest police station. "They says you were looking round," explained the panting Dogberry as he demanded my papers. The West Coast is only less vigilant. "Be you a German spy, zur?" anxiously asked a raw recruit, commencing sentinel.

"Medio tutissimus ibis"—keep to the Middle Counties—is my advice to the knights of the knapsack. In the more military areas it is terrifying—and illuminating—to mark how everything can be transformed under *espionitis*. Walking slowly, you are spying; briskly, you are fleeing. To tie your shoestring near a bridge, viaduct, or culvert is absolutely prohibited by the Defence of the Realm Act. Asking the way is suspicious, knowing it still more so. Consulting your road-map is flagrantly hostile, taking a nature-note treasonable. A book is a code, a manuscript a report, a sketch a chart, accounts statistics, a scrawl a cypher, an electric torch a wireless installation, a Kodak death and damnation. Your haversack holds bombs, your card-case somebody else's cards; your very passport is no proof you have not murdered the owner. A beard is glaringly false: beardlessness a shaven mask. If your purse is full it is with the wages of Judas, if you have but little money you are doubtless out to make it. To tender gold is to damage British credit; your paper is probably forged. Gossiping with the cottagers is extracting information, giving pennies to their children is bribery and corruption. To smoke is to reek of the Fatherland, to eschew tobacco the last sacrifice of the Prussian patriot, to light your pipe at night is to escort a Zeppelin. Is your name as Saxon as Alfred or Athelstan—it is clearly assumed. Does it begin with a Z? You are obviously the cousin of a notorious Count. You may not whistle—that is a call; nor sing—for that is a password. If you look up you are awaiting airmen and if you look down you are avoiding men's eyes; as for looking

round, we have seen what comes of that. Blowing your nose you are signalling with a handkerchief; swinging your stick, you are a semaphore; feeding pigeons may bring you to the gallows. Quaffing at the village pump, you are pumping it on the water supply. Conversing with the village idiot, you are in the Intelligence Department of Berlin. Quoting your newspaper, you are probably "spreading a false report." Rambling idly, you may be coming too near a "specified area" or you may be out at too late an hour without a permit in writing. Who knows that the bun that bulges your pocket is not a bomb? Particularly parlous is it to telephone: to telegraph requires an arduous avoidance of dangerous ambiguities. "Back to-night. Don't wait up" is clearly a warning to submarines. "Tell Willy all is arranged" may be a message to one's Imperial master. "Please return to London and let the matter drop" is an unmistakable instruction to Zeppelins. To refer to Burns or Shelley would be fatal.

But even in the hub of England, far from military or naval bases or buzzing bombardiers, the amateur tramp finds himself begirt by novel conditions. The professional tramp has vanished from the roads, whether from the difficulty of pitching a plausible tale of out-of-work, whether because, like the criminal proper, he has enlisted. Soldiers jostle you at every turn—some superb types of manhood, bronzed and stalwart, others pitiably puny and puerile.[1] The horizon is clouded with khaki, if not with majors—khaki strolling, khaki galloping, khaki cycling, khaki motor-cycling, khaki motoring, khaki driving lorries. It makes day bright with its bugles and sleep impossible with its munition wagons. It fills the roads with dust and the inns with life. It crowds the bars, absorbs the dining-tables, occupies the beds, congests the cathedrals. There

[1] See Appendix, p. 248.

never was, I fancy, such a "Merry England." The war is, after all, a great gay adventure. The white tents gleam in an atmosphere of picnic. Everywhere tongues clack, throats sing, bands blare, drinks fizz, billiard balls rattle. We ought to invite a specially conducted party of real German spies to see "panic-stricken Britain." The English may take their pleasures sadly: they certainly take their corpses cheerfully. But, then, true religion is always joyous—and the real religion of England, as of most countries, is patriotism. Listening to the preachers, it is difficult to escape the conviction that Christ was in the army and the Madonna made munitions.

I came into Winchester of a Saturday night through a swollen but sluggish stream of soldiery, that overflowed the High Street. A rare quadruped tried feebly to assert its right to the roadway: one saw it almost whelmed in the yellow flood. It was, in fact—that night—

> "Khaki, khaki, everywhere
> And not a drop to drink."

For at nine the bars close: even for the civilian in his own hotel—a piece of the Act I do not profess to understand, but which is Solomon and Solon combined compared with the total closing of lonely roadside inns between two and six. For this is what I found ten long miles from a military camp. Arriving at the only inn for some hours, after toiling all the morning in the hot sun, it seemed impossible to get even bread and water. "Closed till six" announced a placard, with Prussian firmness, and it was only ten minutes past two. Happily the English are not yet quite Prussian—"verboten" is not yet an ultimatum. By a side-door I managed to sidle into a kitchen, and by casuistry, aided by coins, I achieved some cheese-biscuits, while the landlord, with a providential inspiration, suggested that cider was

"non-alcoholic." Pleasant and popular fiction. But why the poor pedestrian should be starved is one of the many mysteries of the War Office. It looks as if the Government had fallen in with the degenerate view of innkeepers that their business is to provide liquids and not solids. As if it were not a sufficient drawback to rural Britain that bread and cheese is your only pabulum.

My host, for once afraid I might *not* be a German spy, but a British bloodhound on the track of publicans and sinners, was depressed and oracular. He was a long, lean, untidy man, and the wisdom of the War Office weighed on him. "This war won't finish by fighting," he said gloomily. "By exhaustion."

The retreat of the Russian Steam-Roller found its explanation at the mouth of another bar-oracle. "What did you expect? You can't win a war on temperance!" Evidently the abolition of vodka rankles in the British breast—the Russian Alliance is no longer above criticism. They will be touching the beer-barrel next: already, indeed, a hand has been nearly laid on its sacred staves. That British beer would win over lager I never heard doubted, though not a few sighed for the end of the war, mainly on commercial grounds. Thus the fishmonger lamented the falling-off due to the prodigal leavings of the billeted—the whole town fed from their crumbs. Thus the farmer deplored the loss of labor. After being apprised the soldiers might be hired for agricultural work, he had wasted a week in correspondence, only to be told—too late—that this particular regiment could not be had. (Laudation of the War Office may be heard in Heaven—I have never come across it on earth.) But there were not wanting buxom landladies with soft hearts, who could not bear to see the young fellows go off—"and come back their own skeletons." The only blood-lust came from the prosperous classes, from elderly

civilians comfortably ensconced in central British boarding-houses. These were all resolved to fight to the last schoolboy. Not so khaki. It was frankly bored. "Fed up!" said an officer, formerly of the Manchester Cotton Exchange. "Nigh a twelvemonth of drill and not yet got our real rifles. Conscription? The front is choked with men. Loth to return to indoor work? Don't you believe it! Soldiering is beastly dull."

But even the ubiquitous khaki could not really produce the impression of a country at war. In the towns all was bustle and life; in the fields and woods the pomp of summer denied death. The corn grew golden in the meadows, the great sunny sheep-dotted spaces, relieved by mellow thatch and tile and gray church-tower, drowsed under the blue sky, to which larks rose, chanting the pæan of all this holy peace. If there was a scarcity of labor, it only added to the tranquillity; if I saw the mistress of a celebrated school gleaning in her own meadow, that only enhanced the idyll. The appearance of a war correspondent at a great Midland pleasure-city, with films from the front, did not beguile the Boanerges of the boarding-houses from the promenade concert. Lolling over five rows of stalls, in a spacious solitude, I beheld the ruin wrought by the German bombs. After two hours of pictorial havoc and platform indignation, it required an effort to remember that British bombs are not exactly creative.

Theatrical Warfare

"To-morrow night," said the Strolling Player in a breathless gush, "we shall perform that great military drama, played throughout the entire North of England, called 'Man and Wife,' and showing how the Englishwoman, married to a German, refused to betray her country. We

will now proceed to entertain you with singing and dancing and the whole will conclude with the screaming farce of 'The Doctor's Visit.'" It was at Chipping Campden, in a Portable Repertory Theatre, pitched in a field. But, alas! delectable as is Chipping Campden and the architecture thereof, I could not wait for the great war-drama, and the melodrama which began the bloated programme—like the farce which wound it up—was as remote from the war as from reality. In Turkey they have proclaimed a holy war, and in England that the war is holy. Yet this is what we chorused with shrieks and giggles, in the heart of England and nature—in the great white tent under the harvest moon—

> "She's got a face like a pork-pie cut
> In pieces
> With creases:
> She said, 'Kiss me,' but
> I cried 'Tut! Tut!'
> Tooral, looral, lay!"

It is perhaps no worse than in London, where you have to pay more than 9d. for your stall. And to one constantly depressed by our theatrical fare, it was a gleam of comfort to come—in a suburb of Worcester—upon a cinema advertising "William Shakespeare, the Greatest Work of the Age." One forgave a certain confusion between the greatness of Shakespeare and the greatness of this particular picture-drama. But it was disappointing to find that it turned on Shakespeare's rise to fame and riches. This is indeed a British Shakespeare, by no means the one made in Germany. Nevertheless the programme opened up poetic vistas. "Born 1564, died 1661." A Shakespeare of 97 sets one dreaming. What might the hoary Bard of Avon, not have given us, nonagenarian Hamlets, octogenarian

Othellos! Alas! the printer has transposed the figures, and 1616 reminds us wistfully of the tribute that was to have celebrated the third centenary of his passing—the homage of a united world. Yes, if only for Shakespeare's sake, we must get the war over by 1916.

APPENDIX

This article, with its one word on the puniness of some of our soldiers, was strangely represented by an hysterical American correspondent as sneering at the army. The reference to the enlistment of criminals was taken as implying that all recruits were criminals! Since it was published, both Press and Parliament have resounded with the scandal of the original recruiting in which the incredible error seems to have been committed of paying doctors half-a-crown for each man they *passed*, with the result that now the Government is seriously embarrassed at the claim for pensions on the part of many invalids who only joined to get into the military hospital or for a rest-cure or the pension. On the appearance of the attack upon me, an Army doctor at the Aldershot hospital wrote to me a report of the "extraordinary number of cases of tramps, lunatics, and incurables recruited" that had come under his own treatment, including two one-legged men, two cases of advanced cancer of the stomach (both died within six weeks of enlistment, and one had a tumor visible several yards off), cases of semi-blindness, innumerable cases of advanced phthisis (the patient very often admitted at the point of death), "innumerable cases of the refuse of workhouse infirmaries, senile, toothless and decrepit old men, who enlist as forty-five, are really fifty-six to fifty-nine, and look over seventy." These, he says, "die off like flies in a cold snap." "One boy," he adds, "told me that he had been three times in a sanatorium. When I reproached him for now giving us this trouble, he retorted civilly, 'Sir, I know that very well, but a young chap can't walk about in civilian clothes nowadays. The sergeants make his life a misery!' He was right and I begged his pardon!"

As to lunatics, says my authority, "it appears to be the thing in Ireland to get the family idiot into the Army and subse-

quently to protest vehemently he is the sole support." Few of these cases are "dangerous" but they are in some cases "quite unable to tell their names and are found wandering."

"There is an odd and sinister significance," says the *Observer*, reviewing Mr. Holmes's book *My Police Court Friends with the Colors*, "in the fact that some of the heroes of the great campaign have made their only previous public appearance in the police-court." The only "sinister significance" is the stupidity of society in having so mishandled the criminal, who is like mud, merely "matter in the wrong place" in our civilization, but whose virtues find their full appraisal in the fighting line. So too France has now extracted heroic service from the youth of her Penitentiary Colonies.

"When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling" he is throwing bombs in Flanders, and receiving stolen property from the Huns, it appears from the *Daily News* (December 17, 1915), which gives us also a pleasing picture of the Central Criminal Court, which had just finished the shortest session on record. The Judge's Court—the famous No. 1—had been previously closed for some days. According to the *Times* the decrease in crime has brought about a reduction in the prison estimates of £100,000, and a score of jails have been closed wholly or in part. "Judges," said Mr. Justice Horridge at the Notts Assizes, "go from place to place, finding little or no crime to deal with."

ON CATCHING UP A LIE

I owe to the courtesy of an evening paper the opportunity of scotching further—killed it never can be—the lie circulated by a New York correspondent of a Sunday paper that I had "sold and published" a two-column sneer at the British Army in a great "pro-German" American paper, stabbing my country, so to speak, in the back, and in the dark, and for thirty pieces of silver. When I say that the "pro-German" paper has published an attack from my pen on Prussian militarism, and publishes every week an article by Mr. G. K. Chesterton as well as many from Kipling, Belloc etc., that the article now indicted appeared simultaneously in the *Daily Chronicle* (to an unqualified chorus of approval), and that so far from sneering at the British Army it is to be given in French by the *Revue de France* to amuse our Ally, it will be seen that the libel was tolerably complete.

And yet, as I have said, it bears a charmed life. It has set out round the world,[1] and—with a week's start—can never be overtaken. In vain the Sunday paper has expressed its regret; its readers are not observers. Some will have seen the lie and not the contradiction, others the contradiction and not the libel. I did not even see it myself, though I glanced through the paper for the more official war-lies, and though it was headed in large capitals: "Why is Mr. Zangwill Allowed?" (The answer to Brudder Bones is, I suppose, "Because he will not be *silent*.")

My first intimation of the libel came from a neighbor

[1] I last met it in a great Australian newspaper.

and of its seriousness from a dismayed friend who wrote: "I hear that at the dinner that was given to Beerbohm Tree last night it was the subject of a good deal of disagreeable talk." That great British actor having sailed for the States before the falsehood was exposed, we perceive how the seed of error might be indefinitely and innocently scattered. Nothing would surprise me less, if the next time I have a piece at a theatre a gentleman in the gallery hisses to avenge England—to the great relief of the critics, thus given a cue for their æsthetic principles. It is true the Sunday paper has asked the journals that copied its accusation to copy its correction. But few will do anything so foolish, and even legal compulsion cannot extend to the withdrawal of statements of my demerits, which are not necessarily untrue because I omitted to sneer at the British Army. Why should these journals withdraw their whips and scorpions merely because there was no crime to chastise? If I know newspaper nature, they will not, and the only journal I have looked into bears out my foresight, for it corrects its account but not its abuse. Nor will the anonymous patriots who obscenely reviled my race on postcards now write to congratulate me on it.

No; a lie once loosed is a mephitic vapor that, unlike the Arabian jinn, can never be got back into its bottle.

But how came the journalist to loose the lie?

He was suffering, I take it, from pro-Germania—a malady akin to that diagnosed in my very article as *espionitis*. The unhappy victim scents pro-Germanism in every writer who deviates by a hair-breadth from the stupidest view of the greatest number. And if to loathe Prussia and all her works; if to watch with patriotic grief the Prussianizing of England; if to dread—as I see Magna Charta, Parliament, the Press, all her great historic landmarks, disappearing—that our young men who have gone out to fight for Eng-

land will find no England to return to; if to hold that the duty of us who are beyond the age for foreign service is to go to the front for the defence of England against her home-born Huns, and to preserve England for her absent sons; if this be pro-Germanism, then I must assuredly be written down a pro-German!

But it is not even necessary to watch over England—the simplest guardianship of reason, of justice, of the sense of humor, is pro-German: as if to the diseased logic of the afflicted patriot, reason, justice, and humor were German! Breathe one syllable suggesting that France, Russia, Belgium, Italy, Serbia, Montenegro, or Japan (with power to add to their number) are not academies of archangels, and you are equally pro-German. There was a moment—with Bulgaria balancing—when Sofia too was a holy city, though finally Tzar Ferdinand had a Jewish nose. Who would dare to say to-day what the *Westminster* said then—that Bulgaria was the great peasant democracy? That would be pro-German.

Fairness, in short, is the mark of the beast. My libellist confesses it openly. "A judicial frame of mind" he classes under "German propaganda." The Americans do not understand it, this "Observer" tells us. "To be fair to an opponent argues weakness in one's own case." What a standard!

The true British patriot must assert that the German gray is jet-black and the British Grey snow-white. I fear color-blindness is not my forte. But I thought if there was one thing John Bull prided himself on it was fairness. Does the ideal hold good then only for sport? Is it unimportant that a thing is "not cricket" the moment the thing is important? My wise woman writes to me: "We have befogged ourselves with talk of our Governing Class instead of asking ourselves if they could really govern, and have

prattled about the Traditions of our Public Schools instead of asking if the traditions of schoolboys were the last word necessary in conducting modern life." Let us at least not throw away the one jewelled word in their traditions, Fairplay, when we have to face adult problems, issues affecting the whole future of humanity!

Where was our Public School tradition when our scientists and scholars shamelessly turned and rent German scholarship and science, to which they had all their lives paid homage? Was it "cricket" when we hastened to anticipate with jeers and accusations of theatricality the Kaiser's rumored design to re-create the kingdom of Poland, though we had made the welkin ring with cheers for the Tzar's precisely identical proposal? Why make Turkey's German ally responsible for the Armenian massacres, which she could have stopped by a word, but hold England blameless for Russia's anti-Jewish pogroms?

It is true the Germans have not "played the game" either, have indeed played it foully, opening up still lower circles in the Inferno of war. But this is no reason why we should copy their spiritual poison-gas, however the devil of military necessity drive us to copy their chlorine. What military advantage is there in denying their achievements, caricaturing their motives, and embellishing our own?

This is the true "fog of war"—that we no longer see each other, that we hack blindly in the dark at the monstrous images we have made of each other. The German crimes are largely the outcome of an inhuman logic pushed to extremes by a panic fear,[1] and the bulk of the Germans

[1] "It was fear, not ambition, that had led even pacifist Germans to support the present war" (Presidential Address of the Headmasters' Association, January 4, 1916.) This fear was largely due to Mr. Asquith's formula, of an apparent intransigence unknown since Cato. The Germans, having no humor, have failed to note that the House of Lords still exists, and has even

are no more responsible for them than you or I for the deaths in the Dardanelles. When we last caught sight of their faces—on Christmas Eve in the trenches—what was there but the lineaments of our common, our poor, pitiful humanity?

served as a Radical check upon Asquith's autocracy, meeting when the House of Commons was holiday-making.

PATRIOTISM AND PERCENTAGE

"Patriotism is the last refuge of a Tariff-Reformer."— DR. JOHNSON (with apologies).

(Originally published in 1904)

Readers who merely desire to beguile a tedious air-journey, no less than serious students of history, may be safely counselled to procure Li Hang Li's new work, *Sixty Celestial Centuries*, for our accomplished academician is never dull, not even for a century. Peculiarly suggestive are the early chapters in which he recounts the Tariff War provoked by the Lord Chamberlain of England (thereafter known as the Lord Protector), and traces the inevitable rise of China, as the greatest collection of customers the world had ever seen, to the hegemony of the competing tradespeoples. Now that mankind is peacefully gathered under the great Chinese umbrella, there is a fascination in reviewing these

> "Old unhappy far-off things,
> And battles long ago,"

and for the literary antiquarian the pensive pleasure is enhanced when he lights upon such a passage as that in which Li Hang Li tells how the War of Tariffs was carried into the domain of the spirit. It would appear that the Lord Chamberlain (or Jo) was not actually first in the field, though his Tyrtæan speeches practically operated as a heavy tax upon the patience of other peoples. The first tangible blow in that long campaign which devastated

the mediæval world, was struck by the Monroe States of North and South America, already armed with a crippling duty on foreign works of art, calculated to protect the American citizen against the influences of Beauty, and with a formidable Copyright Law, by which only the strongest exotic authors could achieve entry. The blow was as cunning as it was crushing. A sudden and simple extension was given to the Law totally prohibiting the importation of contract-labor, and all foreign actors and theatrical troupes were turned back at the Custom House. Sara Bernhardt and Mrs. Siddons, David Garrick and Sir Charles Wyndham, Coquelin and Molière, Duse and Blondin, all—says Li Hang Li—were treated with impartial injustice, and after a few days of detention on Ellis Island were shipped back to their homes, sandwiched between emigrants rejected for having come with a labor-contract, and emigrants rejected for having come without any prospect of one. The closing of American ports to these celebrities was naturally accompanied by the vigorous manufacture of native talent. A host of Press-agents arose of unparalleled activity and imagination, and soon the home-market was stocked with autocthonous tragedians and comedians of the highest brands. The fall in the price of theatre tickets that followed was a complete exposure of the Free Trade fallacy, the consumer actually paying less for his celebrities. It is true that the American theatrical archives seem to chronicle the subsequent performances of a number of English actors, and more particularly English actresses, but these, as Li Hang Li surmises, may have entered untaxed, under the head of raw material. So successful was this measure that it was extended to musicians, and even to preachers and lecturers, and as these rejected immigrants were one and all repatriated at the expense of the Shipping Companies, a new terror was added to the Atlantic by the

Company's Inspector. The examination of the passengers for any trace of genius proved an irksome preliminary to the purchase of tickets. Harmless old cheesemongers with prophetic beards were kept back on suspicion; respectable widows with dyed hair were refused cabins as Tragic Muses; while a Cockney accent and diamonds were sufficient to discredit an innocent barmaid as a comédienne. In the European panic that followed this Draconian enactment—a panic especially severe in Bohemia—many artists, Italian and Polish, no less than Bohemian, mostly singers, pianists, and fiddlers, declared themselves of American birth, and passed triumphantly through the barrier. Their triumph, however, was of short duration; for their foreign names had been confiscated at the Custom House, and this loss of reputation left them performing to empty benches. A famous pianist, who had smuggled himself in by having his hair cut, found his audience melting away as he played, unable to penetrate through his disguise.

The Retaliation policy of Europe was prompt but for the most part inefficacious. England's exclusion of American spelling was evaded by the printing of an Encyclopædia Britannica from old British plates. The impost upon the cake-walk in France was a negligible source of revenue outside Paris. More galling was the heavy duty levied by Germany upon Transatlantic reputations, forty per cent being deducted from the scholars, and fifty from the soldiers. But the crushing *ad valorem* duty imposed by the Continental Zollverein upon English editions of Baedeker served mainly to benefit Italy, as the country most overrun by the American tourist. It says much for the anti-American ardor of Britain, that she should have consented to a tax that pressed so hardly upon her own pilgrims; but the mediæval Briton never seems to have minded cutting off his nose in the interests of universal ugliness. As Li Hang

Li pithily remarks, the Bull in a China shop ever does more damage to others than good to himself. These European reprisals but provoked an American embargo upon foreign plays, and by the aid of a Bounty indigenous Ibsens and home-grown Hauptmanns were fostered, and a goodly crop of gloomy dramas was produced, which, although exported to Japan under a preferential tariff, seem to have mainly returned with a drawback. It is interesting to learn that exception was everywhere made in favor of Musical Comedies, respecting which—as a necessity of Life—all mediæval nations appear to have practiced Reciprocity.

The exclusion of European novels followed in natural sequence, whether in their own tongues or in American. Even pirated editions no longer had the protection of the American law. The great gain in public decency that ensued led to the prohibition of non-American characters in native work.

The selection of Paris or Florence as the scene of action for American heroines was likewise prohibited to the native novelist, even when he lived in Europe, and all bookstores hiving such hybrid fiction were liable to be raided by the police. The French accent was forbidden in quotations in Congress, and World Fairs were abolished in favor of Pan-American Exhibitions. These statesmanlike measures served to fan the feeble spark of American self-consciousness, and to nurse the young patriotism to a less apologetic assertiveness.

The over-production of local color, and the glut in historic romance, were but temporary evils of the home market, due to the action of Publishing Trusts, and the exportation to the new markets in Cuba and the Philippines served to relieve the congestion. It was in vain that England retaliated by prohibiting American humor; it was cabled

over as news, and even penetrated as after-dinner speeches. Beaten in the battle of the books, England fell back on forbidding the entry of American heiresses into the peerage. This feeble and irrelevant measure had an unexpected consequence. The Monroe States discovered that they could manufacture their own peers, at far less cost and with the latest improvements. Dukes and Earls were turned out at Washington, and polished at a culture-factory in the suburbs of Boston. They were in high demand for home consumption, and the output could hardly keep pace with the orders from Chicago and San Francisco. But to follow the learned Li Hang Li into this section of his history would take me too far. I wish, however, I had space to quote from his chapter on "The Corner in Counts."

I have been reading another of Li Hang Li's fascinating chapters on mediæval history. The author of *Sixty Celestial Centuries* is at his profoundest in dealing with the curious confusion of thought and life which characterized the Western world at the period of the first Russo-Japanese war. The Flowery Philosopher draws an instructive parallel between that self-contradictory century and the early centuries of the Christian Church, when the European barbarians, lacking the consistent doctrine of Confucius, found themselves torn between two opposite teachings, the ancient militarism and the new gospel of turning the other cheek. It needed, he points out, all the ingenuity of the Fathers, to reconcile Bloodshed and Brotherhood, and in the last extremity the Church was compelled to demand penance from those who had murdered, even for the highest objects and in the most glittering costumes. The contradiction of Church and Camp lost its acuteness with the habit of the ages, and ended—says Li Hang Li—in Christianity wearing its pigtail both in front and behind without any sense of incongruity. The Church blessed

the banners of the departing warriors, and even the lay world grew to think that it was only for the extension of Christianity that wars were ever waged at all.

But scarcely had custom dulled the edge of this inconsistency, says our historian, when another self-contradiction began to grow glaring. A greater force than Christianity had arisen to divide the human heart against itself—the force of Percentage. Poor weltering barbarians—Li Hang Li pauses to meditate—we Chinese were feeble and engaged in washing the dirty linen of the West, but at least we were spared those internal contradictions which distract the soul of a people and render it incapable of philosophic fruits.

At first it looked, indeed, as if the development of international finance and the Joint-Stock Company was making uninterruptedly for the abolition of war and would bring to the rest of the world the brotherhood already established among a third of its inhabitants—the four hundred millions of our mediæval China. It seemed as if the profits might succeed where the prophets had failed. The Hebrew Bible—which was read on Sundays when the barbarians reposed themselves from life—had predicted that mankind would beat their swords into ploughshares. What seemed more imminent was their beating them into Bourse shares. There was no nation which did not take the kindliest interest in the concerns of every other. Was there a country in need of a railway? The whole Western world cooperated to build it. Not alone the rich, but the smallest tradespeople hastened to contribute their oboli to the good work. Widows gave their mites, orphans—with a filial piety almost Chinese—threw upon the treasure-heap the savings of their fathers' lifetimes. Clergymen, for once collaborating in the work of peace and good-will, were the keenest to assist in these international operations. These

brotherly societies built harbors where there had been only rocks; they irrigated lands where only weeds had thriven, and called into being new and flourishing communities. No soil was too remote, no people too alien for the workings of this cosmopolitan beneficence. No territory so barren but the human brotherhood was ready to rush to its help, train its people, develop its industries and its commerce, insure it against fire, provide it with every necessity and educate it to every luxury. Such was the state of mind to which the West had advanced in its slow progression toward our Eastern perfection. The ancient attitude of being hostile to every other country, envious of every other Power, seemed outgrown and obsolete, and all men appeared to seek their own good in all mankind's. Humanity bade fair to be finally united by Bonds issued at five per cent.

But alas! these barbarians were still savages, and the old ideals persisted. Like a sloughing snake, the West lay sickening: the new skin of commercialism only half put forth, the old skin of militarism only half put off. A truly piebald monster, this boasted civilization of theirs. On the one hand a federation of peoples eagerly strengthening one another, on the other hand packs of peoples jealously snapping at one another. A sextet of nations styling themselves Great Powers, all with vast capitals invested in developing one another's resources, were yet feverishly occupied in watching and cramping the faintest extension of one another's dominions. A more ironic situation had never been presented in human history, not even when Christianity was at its apogee. For whereas, says Li Hang Li, in the contest between church and camp, it was simple enough to shelve the Sermon on the Mount, in the contest between commerce and camp, both factors were of equal vitality and insistence. The results of this shock of opposite forces of development were paradoxical, farcical

even. In the ancient world there has been the same struggle for supremacy, but the Babylonians or the Egyptians did not build up each other's greatness. The Romans did not lend money to the Carthaginians, nor did Hannibal sell the Romans elephants. But in this era the nations fought by taking up one another's war loans. In lulls of peace they built for one another the ships they would presently be bombarding one another with.[1] The ancient mistress of the world never developed a country till it belonged to Rome. The mediæval rival mistresses were all engaged in developing countries which belonged to their rivals or to which they might one day themselves belong. In brief, two threads of social evolution had got tangled up and tied into a knot so that neither thread could be followed clearly. It was death to give away your country's fortifications to another country, but an easy life to contribute to the strengthening of the other country's fortifications—at a percentage. It was high treason to help the enemy in wartime, but you could sell him your deadliest inventions if your government offered less or waved you aside. And you could manufacture those weapons and export them to the enemy by the million so long as he had not given you notice that he was going to fight you next week. Quite often a nation was hoist with its own petard.[2] And no sooner had you devastated your enemy's country than you lent him money to build it all up again. In vain shells hissed and dynamite exploded. The stockbroker followed ever on the

[1] According to Lloyd's Register, there were at the end of September, 1912, twelve foreign warships, amounting to 117,650 tons, under construction in British yards.

[2] Literally true for Russia, which was, according to General Polivanoff, the War Minister, dependent upon Germany for shells and other munitions. At the outbreak of the war we, too, were dependent on enemy countries for electrical apparatus, field glasses, etc., while, according to Sir Edward Carson, we had to look to Austria for spare gun parts and accessories, not a single one of which had been made in England.

heels of the soldier and the grass of new life (and new loans) sprang up over the blackened ruins. Indeed, nations instead of being extinguished in the struggle for political existence, because they were too weak to pay their debts, had to be kept artificially alive in order to pay them.

And not only was it permissible to arm your enemy of to-morrow; it was considered exemplary to teach him the whole art of war, to train the young idea how to shoot, to familiarize him with the latest instruments and the most scientific manœuvres. It was thus that the unthinking West equipped Japan with the thunderbolts destined to recoil upon Europe's own head.

The sage here refers the reader to the fiscal chapter from which I have already quoted, and remarks that even the Lord Chamberlain of England, the notorious Lord Protector, in his plea for the splendid isolation of his country, did not extend his political insight to the underlying international threads which, by linking stock exchange with stock exchange, were making isolation impossible. So long as Britons insisted on using their savings, not for the development of home industries, but for furthering every sort of foreign enterprise, taxation on foreign products did but little to redress the balance in favor of their own country. With one hand they were crippling the foreigner, but with the other they were propping him up. With the right hand they waved the Union Jack, with the left they pocketed the foreign dividends. Had the Lord Chamberlain been logical he would have appealed to his countrymen not only to pay more for their food and manufactures in the larger interests of Empire, but to draw less from their investments. He seems to have gone so far as to say that who sups with the Tzar must have a long spoon, but this apprehension of Russia's designs was not accompanied by a warning to his countrymen to desist from collaborating in them. A con-

sistent Chamberlain would have said: "Let no Anglo-Saxon collaborate in the Trans-Siberian railway, whether as shareholder or engineer, and whosoever buys Russian bonds is a traitor to Britain. Take only South African shares, howsoever swindling. In view, too, of the dangerous potentialities of the Monroe Doctrine, let every good patriot sell out his American stock, nor help to capitalize and foster the Power which may one day turn and rend us."

But these considerations, observes Li Hang Li, obvious as they appear to us to-day, were hidden from even the most sagacious of mediæval mandarins, and it was they and their purblind percentage-hunting peoples who awakened in China the sleeping Dragon that was to swallow them all.

THE WAR AND THE CHURCHES

"L'Europe fut un champ de massacre et d'horreur:
Et l'orthodoxie même, aveugle en sa fureur,
De tes dogmes trompeurs nourissant son idée,
Oublia la douceur aux chrétiens commandée,
Et crut, pour venger Dieu de ses fiers ennemis,
Tout ce que Dieu défend légitime et permis."—BOILEAU.

I

If a man could be drained of his blood, and yet go about with every vital function absolutely unimpaired, if a motor-car could be eviscerated of its valves and cylinders and yet whiz along exactly as before, if an eagle could have its pinions amputated and yet sail aloft into the empyræan as superbly as ever, we should come to the conclusion that the blood, the machinery, the wings, played no real part in the life of the man, the car, the bird, but were mere ornamental appendages. And since, were Christianity now abolished and exiled by the Defence of the Realm Act, there would be no difference whatever visible in the functioning of the State and the prosecution of the war,[1] can we escape a similar conclusion about the Church?

Some of its best sons do not think so. "War being a survival of barbarism," writes the Bishop of Hereford, "is essentially opposed to the spirit of Christ." (*Times*, January 24, 1916.) "At the outbreak of the war," says the

[1] An anonymous printed postcard asking me to help stop the war "for the sake of Jesus Christ" is the only reminder I have personally had that I am living in a New Testament country—a fact which just before the war was daily impressed on my consciousness by the Kikuyu controversy.

Dean of Durham, "men awoke to the discovery that Christendom was really swayed by motives which had no pretence of being Christian, and that the Churches had become parasitic, bestowing their facile consecrations on every national ambition and failing to rebuke any national crime." (*The Faith and the War*, Macmillan.) "The message of Christ to the nations," says the Dean of St. Paul's in the same volume, "has never been accepted in practice and seldom even understood. . . . The record of organized Christianity in promoting peace and goodwill among the nations is not an inspiriting one." Even quite commonplace Christians appear to have reached the same conclusion, for according to the Bishop of London, preaching at Chiswick (January 23, 1916): "From end to end of England we find people who at the bottom of their hearts have grown to believe—although they are afraid to admit it—that the war was the absolute breakdown of Christianity."

Now with the whole of Europe honeycombed by institutions for the gospel of non-resistance, this is a serious, awkward and portentous situation, auguring possibly a transformation in the religious ideas of Christendom. Well may the Dean of Durham anticipate that "of all the national institutions, the Churches will, perhaps, be the most severely criticised, and the most sternly handled." Already Mr. Galsworthy has announced that the old mystical Christianity is dead. Let me say at once that I agree rather with the Dean of St. Paul's. "It is nonsense to talk of the failure of Christianity when Christianity has never been tried." [1]

[1] The Pope's pathetically ineffective protest against "the suicide of Europe" is the *reductio ad absurdum* of his position and of Roman Catholicism. The attempt of Cardinal Bourne to ascribe the war to the rise of Protestantism and Rationalism is grotesque. (Pastoral Letter, Lent, 1916.) As if before the sixteenth century lay the Golden Age! Dr. William Barry

II

Not content with the passive contradiction between *Rule, Britannia* and the Sermon on the Mount, the Church has not infrequently become a political platform for speeding up the war. Thus, even in the Intercessory Services of the New Year, the Bishop of Carlisle dealt with the lack of patriotism of the industrial and other classes, the Dean of Durham emphasized the need of civilian sacrifice, the new Master of the Temple attributed our failure to our contempt for education, Dr. F. B. Meyer, for the Free Churches, suggested a Commission to enquire into the sources of moral and religious decay, and Canon E. H. Pearce, speaking at Westminster Abbey, deprecated criticism of the Ministry or the Grand Fleet. And if a rare cleric—like the Headmaster of Eton—tries timidly to suggest that clinging to Gibraltar is not precisely identical with clinging to the Rock of Ages, the howl that goes up is a prompt reminder that the Church exists only on sufferance. No wonder it has abounded in these "facile consecrations" of which the Dean of Durham speaks. No wonder the Church has always made religion a branch of politics, instead of making politics a branch of religion.

And with the pulpit thus turned into a platform, the transition to a recruiting station was simple. Every church had become one, Mr. Snowden complained in the House of Commons, and indeed special appeals for recruits were read both in the Free and the Established Churches. Nor has the patriotism of the clergy been merely vicarious. As was once said of Archbishop Trench, the heart of the soldier beat un-

also regards the war as "a lesson for agnostics," and a writer (M) in the *Manchester Guardian* blames with equal absurdity the intellectual levity of our generation. In truth war-lust, like sex-lust, precedes faith or philosophy. Apparently in France the war is strengthening Catholicism; in reality it is only strengthening the paganism of national religion.

der the cassock of the priest, and not content with risking their lives as chaplains, many ministers have gone to the trenches as fighters. Though even Parliament felt it scandalous to conscript clergymen, they themselves were restive under episcopal veto and many petitioned for its removal. Their sons, at any rate, have hastened to the front and have died—the Bishop of Sheffield tells us—in a higher ratio than the sons of any other class, thirteen sons of Bishops alone perishing up to the end of last year. No wonder, if, as Coleridge wrote "in April, 1798, during the alarm of an invasion:"

> "The sweet words
> Of Christian promise, words that even yet
> Might stem destruction were they wisely preached,
> Are muttered o'er by men, whose tones proclaim
> How flat and wearisome they feel their trade."

In Germany we even hear of rosaries whose beads are toy shells and cartridges, while the military authorities are considering the possibility of using church bells for making shells.

And apart from everywhere blessing the war, the Church has nowhere intervened to modify its abominations or misalliances except, of course, when committed by the enemy. No German pulpit has castigated the sinking of the Lusitania, and in England the debate on "air reprisals" has been left almost exclusively to laymen. A few odd and obscure clergymen, like the Rev. F. C. Davies of Enfield, have preached Pacifist doctrine, but the only Christian sect that has given a sign of life is that which dispenses with clergymen. But even the young Quakers have gone out to the front as ambulance-men or compromised as mine-sweepers; indeed, many appear to have become actual fighters. No wonder the *Daily Express*

denounces in flaring humorless headlines "A Peace Crank Church." [1]

III

While the bulk of the Church seems blind to this glaring discrepancy between precept and practice, or at least to be using that third eyelid which as Oliver Wendell Holmes pointed out, excludes not all light but just as much as it is wished to exclude—one is comforted to find from the volume already quoted that the Church possesses a minority which is not afraid to look facts in the face. This collection of independent essays by members of the Council of the Church Union, is one of the most significant symptoms of Christian vitality that I have come across for years. It confronts with courage and heterodoxy the fearful problems raised by the war. In Catholicism the Modernist wing has been crushed: whether it will carry Protestantism remains to be seen.

The bulk of the volume does not indeed concern the central Christian problem of non-resistance: it is occupied or pre-occupied with problems, which belong equally to Judaism or religion generally, which indeed have no special reason for being debated now except that the levity of mankind neglects them until they are forced in gigantic contours upon its consciousness. Thus, the problems of evil, of providence, of immortality, belong to the homespun of daily life. Even the problem of war faces one every time one opens a history book. If God and War cannot be reconciled, then it was not necessary to wait till August, 1914, to become an atheist. Voltaire did not become one, though more of the horrors of war are collected in a chapter of *Candide* than appeared even credible before to-day.

[1] In "Holy Russia" twenty-seven followers of Tolstoy, including a Jew, have been court-martialled for issuing a pamphlet with the new-fangled doctrine "Thou shalt not kill." They were, however, acquitted.

And the reconciliation of Christianity with War is equally a problem of the past. But for the man in the street these problems are practically novel, and particularly is he struck by the flagrant contradiction between the teaching of Christ and the Great War in which so many Christian nations are fighting one another, while Germany lacks even the minor alleviation of fighting the Turk—nay, is found fighting like a fiend, while the Paynim fights like a gentleman.

IV

Neglecting, therefore, all the other theological problems of the war, which are common to all religions, and limiting ourselves to the single point of its inconsistency with the Gospel doctrine of non-resistance, we find the more conscious part of the Church provided with only too many solutions. The Founder spoke with Oriental hyperbole. Or He did not really forbid fighting. Or if He did, not fighting in self-defence, still less for the defence of others, nor can we suddenly apply an ideal for which the past has not prepared. Or even if war is unchristian its results may be Christian, both directly by suppressing wickedness and indirectly by improving the soldiers and the nation.

The proofs that the Master did not really forbid fighting are equally varied. The doctrine of turning the other cheek referred only to private frictions. Living in a small State under the *pax romana*, He "neither directly contemplated nor provided for" a Christianity divided by independent nationalities. (Cyril William Emmet, *Ethics of the New Testament.*) Or if He did foresee it, he would not spare His followers the responsibility of applying His spirit to modern politics. (*Ibid.*) Or he expected the end of the world soon, so that non-resistance was merely what the German theologians call an "*Interimsethik*," a code

for the interval. (*Ibid.*) Or Englishmen and the English nation are two distinct things and it is therefore sophistic of Dr. Lyttelton to argue that because England is a Christian *nation* therefore English *men* are debarred from fighting. (A delightfully Hibernian refutation of sophistry upon which Mr. Glazebrook, Chairman of the Churchmen's Union, is to be congratulated.)

As for the legitimacy of self-defence, it is difficult to disagree with the divine who writes: "If anyone is attacked on four sides and defends his life, he acts in self-defence and fulfils a Christian duty." Unfortunately the argument comes from Dr. Dryander, the German Court Chaplain, who adds: "We are in this position." [1] That the indirect effects of war may be Christian is a favorite apologia. Think of the Christianity that lies in offering yourself as a target in the trenches. "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends." Think, too, how the spiritual life is quickened in a man constantly on the brink of death. Think, too, of the uplifting of the civilian population. The Rev. Dimsdale Young (Ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference) boldly expressed his belief that Christianity had gained greatly by the war. In particular immortality was now the leading light of man. More boldly still the war in its direct effects has been made synonymous with Christianity. A war against militarism —nay, to kill war itself—is precisely what the Prince of Peace wishes. It is a holy war. It is the *via dolorosa* to the Millennium. "We and our Allies believe," said the Bishop of Norwich, "that we are fighting to maintain the cause of Christ." [2] Less diffidently, "It is God's war,"

[1] Eucken's view is that the world is not yet ready for the pure milk of human kindness and that Luther had to countenance war.

[2] "We are waging a war for Christianity itself," said the German Pastor Dorrfuss. See "The War for the Words."

cried the Bishop of London, in his New Year's diocesan letter. And while the principal of a Baptist College in the North of England maintained that relentless war was our present supreme duty, Archdeacon Wilberforce, Chaplain of the House of Commons, did not hesitate to say, "the killing of the Germans is a Divine service in the fullest sense of the term"—a view of course absolutely paralleled in the book circulated among soldiers by the German chaplain Schletter which teaches that "to bayonet the enemy and smash in his skull is God's service" (Quoted in the Lower House of the Prussian Diet by the Socialist, Herr Hoffmann.) "Love itself may demand repression of crime among individuals or nations," urges Principal Garvie.

The war being thus pre-eminently Christian, the Church is as qualified to denounce "a premature peace" as any of the rumbustious patriots who break up the Elian quiet of Quaker Meetings by howling down St. Paul. "Anything in such a war is better than a premature peace," declared the Bishop of London.[1] And the Archbishop of Canterbury actually refused to sign a proposed appeal of Christian Churches for an early peace. The Church has not yet gone so far as to endorse the rumbustious version of the Beatitude, Cursèd be the Peacemakers, for they shall be called pro-Germans. But it has not shrunk from suggesting—through the Bishop of Chelmsford [2]—that now that colored blood and Christian blood have flowed together in the

[1] In checking the ardor of his junior clergy to do war work or even to fight, the Bishop remarked naïvely that if the clergy gave the impression they regarded physical force as alone effective "it would either shock the consciences or lower the ideals of the laity."

[2] This Bishop has, however, some bold sayings to his credit, reminding the world of the old sins of Russia and Belgium and urging, "We must cleanse England before God will come down off the fence on our side." A conscientious objector in his diocese, however (at Bradford), was regarded by the chairman of the appeal board as "blasphemous" for saying that "the war is God's judgment on sinning nations."

same cause, England owes it to these benighted heathen to bring them to baptism. I trust that at least the Society for the Conversion of the Jews will have the grace or the humor to cease from troubling just now. That is a War Economy I can cordially recommend to the Society and its supporters.[1]

V

Nothing marks the movement of modern thought more significantly than that the Church has now practically lost its ancient repugnance to blood, just as it abandoned its ancient objection to interest. In France there are 20,000 soldier priests. In England the Bishop of Bangor seems to have been alone in recalling clearly to the priest panting for the fray that "shedding blood is and has been everywhere at all times considered contrary to the Law of the Church and an offence to the conscience of Christian men."[2] Even the Bishop of Hereford was content to point to the remedial rear of an army as the more appropriate place for a minister of the Gospel. Though the Archbishop of Canterbury admitted in the House of Lords that "the technical law of the Church forbade the shedding of blood by those in holy orders," he preferred to rest the case for non-conscription of clerics on other grounds, and he said the ordination candidates of the Church of England have "come forward" splendidly.[3] And the tradition thus

[1] A German Theologian (Joseph Schmidlin) laments that the war has divided British and German missionaries in their African work and that German missionaries are in concentration camps in India.

[2] Of thirty-two theological colleges and hostels in the Church of England nine are closed—there are some 340 students as against 1258 normally. Roman Catholic and Jewish priests and students are exempt, though the Chief Rabbi has annulled the Mosaic Law prohibiting "Cohanim" (the priestly tribe) from being near the dead.

[3] "None fight better for the King than we do," said Origen, apparently considering "*Orare est pugnare.*" Christ wants more of this sort of fighting,

abandoned is older than the texts for non-resistance. David was not allowed to build God's Temple because he had been a warrior; Solomon was forbidden to use iron tools in its structure because they were associated with bloodshed, and it was in pursuance of this tradition and not on account of the Sermon on the Mount that the mediæval Church instituted a service of expiation for soldiers, and with a grim humorlessness burnt its heretics to avoid shedding their blood, while forbidding its priests to practice harmless necessary surgery. If the surrender of such quibbles and tortuosities leaves the Church to face the naked facts of life, it is a manlier Church that accepts war as a high tragedy, which, no less than a stage tragedy, may be a purgation by pity and terror. But a manlier Church is not necessarily a more Christian Church. When the child of a friend of mine, hearing that some soldiers had shot and killed a soldier of another nation, enquired in incredulous horror, "But didn't they know he was *there?*" those infant lips reduced to nought all the eloquence of the Bishops. Verily, "except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." [1]

VI

If, as one born unburdened by the apostolic paradoxes that embarrass the Bishops, I might venture to give them ghostly counsel, I would begin by remarking that if the Church now finds itself in an incongruous position it has only itself to blame for neglecting the path of silence and

according to Father Vaughan who says our business is to keep on killing Germans and regarded the success of a Conference on "The Call of the War to Prayer" as "a pat on the back from our blessed Lord." Sunday labor in making munitions has been nowhere denounced.

[1] Somewhat belatedly, but in noble language, the Bishop of Lincoln protested against the unconscientious treatment of the conscientious objector.

peace pointed out by the Master. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" is surely a sign-post showing the way out for the Church, when it confronts what it can neither countenance nor cure. The Church is not a political platform. One does not go to an Abbey or a Cathedral to hear speeches or newspaper articles. The Church should have remained a centre of beauty and prayer and hallowed quiet, of great literature and noble music, a balm to the wounded spirit, an anodyne, a counteractive, a reminder of realities no less substantial than the war; of the good that may yet —despite the howlers-down of St. Paul—overcome evil. The Church should have communed with its own heart and been still. "Things without remedy," said Lady Macbeth, "should be without regard." [1] To those who brought it the problem of their conscience—should they fight?—the answer was the same. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." Every citizen must fight—unless not to fight is even more dangerous. Martyrdom was ever the Christian's privilege and zeal.

With the results of the fight the Church as such is not concerned. Jesus did not win. Providence *is* on the side of the biggest battalions, for it would be an unjust Providence that refused to give even the devil his due. On the plane of physical force, the greatest and most efficient force will always win. On the plane of spirit physical force is not so much impotent as irrelevant. "Thou hast conquered, O Galilaean" was not a surrender to physical force. And

[1] It is with characteristic Teutonic thoroughness that the *Christliche Welt*, the leading religious organ of Germany, demanded "A Moratorium for Christianity." To preach Christianity, said the writer, in these days of torpedo and poison-gas was only to provoke "mocking hellish laughter." Curiously enough the Free Church Conference imagined that all that the soldiers would be finding out was the unreality of the divisions of Christendom, because of all the chaplains and padres having comforted one another's flocks in the hour of death.

this brings me to the crux and conclusion of the whole matter.

The difficulties of the Christian Church are not confined to war-time. They are perpetual and inherent. They arise from its being the Church of a majority and from trying in war-time to be everywhere a national Church. But Christianity is a spirit, not an institution, and that spirit the spirit of a minority. That the Sermon on the Mount is impossible as the basis of a State has been candidly admitted by high ecclesiastical authority. But it was never meant to be nationalised.[1] It was meant to be the inspiration of a few—the salt of the earth, the yeast to leaven the lump. Its hyperbolism, its spiritual extremism, is necessary to offset the grossness of the body politic. It is not "Interval Ethics," it is "Minority Ethics." For although it appeals to all mankind, it is aware that only the elect will vibrate to its teaching.

Christianity cannot "pay." It is a religion for losers. The voice crying in the wilderness can never receive the fee of a K. C. or a Cabinet Minister. The attempt to fit this tragic universe of ours into a comfortable Church establishment is hopeless. The function of the Christian is to struggle and suffer. And hence in every great crisis the real Christians will be found not in the Church but outside it. They are the eternal protestants of humanity and must in every age be crucified for its salvation.

[1] The Bishop of Carlisle confessed that the Church is more Jewish and Pagan than Christian, but he does not seem to see that a National Faith cannot be otherwise.

WRITTEN BY A JEW THIS CHRISTMAS EVE

"The trenches have been cautioned this year against a Christmas truce."—*Daily Paper.*

When we beheld thy kingdom come on earth,
All eyes upstrained to thee, all knees low-bent,
Man swathed in thee as in an element,
Art, Music, Letters circling round thy birth,
Bejewelled Temples blazoning thy worth,
Jehovah banished to our nomad tent—
Then, brother, thee enthroned, with bitter mirth,
We left and on our thorny way we went.

But now that once again we see thee bleed,
Deserted, where thy worshippers have banned thee,
Thy agony is ours, thy homeless need—
After such startling glories so to brand thee!
Dear fainting Jesu, now to thine own seed
Creep home again—who else can understand thee?

MR. MOREL AND THE CONGO

(Speech at the City Temple, 20th October, 1910)

"The strongest man on earth is he who stands most alone."—Ibsen: *An Enemy of the People.*

I esteem it a great privilege to be associated with this tribute to the magnificent work of Mr. Morel. For unlike my friend, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, I have no peculiar claim to speak on the crime of the Congo. Sir Arthur has devoted himself to the cause of the oppressed native with the quixotism which the sight of injustice always awakens in him: he has written a book, he has toured the country in company with Mr. Morel to arouse public opinion. I, on the other hand, am only one of the public whose opinion has been aroused and I appear here at the penitent form—if the expression may be permitted in this temple of the new theology—to express my shame at having so long passively connived at atrocities for which every British citizen is responsible under the Berlin treaty. We cannot leave these things, it would seem, to our professional politicians. They suffer from that dread Congolese disease, sleeping sickness. Private men must rush forward to uplift the flag of England's honor which their nerveless fingers have dropped in the dust. While noble lords and knights profess to lead us along the paths of chivalry, it was left to a Liverpool shipping clerk to be the banner-bearer of Britain.

There is a girl in one of Mr. Henry James's novels, a sweet innocent American girl, who being brought in contact with a complex European lady wonders whether "the

great historic word 'wicked'" could be applied to her. Most of us, too—though we know how weak and foolish our friends can be—are fortunate enough to make our acquaintance with "wicked" people only in newspapers, novels and melodramas. We too are apt to think that wickedness has been largely banished from civilization—it is an ignorance we acquire at school where we are taught that barbarians roamed where now are only civilized Christians. And so we cry like that cheery character in *The Cloister and the Hearth:* "Courage, the devil is dead."

Liberal Christianity, I presume, does not believe in the devil—in the personal devil, that is. But in the impersonal devil, who can help believing? For if we see no concrete evil spirit, we do see everywhere a spirit of evil that may still justify us in speaking of the devil. In the old monastic legends the devil was represented as always taking different shapes the better to do his evil work. But I do not think the devil ever disguised himself more effectually than when he made people believe he was dead and gone, and that Christianity reigned in Christendom without a rival. It is through this clever dodge of his—this policy of lying low and "sayin' nuffin"—that he has been able to execute in the Congo a work of evil of unparalleled magnitude, to drench with blood and tears a country half as large as Europe. For who could believe that in our own century a Christian King could have sold his soul to him for gold? Who could believe that the genial long-bearded Leopold was a monstrous Moloch to whom thousands of little African children were sacrificed, a Juggernaut, with a rubber-tyred car, whose wheels revolved remorselessly in the gore of the myriads it crushed? These things do not happen nowadays, we thought, they belong to the days of Nero or Herod. And even when—largely through the labors of Mr. Morel—it was brought home to us that this

Christian King out-heroded Herod, we felt that his death would mean the wind-up of this Satanic era. The Congo would pass over to Belgium and a Christian Parliament would hasten to atone for the past and to send its rays of love and light over darkest Africa. How the devil chuckled in his sleeve amid all his sorrow at the death of his royal henchman! For he knew that Parliaments and peoples are as temptable by gold as Kings and individuals, that Belgium, whose financiers, statesmen and soldiers, had already been tainted by complicity, would not lightly abandon its unholy gains, still less spend a million a year for twenty years to bring about that moral regeneration of the natives which it professed was its dearest object. But nevertheless a Parliament cannot act as brazenly as an autocratic monarch, and is moreover always sure to contain some champions of righteousness, if only by way of opposition. And so the devil has been so far defeated that he has been expelled from portions of the Congo and given notice of ejection from others, and though an area has still been indefinitely reserved as the devil's play-ground, we are entitled to congratulate ourselves—and still more Mr. Morel and the Congo Reform Association—on a gigantic amelioration. Rubber is no longer collected by the lash and the knife and the gun, little children no longer hold up their bleeding stumps in mute protest against Europe. The only bleeding now known to us is that of the rubber trees, killed and drained of their precious sap in hot haste by the companies which have to clear out, and which in their ruthless greed would leave nothing behind them but a desert.

Wickedness, you see, is no "great historic word," if historic means antiquated. Wickedness is modern, up-to-date. Wickedness is as fresh as this morning's paper—nay, it often *is* this morning's paper, crammed with lies and

sensation. For another of the devil's cunning contrivances is to make people believe that what they read is true. The first book printed was the Bible, consequently people have ever since associated print with truth. That was a very ingenious revenge of the devil on the Bible. One of the most frequent shapes the devil takes nowadays is that of newspaper proprietor. He runs papers in all countries —he and his little printer's devils—and it is these papers of his which have so long contributed to keep back the truth of this Congo business. The devil is particularly clever in clouding over ugly truths with a mist of fine words, and one of his most complicated tricks is to accuse his enemies of being his friends. Men like Mr. Morel, whose whole life has shown an exalted sacrifice of personal interests, find themselves bespattered with doubts and suspicions. "What is he making out of it?" the devil whispers. I know no finer weapon in the devil's armory than this insinuation. For most people are unable to understand that a man will act not only not for his own personal interests but actually against them. And this same weapon has been turned against Mr. Morel's country. What is England going to make out of it? Has she not her eye on grabbing land and selling gin? Against these guiles and wiles of the devil there is only one defence—the good old defence of "tell the truth and shame the devil." Mr. Morel told the truth—and fortunately for him the evidence was too glaring. The crime of the Congo needed no Sherlock Holmes. Charred villages and rivers of blood and heaps of severed hands—these need no ingenious puttings of two and two together to make five. A clodhopper could trace how Leopold stole his treasure out of these poor dead hands, how these bleeding stumps upheld the pomp of his royal state, and the magnificent establishments of the company-promoters, the three hundred per cent conces-

sionaires. We have heard of the skeleton at the feast, but what of the skeleton *under* the feast, the skeleton upon whose bones rest so many banqueting tables! If I had a cinematograph I should like to show you a picture of barons, counts, and Grand Marshals of Belgium banqueting amid all the outer refinements of civilization—with spotless napery and silver plate and white-gloved footmen—and below, in an African forest, the cannibal chiefs they employed to extort their profits, feeding on the bodies of their victims. And there were missionaries from Belgium itself scattered amid these forests—missionaries who saw and knew. They were there to spread Christianity. But the wonder to me is that when they saw they did not hurry back to Belgium—where their teaching was so much more needed. But they remained, and with them missionaries from other sects and countries, who appear in some instances to have played a noble part in publishing the truth or protecting the natives. But the irony remains that their mission in the Congo was less to spread Christianity than to protect the natives against the ravages of Christendom.

And this irony was even vaster than the mere missionary comedy—for it embraced all Belgium, which was only in the Congo in a mission of civilization, nay, all Europe and America which had guaranteed this moral and industrial regeneration. The devil, we have seen, plays many a part, but his climax of audacity, his crowning theatrical creation, is the rôle of philanthropist. The old rhyme says that "when the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be." Not so. It is when the devil is most strong and active, that he would be a saint. The very name of Congo Free State is a masterpiece of pious masquerading. The International Association, which created the Congo Free State, actually declared that it was founded "to promote the civilization and commerce of Africa and for other humane

and benevolent motives." With the blessings of the British churches and the prayers of Bismarck, the Congo was launched to "take up the white man's burden." I hope that Mr. Kipling has by this time discovered that when he wrote that noble Christian poem he was acting as Poet Laureate to the devil. The "fluttered folk and wild" whose burden the white man must take up, Mr. Kipling describes as

"Half-devil and half-child."

It is true. The native of the Congo is no angel. But what is to be thought of the white man who has not even the excuse of childishness for his devilry? The white man who has demoralized even the savage, who has taught cruelty even to the barbarian? The white man who created a condition to which even slavery is enviable? For slaves are at least fed and guarded like horses, not starved and mutilated. Australia began as a convict-prison and rose to a colony. The Congo began as a colony and sank to a convict-prison. And this was how the white Belgian took up his burden. They say the devil is not so black as he is painted. I can quite believe it. I can even believe his predominant hue is white.

There is indeed a "white man's burden," but it is to battle against evil, in whatever spot and under whatever complexion. For white men are rare. There are not many Conan Doyles. Still rarer are the Morels who devote their entire lives to the destruction of some piece of the devil's work. And let us remember that, unlike Conan Doyle, Morel had no name to conjure with when he began his career of quixotry. To-day when Lord Cromer and the Archbishop of Canterbury vie with each other in the praises of Morel, it is easy to forget the long obscure struggle of an unknown youth uncheered and unsupported save by

his conscience. He was only twenty-four when he couched his lance and charged—a shipping-clerk against a king and all his minions of darkness. Can we have a better proof that one man with God is a majority? For this clerk has moved Parliaments and Foreign Offices and Churches in more than one country, ay, in more than one continent. He has even achieved the miracle of bringing the Established and Dissenting Churches together—upon this question at least.

There are books laying down the rules for clerks—books of the school of Samuel Smiles—that tell how clerks may rise to success. Respect for seniors, deference to employers, strict attention to business—and the like. Model yourself on your masters and you will rise to mastership. Young Morel did not follow this road to success. On the contrary he attended to things that were not his business, he got wind of the corpses rotting in the Congo, of what lay behind this profitable Liverpool business of shipping rubber from the Congo to Antwerp, he even remonstrated with his employers. And his success puts Samuel Smiles to shame. True, it is not a pecuniary success. There Samuel Smiles was right. But Mr. Morel has cleared an area larger than France and Germany from super-slavery; he has restored some of the rights both native and international that were guaranteed by the Berlin Congress. This is a success which puts him on a par with a great soldier or a great politician. But a great soldier when he comes home is fêted by the nation, ennobled by the sovereign, and presented by Parliament with a purse of gold. And a great politician receives place and power and salary. Mr. Morel has received neither gold nor a title. But if he has not made money he has made history. And if he has not achieved a Knighthood, he has achieved something finer and rarer—he has *been* a knight—a knight without fear

or reproach. If we are to define Mr. Morel as a politician, we shall call him, as Sir Harry Johnston has so justly called him, "a great Imperialist." Just as politician has been degraded to mean a party politician, instead of a man who serves the public good, so Imperialist has been degraded to mean a man who extends the area of the Empire. I should like it to mean a man who extends the honor of the Empire. For many years Mr. Morel with the Congo Reform Association stood alone in demanding that England's treaty-rights should not be trampled upon by King Leopold or the Belgians! Can you believe it? Britannia, who we are given to understand, rules the waves, left it to a mere private citizen to vindicate her rights and her honor? Even now Britannia only opposes a passive resistance to Belgian arrogance. She refuses to recognize the annexation of the Congo till Mr. Morel's reforms are carried out, but she should have refused to permit the annexation without obtaining guarantees for these reforms. And even her minimum of resistance to Belgium would, I grieve to say, have been withheld, had Belgium not been a minor power. I know no epoch in English history when England's sense of dignity and self-respect stood so near zero. The more Dreadnoughts we build, the more panic-stricken we become. Consols are low to-day but not so low as the British Lion's tail. If there is the slightest stiffness in that tail, it is due not to the Foreign Office, not to the professional politicians, not to the noisy so-called Imperialists, not to the House of Lords, not to our Howards and our Percys, but to the sleepless insistence of an ex-clerk. Gentlemen, Mr. Morel has obeyed that great dictum of the Talmud: in a land where there is no man, be thou a man. And he is a man of bull dog tenacity—he will not let go. No acts of the Belgian parliament, no soft soap of politicians and financiers, no bright bubbles of promises, will make him relax his

grip of the question till the entire area of the Congo is restored to its native owners, with freedom of trade for themselves and the world. And this shall and must come to pass. The Congo Slave State shall be truly the Congo Free State. And then, just as when Dante paced the streets of Ravenna, the people would say: "There goes the man who has been in hell," so we shall say, as we see Morel go by, "There goes the man who has defeated the devil."

THE AWKWARD AGE OF THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT

(*Fortnightly Review*, NOVEMBER, 1912)

"And what did she get by it?" said my Uncle Toby.
"What does any woman get by it?" said my father.
"*Martyrdom*," replied the young Benedictine.
—TRISTRAM SHANDY.

The present situation of Women's Suffrage in England recalls the old puzzle: What happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable body? The irresistible force is the religious passion of myriads of women, the fury of self-sacrifice, the righteous zeal that shrinks not even from crime; the immovable body may be summed up as Mr. Asquith. Almost as gross an incarnation of Tory prejudice as Squire Western, who laid it down that women should come in with the first dish and go out with the first glass, Mr. Asquith is all that stands between the sex and the suffrage.

The answer to the old puzzle, I suppose, would be that though the immovable body does not move, yet the impact of the irresistible force generates heat, which, as we know from Tyndall, is a mode of motion. At any rate, heat is the only mode in which the progress of Women's Suffrage can be registered to-day. The movement has come to what Mr. Henry James might call "the awkward age": an age which has passed beyond argument without arriving at achievement; an age for which words are too small and blows too big. And because impatience has been the salva-

tion of the movement, and because the suffragette will not believe that the fiery charger which has carried her so far cannot really climb the last ridge of the mountain, but must be replaced by a mule—that miserable compromise between a steed and an anti-suffragist—the awkward age is also the dangerous age.

When the Cabinet of Clement's Inn, perceiving that if a Women's Suffrage Bill did not pass this session, the last chance—under the Parliament Act—was gone for this Parliament, resolved to rouse public opinion by breaking tradesmen's windows, it overlooked that the English are a nation of shopkeepers, and that the public opinion thus roused would be for the first time almost unreservedly on the side of the Government. And when the Cabinet of Downing Street, moved to responsive recklessness, raided the quarters of the Women's Social and Political Union and indicted the leaders for criminal conspiracy, it equally overlooked an essential factor of the situation. The Cabinet of the conspiracy was at least as much a restraint to suffragettes as an incentive. It held in order the more violent members, the souls naturally daring or maddened by forcible feeding. By its imposition of minor forms of lawlessness, it checked the suggestion of major forms. Crime was controlled by a curriculum and temper steadied by a time-table. The interruptions at meetings were distributed among the supposed neuropaths like parts at a play, and woe to the mænad who missed her cue. With the police, too, the suffragettes lived for the most part on terms of cordial co-operation, each side recognizing that the other must do its duty. When the suffragettes planned a raid upon Downing Street or the House of Commons, they gave notice of time and place, and were provided with a sufficient force of police to prevent it. Were the day inconvenient for the police, owing to the

pressure of social engagements, another day was fixed, politics permitting. The *entente cordiale* extended even in some instances to the jailors and the bench, and, as in those early days of the Quaker persecution of which Milton's friend, Ellwood, has left record, prisoners sometimes left their cells for a night to attend to imperative affairs, or good-naturedly shortened or cancelled their sentences at the pressing solicitation of perturbed magistrates. Prison was purified by all these gentle presences, and women criminals profited by the removal of the abuses challenged by them. Holloway became a home from home, in which beaming wardresses welcomed old offenders, and to which husbands conducted erring wives in taxi-cabs, much as Ellwood and his brethren marched of themselves from Newgate to Bridewell, explaining to the astonished citizens of London that their word was their keeper. A suffragette's word stood higher than consols, and the war-game was played cards on table. True, there were brutal interludes when Home Secretaries lost their heads, or hysterical magistrates their sense of justice, or when the chivalrous constabulary of Westminster was replaced by Whitechapel police, dense to the courtesies of the situation; but even these tragedies were transfused by its humors, by the subtle duel of woman's wit and man's lumbering legalism. The hunger-strike itself, with all its grim horrors and heroisms, was like the plot of a Gilbertian opera. It placed the Government on the horns of an Irish bull. Either the law must kill or torture prisoners condemned for mild offences, or it must permit them to dictate their own terms of durance. The criminal code, whose dignity generations of male rebels had failed to impair, the whole array of warders, lawyers, judges, juries, and policemen, which all the scorn of a Tolstoy could not shrivel, shrank into a laughing-stock. And the comedy of the situation was complicated and

enhanced by the fact that the Home Office, so far from being an Inquisition, was more or less tenanted by sympathizers with Female Suffrage, and that a Home Secretary who secretly admired the quixotry of the hunger-strikers was forced to feed them forcibly. He must either be denounced by the suffragettes as a Torquemada or by the public as an incapable. Bayard himself could not have coped with the position. There was no place like the Home Office, and its administrators, like the Governors of the Gold Coast, had to be relieved at frequent intervals. As for the police, their one aim in life became to avoid arresting suffragettes.

Such was the situation which the Governmental *coup* transformed to tragedy unrelieved, giving us in the place of ordered lawlessness and responsible leadership a guerilla warfare against society by irresponsible individuals, more or less unbalanced. That the heroic incendiary Mrs. Leigh, who deserved penal servitude and a statue, had been driven wild by forcible feeding was a fact that had given considerable uneasiness to headquarters, but she had been kept in comparative discipline. Now that discipline has been destroyed, it is possible that other free lances will catch the contagion of crime; nay, there are signs that the leaders themselves are being infected through the difficulty of disavowing their martyrs. The wisest course for the Government would be to pardon Miss Pankhurst of Paris and officially invite her to resume control of her followers before they have quite controlled her.

But even without such a crowning confession of the failure of its *coup*, the humiliation of the Government has been sufficiently complete. Forced to put Mrs. Pankhurst and the Pethick Lawrences into the luxurious category of political prisoners, next to release them altogether, and finally to liberate their humblest followers, their hunger-

strike on behalf of whose equal treatment set a new standard of military chivalry, the Government succeeded only in investing the vanished Christabel with a new glamor. The Women's Social and Political Union has again baffled the Government, and come triumphantly even through the window-breaking episode. For if that episode was followed by the rejection of the second reading of the Women's Suffrage Bill, second readings, like the oaths of the profane, had come to be absolutely without significance, and the blocking of the Bill beyond this stage had been assured long before by the tactics of Mr. Redmond, whose passion for justice, like Mr. Asquith's passion for popular government, is so curiously monosexual. The only discount from the Union's winnings is that it gave mendacious M. P.'s, anxious to back out of Women's Suffrage, a soft bed to lie on.

One should perhaps also add to the debit side of the account a considerable loss of popularity on the part of the suffragettes, a loss which would become complete were window-breaking to pass into graver crimes, and which would entirely paralyze the effect of their tactics.

For the tactics of the prison and the hunger-strike depend for their value upon the innocency of the prisoners. Their offence must be merely nominal or technical. The suffragettes had rediscovered the Quaker truth that the spirit is stronger than all the forces of Government, and that things may really come by fasting and prayer. Even the window-breaking, though a perilous approach to the methods of the Pagan male, was only a damage to insensitive material, for which the window-breakers were prepared to pay in conscious suffering. But once the injury was done to flesh and blood, the injurer when punished would only be paying tooth for tooth; and all the sympathy would go, not to the assailant, but to the victim. Mrs. Pankhurst

says the Government must either give votes to women or "prepare to send large numbers of women to penal servitude." That would be indeed awkward for the Government if penal servitude were easily procurable. Unfortunately, the women must first qualify for it, and their crimes would disembarrass the Government. Mrs. Leigh could have been safely left to starve had her attempted arson of that theatre really come off, especially with loss of life. Thus violence may be "militant," but it is not "tactics," and violence against society at large is peculiarly tactless. George Fox would hardly occupy so exalted a niche in history if he had used his hammer to make not shoes but corpses.

The suffragettes who run amok have, in fact, become the victims of their own vocabulary. Their Union was "militant," but a church militant, not an army militant. The Salvation Army might as well suddenly take to shooting the heathen. It was only by mob misunderstanding that the suffragettes were conceived as viragoes, just as it was only by mob misunderstanding that the members of the Society of Friends were conceived as desperadoes. If it cannot be said that their proceedings were as quintessentially peaceful as some of those absolutely mute Quaker meetings which the police of Charles II humorously enough broke up as "riots," yet they had a thousand propaganda meetings (ignored by the Press) to one militant action (recorded and magnified). Even in battle nothing could be more decorous or constitutional than the overwhelming majority of their "pinpricks."

I remember a beautiful young lady, faultlessly dressed, who in soft, musical accents interrupted Mr. Birrell at the Mansion House. Stewards hurled themselves at her, policemen hastened from every point of the compass; but unruffled as at the dinner-table, without turning a hair

of her exquisite *chevelure*, she continued gently explaining the wishes of womankind till she disappeared in a whirlwind of hysteric masculinity. But in gradually succumbing to the vulgar misunderstanding, playing up to the caricature, and finally assimilating to the crude and obsolescent methods of men, the suffragettes have been throwing away their own peculiar glory, their characteristic contribution to history and politics. Rosalind in search of a vote has supplied humanity with a new type who snatched from her testifyings a grace beyond the reach of Arden. But Rosalind with a revolver would be merely a reactionary. Hawthorne's Zenobia, who, for all her emancipation, drowned herself in a fit of amorous jealousy, was no greater backslider from the true path of woman's advancement. It is some relief to find that Mrs. Pankhurst's latest programme disavows attacks upon human life, limiting itself to destruction of property, and that the Pethick Lawrences have grown still saner.

There might, indeed, be—I have already admitted—some excuse and even admiration for the Terrorist, did the triumph of her cause appear indefinitely remote, were even that triumph to be brought perceptibly nearer by forcibly feeding us with horrors. But the contrary is the case: even the epidemic of crime foreshadowed by Mrs. Pankhurst could not appreciably delay Women's Suffrage. It is coming as fast as human nature and the nature of the Parliamentary machine will allow. To try to terrorize Mr. Asquith into bringing in a Government measure is to credit him with a wisdom and a nobility almost divine. No man is great enough to put himself in the right by admitting he was wrong. And even if he were great enough to admit it under argument, he would have to be god-like to admit it under menace. Rather than admit it, Mr. Asquith has let himself be driven into a position more ludicrous than

perhaps any Prime Minister has occupied. For though he declares Women's Suffrage to be "a political disaster of the gravest kind," he is ready to push it through if the House of Commons wishes, relying for its rejection upon the House of Lords which he has denounced and enfeebled. He is even not unwilling it shall pass if only the disaster to the country is maximized by Adult Suffrage. It is not that he loves woman more, but the Tory party less.

But although Mr. Asquith cannot be expected to take the one short step between the ridiculous and the sublime and bring in a Women's Reform Bill, yet it is not unlikely he will do what the suffragettes demand by dropping his Men's Reform Bill, if only on the ground of time. It is difficult to see how that and Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment can be squeezed into one session. If the Reform Bill is dropped, the ground will be open again for some sort of Conciliation Bill, since the demand for Adult Female Suffrage is only an angry appendix to the male measure. It is just possible that Women's Suffrage may first appear in these islands by way of a clause in the Home Rule Bill, and this Irish entrance by a side-door would be peculiarly English, dodging as it does the main issue of women's claim to vote in Imperial affairs. But already there is talk of withdrawing this amendment in return for some more or less shadowy promises from Mr. Redmond; it is in any case obnoxious to the Irish, and the only real way for this Parliament would seem to lie through a Conciliation Bill like that originally proposed by Mr. Brailsford and "torpedoed" at the eleventh hour by Mr. Lloyd George. There is no reason, however, to suppose that Mr. Lloyd George would be less hostile to such a measure than before, especially as the only measure that could be carried after this session must be so narrow as to ensure its acceptance

by the House of Lords. The Parliamentary struggle over Female Suffrage is less a struggle against it than a competition for its spoils. Each party is striving to annex the balance of the inevitable female electorate. But as no measure can possibly be devised to favor both parties, or even to equalize their winnings, the prospects of a Conciliation Bill scarcely survive analysis. Hence Christabel Pankhurst, that shrewd practical politician who is giving up to womankind what was meant for party, has long since waved aside all Conciliation Bills and clauses and demands a Government measure. But Mr. Brailsford and his faithful band of M. P.'s, together with Mrs. Fawcett and her National Union, are—despite the known destructive designs of the Nationalists—patiently pursuing the ever-lessening hope of a conciliatory clause in an ever-receding Reform Bill. At the same time, taking a lesson from the militant camp, Mrs. Fawcett's Union has started a fighting fund to "keep the Liberal out" at certain by-elections where a Labor member can be put up to split the Liberal vote. The profit of these tactics seems less to the Women's Movement than to the Tory and Labor parties, neither of which pledges itself to anything in return.[1]

All things considered, I am afraid the Suffrage Movement will have to make up its mind to wait for the next Parliament. There is more hope for the premature collapse of this Parliament than for its passing of a Suffrage Bill or clause. And at the general election, whenever it comes, Votes for Women will be put on the programme of both parties. The Conservatives will offer a mild dose, the Lib-

[1] "Mr. Zangwill misconceives the nature of the relation between the National Union and the Labor Party," wrote Mrs. Fawcett in the next number of the *Fortnightly*. "It is emphatically not of the nature of a bargain." But surely this is exactly what is here said.

erals a democratic. Whichever fails at the polls, the principle of Women's Suffrage will be safe.[1]

This prognostic, it will be seen, involves the removal of the immovable Asquith. But he must either consent to follow a plebiscite of his party or retire, like his doorkeeper, from Downing Street, under the intolerable burden of the suffragette. Much as his party honors and admires him, it cannot continue to repudiate the essential principles of Liberalism, nor find refuge in his sophism that Liberalism removes artificial barriers, but cannot remove natural barriers. What natural barrier prevents a woman from accepting or rejecting a man who proposes to represent her in Parliament? No; after his historic innings Mr. Asquith will sacrifice himself and retire, covered with laurels and contradictions.[2] Pending which event, the suffragettes, while doing their best to precipitate it through the downfall of the Government, may very reasonably continue their policy of pinpricks to keep politicians from going to sleep, but serious violence would be worse than a crime, it would be a blunder. No general dares throw away his men when nothing is to be gained, and our analysis shows that the interval between women and the vote can only be shortened by bringing on a general election.

There are, indeed, sceptics who fear that even at the next general election both parties may find a way of circumventing Women's Suffrage by secretly agreeing to keep it off both programmes; but the country itself is too sick of the question to endure this, even if the Women's Lib-

[1] This prophecy still holds the field, though the present Parliament has been unconscionably long a-dying. The Reform Bill was withdrawn as prophesied.

[2] It now looks as if through the war Mr. Asquith has found the light, for he has promised Mrs. Fawcett that the question shall be "fully and impartially weighed without any prejudgment from the controversies of the past."

eral Federation and the corresponding Conservative body permitted it. That the parties would go so far as to pair off their women workers against each other is unlikely. At any rate, now, when other forms of agitation are more or less futile, is the moment for these and cognate bodies to take up the running.

But even if these women workers fail in backbone, and allow themselves, as so often before, to be lulled and gulled by their male politicians, there yet remains an ardent body to push forward their cause. Mrs. Humphry Ward and the Anti-Suffragists may be trusted to continue tireless and ever-inventive. Mrs. Ward's league to promote the return of women as town and county councillors is her latest device to prove the unfitness of women for public affairs, and since the Vegetarian League for combating the carnivorous instincts of the tigress by feeding her with blood, there has been no quite so happy adaptation of means to end. If anything could add to the educative efficiency of the new league, it is Mrs. Ward's scrupulousness in limiting it exclusively to Anti-Suffragists.

THE MILITANT SUFFRAGISTS

[From the *English Review*, NOVEMBER, 1913]

"When lawless mobs insult the Court
That man shall be my boast,
If breaking windows be the sport,
Who bravely breaks the most.—COWPER."

I

The Women's Social and Political Union, the most troublesome institution of modern times, was founded in October, 1903. It has, therefore, just completed a decade of activity—of activity unparalleled and exuberant, rich in comedy and tragedy, in heroism and flamboyance—and it is high time the public should cease gasping and come to a just comprehension of what is passing under its nose. Part of its hebetude is due to the Press, which leads it by that nose, and which, since the days when Milton looked to it for the safeguarding of liberty and justice, has become a medium of organized misinformation, so unreliable that one cannot even wholly disbelieve it. Albert Hall mass-meetings, with every seat paid for, have been edited away, while with equal cynicism trivial incidents have been spiced to the humor of the mob. King Demos, like other monarchs, hears only what tickles the royal ear. In their wonderfully organized campaigns at by-elections—at which they have generally hired all the halls and commandeered the best street pitches before the other side has quite realized there is a contest—the Suffragettes have held as many as two

hundred public meetings in a single week. In the ordinary propaganda of the Union, the number of platform or drawing-room meetings has reached a hundred a day in London alone. Flower-festivals, bazaars, plays, caravan-tours, processions, bands—what form of picturesque persuasion has it left untried, where have its cohorts not come gleaming in purple, white and green? Hyde Park has known them, and Trafalgar Square, music-halls and village greens, the town mansions of peeresses and the drawing-rooms of the provincial *bourgeoisie;* they have even scandalized the faithless by praying a real prayer in Westminster Abbey. Yet, when a journalist wrote that their treasurer had invested their funds in bonds, the compositor automatically put it "bombs."

At the recent Medical Congress in London, a Scotch doctor strove to class their militancy with the dancing or other maniacal epidemics of the fourteenth century: he himself was suffering from contagious misunderstanding. Said an elderly schoolmistress to the jury that was trying her this spring on the charge of window-breaking: "I think that all of you would look forward with dread to forcible feeding as carried on in our prisons. Well, I declare to you that the idea of lifting my hand in cool determination to destroy was a more dreadful idea than that of forcible feeding. You little know how we women have to screw up our courage to acting point." Such a militancy is, indeed, too rational to be formidable. It is of the brain, not of the fist. So far from being hysterical, it has been turned on and off like a tap. In periods of false promises from politicians, there have been truces more faithfully observed than any in the Balkans.

But at first it was not even a cerebral militancy. It was as metaphorical as the Salvation Army. In the overwhelming majority of instances, the operations of this un-

precedented Union have been devoid of all violence save that inflicted on its members by the Government, the police, and the mob. Even when it strove to supplement its constitutional agitation by illegal acts, its breaches of law were long merely technical or symbolical, designed to embarrass the Government by a plethora of prisoners, and to achieve the advertisement denied to a peaceful propaganda. When, finally, a handful of desperate spirits proclaimed a guerilla war against society, it was merely against dead matter, and it is amazing that, with so many fanatics smarting under almost intolerable tortures and indignities, not one has lost her balance so far as to destroy life. The women's war remains unstained by blood other than their own. They have been stoned and beaten, ducked in horse-ponds, obscenely maltreated, imprisoned in the third class with drunkards and pickpockets, sentenced to penal servitude, loathsomely fed by tubes and pumps. Captain Scott, perishing in the Antarctic snows for lack of food, was less essentially heroic and no greater a pioneer than Miss Wallace-Dunlop, the fragile inventress of the hunger-strike, starving with luxuries heaped beseechingly around her. It is impossible not to think of the temptation in the wilderness. The thirst-strike and the sleep-strike push the doctrine of "*Entbehren sollst*" to extremes undreamed of by Goethe. In an age of luxury and materialism almost unexampled, amid an epidemic of negroid dancing that might well have occupied the Scotch doctor, we have witnessed the miracle of prison-doors flying open by force of faith and self-sacrifice. The great saying of Zwinglius: "You can kill the body, but not the soul," has received almost incredible illustration. It is not too much to say that the Suffragettes have enlarged our conception of human nature and of the pitifulness of politics and politicians.

II

"You approve of votes for women!" a famous American exclaimed to me. "*That* kind of vote?" By a figure of speech yet unclassed in treatises on rhetoric, he had mixed up the end with the means, the ballot-paper with the match-box. Had he attended a Suffragette meeting at the Albert Hall, he would have found the "kind of vote" quite other—some ten thousand souls of all social classes sitting prim as Elia's Quakers, spellbound by a simple little woman in black, and waking only to pour at her feet their gold, their checks, their jewelry, the profits of hawking the paper in the wintry streets, the little hoard saved for a summer holiday, even the week's Old Age Pension. The collection at the last assembly—after the Government had left the Union for dead—was fifteen thousand pounds, subscribed in a few minutes. These gatherings have been the communions of a new religion that has already its ritual, its hymnology, its sacred music, its symbolism (the broad-arrows of the prison garb its proudest emblem), its pageantry, its martyrology, and its dogma of Pankhurst infallibility.

"I look upon myself on these occasions," said Mrs. Pankhurst, "not as a chairman, but as a general reviewing his troops." From a burning faith to a faith in burning, the transition—as all male history proves—is facile. But Mrs. Pankhurst did not begin as a soldier. Her military status has been a gradual growth, unforeseen by herself. The journals of 1891 record that at the funeral of Charles Bradlaugh, a deputation from a "Women's Franchise League" was among the many that brought wreaths, and that it consisted of the Countess Schach, Mrs. Herbert Burroughs, and Mrs. Pankhurst. And when I once strove to mitigate her growing bellicosity by telling her how

sympathetically the Lord Chancellor had spoken at a dinner-party, she burst out: "Don't talk to me of Haldane! Twenty years ago he was our League's representative in Parliament!" Twenty years ago! I was silenced. A long period of obscure labor—the spade-work so glibly recommended, but so often as fruitless as the sexton's—evidently lay behind this explosive phase: the genesis and collapse of Leagues and efforts untold. The great little lady, who, on her husband's death, had supported herself and her family as a Registrar of Births and Deaths, had had many a birth and death of scheme and dream to register in the annals of her cause before there came into being at her house in Manchester that W. S. P. U. which will surely live to record its victory. Her own birthday was the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille. That has not counted for nothing in so imaginative a temperament.

III

Most of the pioneers of the W. S. P. U. were Manchester working women—one, Annie Kenney, a mill-hand, who, as a half-timer of ten, had had a finger torn off by the machinery—and the new gospel was preached at the "wakes" or local Lancashire fairs. Militancy, even metaphorical, was unthought of. The first sparks of that were, strangely enough, struck out at the Free Trade Hall by the flintiness of one of the oldest supporters of Women's Suffrage, Sir Edward Grey. Prophesying, in October, 1905, the overthrow of the Conservatives at the coming General Election, he yet refused to say what would be the attitude of a Liberal Government to "Votes for Women." The question had even (by request) been put into peaceful writing, and signed "Annie Kenney, Member of the Oldham Committee of the Card and Blowing-Room Operatives." The

humble mill-hand rose as the monster meeting was closing, and insisted on a reply. Here again a great pioneering deed was done, destined to find imitations and reverberations innumerable. Sir Edward Grey was silent, but it was Annie Kenney who stood upon a peak in Darien.

Those who know the temper of a political meeting at a passionate crisis will appreciate the almost superhuman courage needed for a girl to get up and traverse it. The vast gathering of Liberals, hoarse from cheering the doctrines of liberty and equality, howled at the frail little figure, stewards precipitated themselves upon her. It was at this moment that Christabel Pankhurst leapt into history. She sprang up, threw one arm round her friend, and warded off the hysterical males with the other. They scratched and tore at her hands till, as her sister Sylvia records, "the blood ran down on Annie's hat, which lay on the seat, and stained it red."

Expelled from the meeting, the two girls tried to form one of their own outside. Charged with "obstruction and assaulting the police," and refusing to pay a fine, they were thrown into jail, dressed in serge, and fed on skilly. In that prison the real W. S. P. U. was born. The same Free Trade Hall that had howled down the questioners was packed to fête the ex-prisoners. Thus is persecution ever the pillar of the Church.

Annie Kenney, abandoning her clogs, except for ceremonial occasions, set out to rouse London—with two pounds in her pocket. Little Mrs. Drummond, the wife of an impecunious upholsterer, a cheery, humorsome Scotch body, plump of person and prodigious of voice—the Madame Sans Gêne of the movement, destined also to become its field-marshal—joined her with a borrowed typewriter. The Pankhursts, too, migrated to the capital. And, one wonderful day, they found the propertied Pethick

Lawrences, the able barrister and his brilliant and beautiful wife, self-consecrated from girlhood to social service, and oddly bearing the same Christian name as Mrs. Pankhurst. The new Emmeline became the Honorary Treasurer, and from that moment the fledgling Union was feathered and winged and taloned.

Among the more noteworthy of the early recruits were Theresa Billington, a young school-teacher with brains and looks, Mrs. Despard, the septuagenarian sister of General French, not inferior to him in dash and *brio*, and Mrs. Baines, who had been a Salvation Army captain, and was now the wife of a journeyman bootmaker. Gradually, figures like Mrs. Ayrton, the scientist, Miss Ethel Smyth, the composer, Miss Beatrice Harraden, the novelist, began to appear on the same platform with Lady Constance Lytton, the Countess Russell, and Mrs. Walker, the eloquent Poplar laundress. And, gradually, it began to be understood that a suffragette was not necessarily an elderly spectacled female; the type even changed in *Punch* to a pretty girl. But the notion that the suffragette is a neurotic spinster is inexpugnable. It has even survived the discovery that some of the fiercest of the militants are married men—unique exemplars of the fabular chivalry of man.

IV

In 1870 Mrs. Pankhurst's husband had drafted a measure which, under the name of the Women's Disabilities Removal Bill, was introduced into Parliament by John Bright's brother, and passed its second reading by a majority of thirty-three. It is a pity the long-due Reform was not carried in this negative shape, for the cry of "Votes for Women" accentuates the opposition of sex rather than the common citizenship, and whereas the motive power of the

suffrage movement had been woman's consciousness of her own dignity, it is becoming more and more her consciousness of man's indignity. Man has failed to run things decently. There must be "joint housekeeping." Woman must help man to set his house in order. "I, for one," cried Mrs. Pankhurst, "looking round on the sweated and decrepit members of my sex, say that men have had control of these things long enough." In particular, the "social evil" has entered into the suffragette consciousness, the veil of our compromise with polygamy has been lifted, and the sins of the male, assuredly great enough to be safe from exaggeration, have been magnified by taking the abnormal for the average. Woman's place in our matrimonial system was represented much as the West represents her place in the Oriental scheme, or as Mark Twain's Yankee described the Court of King Arthur, with all the facts and little of the truth. If a minute minority forthwith demanded equal immorality with man, its organ, the *Freewoman*, was not destined to exemplify the survival of the unfittest, and by the vast majority the vote is regarded as the great instrument of social purification. It is even to abolish venereal disease. The example of Suffrage countries is cited to show how the age of consent has everywhere been raised, drunkenness abated, and child-life saved. Thus every day that goes by without the vote means the degradation of souls and bodies innumerable, and a very massacre of innocents. Hence this ardor of self-sacrifice, hence the religious exaltation.

Annie Kenney's deed of derring-do came like a trumpet-call to the Millennium. "Here at last is action!" cried Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, and a thousand devotees rushed into it. Heckling became a fine art, and even a joyous; for, despite all the suffering it cost them, they carried it through with such inexhaustible spirit and invention as

to restore a touch of *chic* and bravado to our drab life and add to the gaiety of nations. Miss Pankhurst even managed to badger Cabinet Ministers in the witness-box. Why interjection was invariably answered by ejection, why petitions legitimate to men were punished with sentences deemed sufficient for men's worst assaults on women, is a mystery. But if denunciations of arson leave the Suffragette cold, it is because the vocabulary of vituperation had been exhausted over a phase which now looms to us as sedate as an Impressionist picture in a Futurist exhibition. Parliament actually passed a Bill to protect public meetings from her—a measure which, like every other hatched against her, has been a still-born monstrosity. There was no meeting, however guarded, to which, by hook or crook, organ-pipe or drain-pipe, she did not gain admission, padlocking herself against easy expulsion, while, even were her bodily presence averted, always, like the horns of Elfland faintly blowing, came from some well-placed megaphone that inevitable and implacable slogan, which, chalked on pavements or scrawled on walls or blazoned on sky-signs, became a universal and ubiquitous obsession. Steamers carried it under the terrace of Parliament, or balloons suspended it from above. Cabinet Ministers were dogged to their privatest haunts, for the leakages of information were everywhere. Since Christianity, no such force had arisen to divide families. No household, however Philistine, was safe from a jail-bird. If Lady Anon asked Lady Alamode when her daughter was coming out, it no longer referred to the young lady's *début*. The most obstinate autocrat since Pharaoh, Mr. Asquith has been shown similar signs and wonders. "We are the appointed plagues," said Mrs. Pankhurst, with a rare touch of humor. And nothing has plagued British Society more than that outbreak of religion which brought

disgrace upon so many respectable homes. Incidentally, the prisons and the courts were improved by receiving critics instead of criminals. "We do not care for ourselves," cried Christabel Pankhurst at the London Police Court, "because prison is nothing to us. But the injustice done here to thousands of helpless creatures is too terrible to contemplate." Warders and wardresses, too, profited by the society of their new prisoners. It was like a rise in the social scale to them. Nor was even the Bench immune from education.

"Boyle!" called the magistrate. "*Miss* Boyle," corrected the prisoner. "We always call prisoners by their surnames," explained the magistrate. "We are here to teach you better manners," said the Suffragette.

V

Simultaneously with these constitutional tactics there had gone a political militancy, equally constitutional. "The Liberal Government refuses the vote—turn the Liberal out," was the simple formula, and so at every by-election the W. S. P. U. worked against the Government candidate. He might be an old and tried Suffragist. The Conservative candidate might be an old and scurrilous anti-Suffragist. No matter. The laws of the Medes and Pankhursts do not change.

It was Christabel, LL.B., to whom this policy was due. She had become the political chief of the movement, and her record proves that woman, not man, is the logical animal. Unfortunately, in politics we have to do, not with the logical, but the psychological. The public, exhorted by her to vote for anti-Suffragists and to overthrow Suffragists, became utterly confused. It has not the clarity of brain of a Bachelor of Laws. The demand for Women's Suffrage

was already sufficiently obscure. To pursue *obscurum per obscurius* could only occur to a novice in affairs. To make the public's confusion worse confounded, the rival Suffragists of Mrs. Fawcett's National Union would be imploring it to support the candidate denounced by the Suffragettes. Either policy has its points. Together they were suicidal. Both factions would have done better to pair and leave the constituency.

The electorate thus bemused stolidly followed its own political interests. Indeed, to expect it to give them all up for women was fantastic. In a close election the Suffragettes might hope to turn a few waverers, but even if their exhaustless energies triumphed, their part was obscured, not always wilfully, in the confusion of electoral issues. In the few instances where the issue was more or less isolated, the women's candidate was hopelessly defeated.

Within Parliament as little impression was made as at the polls. Mrs. Fawcett's alliance with the Labor Party, dubious enough at best, was neutralized by the Pankhurst opposition to the Labor Party. The Women's Liberal Federation, the sole instrument that could have brought effective pressure on the Government, was divided. Woman's disunion is man's domination. No Minister would stake his fortunes on Women's Suffrage, and M. P.'s are peculiarly sluggish towards changes in the Franchise, which force them to face a new and uncertain electorate. Such as favored the Reform were more concerned it should benefit their party than womanhood, so that, though the abstract principle has commanded a composite majority since 1886, no possible measure could be framed to satisfy both parties. Is it surprising if the Parliamentary history of Women's Suffrage reads like a fantasia by Boz on the arts of circumlocution and "How not to do it"? Seven times it has passed its second reading. The culminating

comedy when Asquith blundered like a beginner, and the Speaker, by not speaking, misled Parliament and the country, goes beyond anything in Dickens.

Despairing of the force of argument, the Suffragettes turned to the argument of force. They were outside the constitution. Very well, they would be outside the law. A specious logic showed that Reform Bills had only been carried in 1832, in 1867, and in 1884, and that, in every case, they had been preceded by riots. That other riots (*e. g.*, the Chartist) had not been followed by Reform Bills was overlooked. That riots are to the riotous sex was also forgotten. Stones thrown by logic-ridden schoolmistresses are not the true volcanic jet that sobers statesmen. To soften still further the force of the stones, they were thrown, not at Government windows in particular, but at the plate glass of the public in general. The injured shopkeepers would put pressure on the Government—they would rise as one woman to demand Women's Suffrage. So ran the Pankhurst syllogism. But that is not the psychology of "the nation of shopkeepers." There was method in the madness, but the public saw only madness in the method. Yet the Pankhurst logic did not flinch. "How far shall you go?" Mrs. Pankhurst was asked. "Just as far as we are driven," was the question-begging reply. And so acids were poured into letter-boxes or upon golf greens, telegraph lines were cut, fire-engines were called out on false alarms. A grave psychological change took place in Mrs. Pankhurst, and found expression in a public ejaculation. "One thing we thank men for—and that is for teaching us the joy of battle." The woman, who in 1906 had feared that women could not be got to walk through a few streets, did not fear in 1912 to invite them to arson. It is "Black Friday" that marks the turning-point in Suffragette psychology. In November, 1910, a deputation

to the Premier had been so grievously and obscenely handled by the crowd and by the imported East End police—whose conduct the House of Commons steadily refused to investigate—that it was resolved henceforward to inconvenience oneself as little and society as seriously as possible.

VI

That a women's political movement would take different shape from a male movement might have been anticipated. Force would, of course, be banished, the policy would be as shifting as the weathercock, while seduction and cajolery would reduce male diplomacy to a coarse bungling. The exact contrary has been the case. The simplest diplomacy has been banished; even ordinary politeness. "You're a liar," said Mrs. Drummond to Lloyd George, when admitted to a friendly interview. Whereas men would have made the most of Mr. Asquith's little progressions and persuaded him that he was practically arrived—if, indeed, he had not always been there—the women have pushed him violently backwards. Instead of saving his face, they have slapped it. Nor did it profit a Minister to be on their side. He merely added hypocrisy to the crime of his colleagues. The sole method of the campaign has been the frontal attack, and it has been pursued with an unswervingness that has more of natural law than of human elasticity. People have talked of militant tactics. There have been no tactics. There has been only militancy. When Mr. Lloyd George addressed an audience of Liberal women on Women's Suffrage, an invading body of Suffragettes denied him a hearing, though the only *raison d'être* of interruptions was that Ministers were evading the subject. According to the rules of war, urged Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, an enemy taking cover among neutrals

may be pursued there. But "may" is not "must." That your volley may damage your own side more than the enemy, that you make bad blood between fellow-suffragists, that you confuse the country and rob it of Mr. Lloyd George's powerful speech on your behalf—all this is nothing. The law of Minister-baiting is inviolable.

The traveller up the Alpine railway knows how the line zigzags with wrigglings innumerable, how frequently it goes back on itself, passing and repassing the same point, though always on a higher level; how it even disappears for a time in a tunnel. But Christabel Pankhurst will only go straight up her mountain—tunnelling is peculiarly anathema. That would be well enough if she could command the *funiculaire* of military force. But her physical force is even smaller than her political. Both are just sufficient for vivid advertisement, but her challenges in both to the Government approach megalomania. "Seize the mace," she cried in a Suffragette rush on the House, "and you will be the Cromwells of the twentieth century." She overlooked Cromwell's musketeers. Even Joan of Arc had the army of France behind her, not her fellow-maidens. At the head of a party in the House, Miss Pankhurst would have rivalled Parnell; with the Labor Party she could do infinitely more than Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. For the combinations of Parliamentary atoms she has a wonderful *flair*. But what is the use of divining the enemy's movements when all you can do is to commit *hari-kari* on his doorstep? Since the Children's Crusade of 1212, there has been no such blend of the ridiculous and the sublime as the war against England declared by logic-ridden ladies. Their attempts to intimidate the nation have the pathetic futility of Don Quixote's tiltings. A nation, especially ours, takes a good deal of terrorizing. The fire-insurance societies soon accommodate them-

selves to the new risk. It is only because there has been no war on British soil for over a century that Britons have been so startled by burnings and harryings ineffably trivial, compared with real war-horrors. But John Bull has not called for Women's Suffrage: on the contrary, the sleeping dogs of hooliganism have been aroused. The dread of riots undoubtedly keyed up the debates in the House to an intensity unknown during the forty years of Parliamentary flirtation with the Woman Question. But the House did not surrender.

The real damage inflicted by Miss Pankhurst is not physical. In Mrs. Gaskell's great novel, *North and South*, Margaret Hale, turning upon the mill-owner who has dared to propose to her because she rescued him from his strikers, cries out: "Any woman worthy the name of woman would come forward to shield with her reverenced helplessness a man in danger from the violence of numbers." "Reverenced helplessness!" That is no small asset in the turmoil of life, however imperfect the ideal. The destruction of this asset, as well as of the asset of respect for law and order, for statesmen and magistrates, is a grievous wound to the State:

> "We do it wrong, being so majestical
> To offer it the show of violence."

Says Imlac in *Rasselas*, "Man cannot so far know the connection of causes and events as that he may venture to do wrong in order to do right. When we pursue our end by lawful means, we may always console our miscarriage by the hope of future recompense. When we consult only our own policy and attempt to find a nearer way to good by overleaping the settled boundaries of right and wrong, we cannot be happy even by success, because we cannot escape the consciousness of our fault; but if

we miscarry, the disappointment is irretrievably embittered."

Militancy may not have put back the clock of suffrage, but it has put back the clock of civilization.

But, if anything could excuse the militants, it is the taunt of a Cabinet Minister that he saw no such ebullition of popular feeling as had burnt down Nottingham Castle. Mr. Hobhouse was perfectly correct. But how inconceivable of a Liberal statesman to weigh a cause by its violence! "From the moment Mr. Hobhouse's speech was delivered," Mrs. Pethick Lawrence told the jury this June, "women began to feel that self-sacrifice was futile, that nothing could touch the hearts or conscience of legislators but . . . damage to property."

VII

Miss Christabel Pankhurst has taken her motto from Blake:

> "If the sun and moon should doubt,
> They'd immediately go out."

She combines the spiritual assurance and practical genius of a St. Catherine of Siena with the determination of a hustler and the logic of a Bachelor of Laws. There is, perhaps, something of Manchester in her machine-like rigidity. But it gives her the invaluable quality of decision. And never was this quality exhibited more finely than in her handling (from her Paris exile) of the problem of bringing out the *Suffragette* when printer after printer was warned off by the Government. Her refusal to let the Labor Party print it was a master-stroke.

Inferior to her mother as an orator, despite her vivacity and charm, and only occasionally touching the same high

note of religious simplicity, she seems to have carried away the graver and greater figure by her cocksureness. It is the young generation kicking at the door. "When should the Government give us the vote?" "To-day!" That is the note of Christabel. That the Government would risk an internal crisis that might overthrow the still unstable results of many sessions, that the Irish and Labor Parties are only pursuing the same single-eyed system as herself, does not diminish her resentment at not being served first. There is nothing she despises so much as the M. P., she has told us, nor is Parliament a career she would ever contemplate. That sounds like a touch of masculine inconsequence, the one breach in the relentlessness of the female logic.

In the internal conduct of the W. S. P. U., this relentlessness has been as marked as in the external. With the transition to militancy went also a transition to military law, and the organization ceased to elect its officers. Autocracy was found the best means of promoting democracy. Of the original pioneers of the movement, only the working women have remained with the Pankhursts. Mrs. Despard founded the Freedom League, Miss Billington has become a critic. And not only were women sacrificed the moment their opinion ran counter to Christabel's, even the greatest friends in the House of Commons went unheeded, though it might have been thought they understood the machine better. Nay, even the two Emmelines were parted on the policy of arson.

The Pethick Lawrences had been travelling in Canada, had seen fresh horizons, and, removed from the Pankhurst hypnosis, had readjusted their perspective. The split occurred at an unfortunate moment for Mrs. Pankhurst, when the cause was already overclouded, and the return of the Pethick Lawrences was the one patch of blue, and a

mighty audience waited in the Albert Hall to welcome them home. It was only a few minutes before the meeting that sinister rumors began to circulate—the color seemed to go out of the emblazoned banners. It was Mrs. Pankhurst's formidable task to explain that she had ruthlessly shed the beloved Treasurer, that the very organ of the movement, *Votes for Women*, would be replaced by a raw new paper. The little woman stood alone on the platform, bereft even of Christabel. Never had she shown such greatness. A few simple sentences, crystalline in sound as in form, and the vast audience was hers again. In a few weeks the *Suffragette* had cut out the Pethick Lawrence paper as the official organ. But never a word of recrimination has come from either side. Neither party has spoken of the other except in terms of regard. It is an episode for which you will find no parallel in male factions.

VIII

Hari-kari, the one resource of the Suffragettes, turns out to be their strongest weapon. Englishmen are not so brutish that they can bear the sight of martyred innocence. The heroic suicide of a lady of wealth and station on the public doorstep of the Derby is worth a wilderness of fires, and the cross that was borne before her body at the great funeral was a more victorious symbol than the hammer. Militancy is only successful in so far as it brings suffering to the militants. If this were a real war, could one say the greater their casualties the nearer their triumph? In war you menace the enemy with death. Mrs. Pankhurst is menacing the enemy with her own death. Even if we allow the Government merely the wisdom of knowing that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, the fact that she is not allowed to die, even though Ministers

are at their wits' ends to keep her and the law alive together, is a comforting reassurance of human progress. Four years ago Mrs. Pankhurst said in the dock: "Our words have always been—be patient, exercise self-restraint, show our so-called superiors that the criticism of women being hysterical is not true, use no violence, offer yourselves to the violence of others." Militancy was born out of despair of constitutionalism: out of despair of militancy, Mrs. Pankhurst has come back to the teaching of " Corinthians." Crime is now merely a cover for her hunger-strike. Her utter selflessness, the unbreakable energy of that frail body under the Cat-and-Mouse Bill (aptly compared to the Iron Maiden of the Middle Ages, whose iron spikes slowly squeezed out the life of the victim,—the noble eloquence which moved the prosecuting Attorney-General, Sir Rufus Isaacs, to tears—these are beginning to tell even on the clergy, always the last to recognize religion in its contemporary vesture. Even bishops have demanded the death of the Cat-and-Mouse Bill, that bungle of benevolence and barbarism devised in a panic to save the forms of Law, and carried finally through the House of Lords—whose function, according to Asquith, is to "impose delay" —in sixty seconds. But the Bill has been killed without prayers in aid. The prisoners have torn up their licenses or sold them by auction—Mrs. Pankhurst's fetched a hundred pounds. Some have escaped, some have refused to quit the cell. Mrs. Pankhurst—a convict under three years' hard labor—left England, like her fellow-politicians, when the House rose: to recuperate for a lecture campaign in America. The suppressed *Suffragette* has a larger circulation than ever. The officials of the W. S. P. U., so recently condemned to long terms of durance, are at their desks in Kingsway, calmly pursuing the "criminal" routine of the office. "There is no coercive measure within the

imagination of either men or devils," writes the *Suffragette*, "that the women of this Union cannot withstand, if not living, then dead." Yes, the Government lies paralyzed and humiliated.

It is magnificent, but it is not the vote.

IX

Podsnaps, posing as open-minded, prattle that women ought to have the vote—excepting the Suffragettes, who have clearly shown themselves unfitted. The contrary is the more rational course. Every militant has earned a hundred votes. The weakness of the argument from martyrdom lies precisely in its irrelevance to the other women, the stodgy indifferentists or the angry Antis. But to impose freedom on those who would rather be slaves, like to impose insurance on those who would rather be feckless, is the task of Liberal statesmanship. To repudiate the task, to deny freedom even to those who demand it, is the negation of Liberalism. That some Conservatives, too, favor Female Suffrage only shows how overdue it is. Even the Anti-Suffrage Society of Mrs. Humphry Ward demands municipal office for women. The vast transformations already effected in women's social, economic, and educational status call, in fact, for a correlative political revolution. To imagine it is "Votes for Women" that menaces the old order is to take the branch for the root. There is no anti-Suffragist M. P.—the Prime Minister not excluded—whose wife or daughter does not spout from political platforms. Not even Christabel Pankhurst is a keener politician than Mrs. Humphry Ward.

The errors of political novices adventuring in unmapped territory, but offering their life for their cause, will seem small to posterity in comparison with the Liberal Leaders'

sin against Liberalism. That the protagonist of the people, the historic overthrower of the Lords, should be the evil genius of the woman's movement, is a tragic paradox. Mr. Asquith is a statesman of grave and lofty conceptions and otherwise unblemished honesty, but his latest pose that there is little to be said on one side or the other is more amazing than his ancient antagonism. That was self-stultifying, but dignified; this is unpardonable frivolity. A recent cartoon in the *Suffragette* represents Justice as saying to him: "Why not give them the vote, and release me from tasks that are an outrage on my name?" And Mr. Asquith replies: "Now, enough of that, my woman, I've suspected all along you were on their side." If he did not suspect it all along, he suspects it now. And the public at large suspects it, and is more ready to receive Women's Suffrage than many a project which politicians palm off upon it. That Women's Suffrage will pass over the body of Mr. Asquith is one of the few certainties of the near future.

PROLOGUE FOR A WOMEN'S THEATRE

[Spoken by Miss Fay Davis at the Actresses' Franchise League Matinée on Friday, October 27, 1911, Lyceum Theater]

Before the sunrise there must come the gray,
So bear with *me*—the prologue to the play.
Not mere diversion is our true intent.
To whisper it—on politics we're bent.
While preachers rarely to performance reach,
We at one blow shall both perform and preach.
You dreamed us dummies to fit dresses on,
To prop heroic mask of Amazon,
Princess or queen, ourselves but tailors' blocks,
Or if with thoughts, then merely orthodox.
Not so; behind our mask we keep our soul,
Nor take our mimic world for the great whole.
All noble causes tax our pence and prayers.
Are all the men and women merely players,
As Shakespeare said? Then players in their turn
Are men and women who aspire and yearn.
And is it true that all the world's a stage?
Then we would act on that and on the age.
And so we covet parts in that great play,
For which the whole world is a stage to-day:
That drama with a purpose finely human,
To raise man higher by uplifting woman.
We too demand by love and sacrifice
To pay our quota of the grievous price
Blind man exacts for setting woman free:
Labors and pains no less than gold the fee,
The scoff, the blow, the prison—worst of all,
The bitter need like men to bawl and brawl.
And wherefore, prithee, all this monstrous ransom?
How is she not man's equal, save more handsome?

In Shakespeare's day, if Clio's voice be truth's,
His heroines were played by beardless youths.
Just fancy Rosalind a real male,
Quaffing between the acts her stoup of ale,
Or Perdita concealing manly art,
Or Desdemona shaving for the part.
Imagine some mere man for Ellen Terry—
You might as well replace champagne by sherry.
We've won equality upon the boards,
But on the world-stage men are still the lords,
Making sad mischief with their stupid swords.
The time is out of joint—let's set it right
Not whine and wail with Hamlet 'cursèd spite.'
That cry was merely masculine hysteria,
For real statesmanship you need Egeria.
But Hamlet was so hard soliloquizing,
He had no ear for feminine advising.
Ah, if instead of suicide-suggestion,
To vote or not to vote had been the question,
Ophelia had met with mocking flout,
Hamlet's male insolence of sneer and doubt.
Nunnery forsooth! When she at Hamlet's fat form
Could thunder suffrage from the castle-platform!
'The time is out of joint?' Then what's the cure?
Joint work of men and women to be sure:
Joint work to foster every noble growth,
Joint work to make a better world for both.
Refuse us this, let false friends trick the nation
To burke the Bill that brings Conciliation.
Then have at you, my lords, on with the fray.
How long, Oh lords? Till woman has her way.

THE WAR AND THE WOMEN

"O Woman, in our hours of peace,
At war with Parliament and Police,
When Man it is that starts the row,
The best munition-maker thou."

I. Woman as Worker

It cannot be a mere coincidence that the war was made in Germany, the Male State in excelsis, where woman, in the Kaiser's favorite saying, must stick to her three K's—Kitchen, Kids, and Kirk, we may perhaps render it.[1] Not for her the glories of the Turnverein, the beatitude of the beer-hall, or the gospel of slashing the other cheek; not even the equality of the University. It is her lord alone that makes her the Mrs. Doctor or the Mrs. Professor.

That to this status of the German woman, Armageddon may be due, is no fantastic speculation. For it is only by sheer absence of humor that Germany's brain could have tumefied with the notion of a Teutonic mission to mankind—by submarine and poison-gas—and absence of humor is directly traced by Meredith to contempt for the woman.

"If the German men," he observed in his *Essay on Comedy*, "would consent to talk on equal terms with their women, and to listen to them, Comedy, or in any form, the Comic spirit will come to them." That is to say, women's corrective criticism would have brought proportion, and proportion is the mother of humor. But they have

[1] It seems an ironic nemesis that the *moral* of Germany should now be undermined by the disaffection of all these Kitchen-women, wailing for butter!

not listened to their women, and so (as by the bad fairy's gift at a christening) all the other delightful gifts of the race, all the music, science and philosophy, are spoiled. In place of humor—the dancing smile in the eyes of wisdom—the Teuton has only the grin of the gargoyle. "His irony," says Meredith, "is a missile of terrific tonnage; sarcasm he emits like a blast from the dragon's mouth. He must and will be Titan."

If, then, his insolent isolation from feminine influence is the deepest cause of his swashbuckling temper, it follows that the position of women is not a factor of history to be lightly disregarded, nor one that fails to wreak its effects because historians and politicians neglect to take it into account.

Electricians divide bodies by the resistance they offer to the passage of the electric current as calculated in "ohms." Humanity may be divided into classes by the resistance they offer to new ideas. The Americans, for example, have a small ohmage, the English a high. Judged by the evolution of their women, old countries like Sweden and Finland are less resistant than even the New World. In England woman has not moved a step in any direction without a hue and cry. Tragical is the story of the first medical pioneers, and equality with the man physican is even yet not won, though every new female doctor is now hailed as a godsend by the male millions engaged night and day in making work for her.[1] The "lost volts" is the pathetic name for the units of electric pressure wasted through resistance. What a ghastly waste of human force this British bulldoggedness is answerable for!

[1] There was (according to the *Times*) a very large increase in 1915 of medical and dental students. An enormous amount of work has been done under Government control by women in laboratories in the making of synthetic drugs and anti-toxins. They have also made airplanes and even worked out the difficult mathematical problems arising out of specifications.

But sometimes in every country this ohmage of obstinacy is overwhelmed by sudden forces. Social evolution, which proceeds usually like the snail, proceeds at these moments like the kangaroo—"by leaps and bounds"—just as geological changes, which in normal times are imperceptibly slow, are sometimes cataclysmic. Such a volcanic upheaval has the war brought to women. In this transformation of the social landscape, the suffrage question has become a relatively insignificant landmark.

The cause of woman's sudden rise in status is the discovery that, like the horse, she is not merely a domestic beast of burden, but may also be useful for war. In a passive sense, the discovery was not new. Did not Sir Walter Scott announce it in his famous apostrophe to "Woman in our hours of ease?" Did not Victor Hugo glorify the Frenchwomen in the siege of Paris, who "gave to despairing combatants the encouragement of their smile, who refused, even before hunger, even before death, the surrender of their city?" But Patience smiling at grief, though it may be set on a monument, wins little real regard in the "man-made" world. Not even the active business services universally rendered in France by Frenchwomen could rescue them from the insignificance attaching to a sex that merely creates and does not destroy. And in England, though Florence Nightingale practically saved our Crimean Army, she was impotent to help the army of women pushing into the arena at home. Besides, war had not for centuries really come home to the British breast. In the great Napoleonic days, when Jane Austen was writing her quiet country-house comedies with never a word of the events that were shaking mankind, war was for England a foreign adventure, restricted mainly to two social classes, the cream of the cream and the dregs of the gutter.

Your military acquaintance—your gay ensigns and crusty

colonels—went off to the wars much as an expedition now goes off to the Antarctic.

If you were a Society lady or a Becky Sharp you could follow Wellington to Flanders and dance in the great Brussels ball that Waterloo broke up. At the first booming of the cannon you fled, or stayed to pray for the fighters. It was all very interesting and picturesque, but except on the black days, eloquently described in *Vanity Fair*, when casualty lists were coming in, it did not actually touch the rooted population. If this was so with the average male civilian, how much more with the female! But now it appears that the civilian cannot be left out of the business, and that the female may be as destructive as the male. Women—even ladies of quality—can actually make shells, nay, according to Mr. Asquith who saw thousands of whilom dressmakers, milliners and parlor-maids at their fell work, they can make them "perhaps a little better" than men—an opinion expressed with still more enthusiasm by that Special Correspondent of the *Times* who saw "a girl doing a particular operation on a lathe which had been previously worked by a skilled man." She was doing, he records, 150 per shift to the man's 30! [1] And this revelation led our Arch

[1] "The women who have taken the place of men in various trades are doing amazingly good work. It is estimated that the number of women substituted for men in the metal trade is 77,000, in the leather trades 14,000, and in miscellaneous trades 274,000. Besides these many are in Government employment, an increasingly large body are in commercial houses, and a great number are employed in the dilution of labor and on agricultural work. . . . And they are doing many other kinds of work requiring the employment of machinery and calling for great skill." (Mr. Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, interview with Associated Press, New York, March 20, 1916.)

The Ministry of Munitions has published a lavishly illustrated volume, showing the women munitioneers in their many new rôles as engineers, shell makers, forewomen, etc., with a preface by Mr. Lloyd George, who says in brief "The women are splendid."

"The General Manager of the Midland Railway, after a series of exacting

Anti-Suffragist, Mr. Asquith, to the surmise that possibly women could do many other unexpected things. A Daniel come to judgment, indeed! It is true there were—long before the war—seven million women, "gainfully occupied," but the State had never yet observed them, nor ever considered their employment or unemployment a factor in social phenomena. To-day every eye is upon Venus rising—as in Botticelli's picture—on her shell. The State includes women in the National Register. The *Times* devotes to their services a chapter of its *History of the War*. The War Office publishes the names of dead nurses in the casualty lists.

And not only does woman feed the fighting line directly as munition maker, horse trainer and general provider, and tend it as nurse, doctor and ambulance bearer, it has been discovered that in every direction she can relieve man and release him for the front. In the antediluvian age before the war, any feminine encroachment upon the male preserve would have been met—as the workmen in the Brieux play, *La Femme Seule*, met their women competitors—with the male fist. And if the new function involved changes of vesture or appearance, then the small boy, whom I have elsewhere saluted as "the scavenger of manners," would have made life unbearable for the innovatress until she had worn him out by multiplication. But to-day? Why, the mere pictures in *The Times' History of the War* reveal women (in appropriate costumes) as police patrols, telegraph messengers, postwomen, ploughwomen, sheep shearers, page-girls, motorists, van drivers, commission-

working tests, has confessed that the efficiency of women has been a revelation to him. . . .

"In one case *two women*, each working only three hours overtime per week, are doing a certain job, necessary to keep a shop supplied with material, *which it formerly took four men, working in night and day shifts, to accomplish.*" (*World's Work*, March, 1916.)

aires, railway booking clerks, ticket and luggage porters, omnibus and tram conductresses, bill-posters, butchers and bargees! One hears, too, of female grooms, lamplighters, vets., cattle-drovers, scavengers (in new overalls), commercial travellers, and chartered accountants. There is even—O tempora, O mores—a games-mistress in a boys' school! The very Government offices—immemorial abodes of the barnacle—have women clerks and lift attendants. What wonder if there move through our streets without ragamuffin rebuke the khaki-clad warriors of the Women's Volunteer Reserve! Some Scotch substitutes for men have even donned the breeks.

But in addition to the many ways in which woman is actually seen stoking the furnaces of war, there is a growing recognition that even the woman at home is playing her part in the war. That men must fight and women must weep was long the stock argument of the anti-suffragists—for who would give a vote to tears? In vain we suffragists tried to make them understand that the fighting part of a nation was only the white-crested wave that throws itself furiously on the shore—behind it was the whole ocean of national energy. In vain we pointed out that a nation was, after all, only a collection of homes, and that it was from these homes that all the national strength issued, were it but in the shape of "man that is born of woman" or resources born of both.

To-day press megaphones and flamboyant posters have proclaimed this truth to the dullest. Every hoarding has shown us the munition maker hand in hand with the soldier; warriors both. The War Loan carried on the tale. "Do you want to save our sailors' and soldiers' lives?" women, no less than men, were asked in great Governmental advertisements. "Do you want to bring the war to an end?" "You can make your money fight for you." "If you can-

not use the sword for your country, you can use your pen by filling up this form." One of the latest and most decorative of these posters, though bristling with cannon and bayonets, is headed simply, "Appeal to Women." The silver bullet, in short, can be sped by a woman's hand, and the sinews of war are sexless.[1]

With half a million German women making war-material from the very outbreak of war, with the domesticated Frau producing forty per cent of the explosives and fifty per cent of the equipment, not to mention her replacing railway, tramway and motor men, with, in fact, over two million of her torn from the kitchen into industrial life, it could hardly escape attention even in Germany that the three K's had been transcended, and that the great male K (Krieg or Khaki) was not so outside the female province as that arrant K, the Kaiser, had imagined.[2]

[1] My wise Englishwoman, in sending me an appeal she had received from the Treasury, headed "Self-Interest and Patriotism" writes: "The German Government has no monopoly of vulgarity. Could you not make some protest? I love a battle cry, 'St. George for merry England,' 'God and the right,' even the shout of the Dundee contingent in their charge 'Marmalade for ever' warms my heart, for I know what they meant; but what is the meaning of 'Self-interest and patriotism'—it is worse than 'God and Mammon!' for it is really 'Mammon and God,' which is even inferior in its lilt.

"What has struck me most painfully since the beginning of the war has been the lack of imagination in the rich, who rule the modern world. Instead of inspiring the rest of us with noble example, they repress us both by precept (and such a precept) and example. What even is the good of their boasted sacrifice of their sons, when they will not sacrifice their dividends? Englishmen need no example of courage from their social superiors; the miners and the stokers and the countless unknown heroes, who have been always about us in our everyday lives are brave by nature, but our generous race is still childish in its attitude towards wealth, though the mass of us are not so vulgar as 'the Treasury.' May not the working class refusal to take up the war loan be a spiritual perception of the dangers of investments?"

[2] "Before the war the German women, with all their incontestable excellence, always appeared to me somewhat ridiculous in the way they 'looked up' to every member of the stronger sex, even the most insignificant. Now they have an air of fearlessness and of conscious self-control. They give

As the *Frankfurter Zeitung* confessed with characteristic German thoroughness, "Many of us have in these months felt it to be a defect that in Germany the State, with its system of universal service, embraces only the men, and then only in so far as they are capable of bearing arms. This system was decided upon at a time when wars were conducted with weapons only, and it no longer fits the present state of things, in which everything, gold and food, industrial products and science, is a means of carrying on war, and in which the war itself consists to a great extent of scientific and economic labor."

War consists to a great extent of scientific and economic labor! So at last man has discovered mid-day at twelve o'clock! "Every pit is a trench, every workshop a rampart," cries Lloyd George, vividly lamenting the legions of miners and munition-makers a short-sighted policy had lured to Flanders. Armageddon may even, it appears, finally hinge on the manufacture of machine-tools. With war thus got beyond the tomahawk stage, the poor squaw can now as little be excluded from the tug of it as she ever was from the misery and murderousness of it. Indeed, according to the *Times* correspondent, "the full utilization of the resources already in sight depends on female labor." Battles are won in the factory as well as the field, and in the cornfield no less than the field of war. They were always won in the kitchen and the nursery.[1]

an impression of having realized what they now have to perform, of their new position in a community where in so many directions they are taking the place of men."—(A Swedish Correspondent, *Times*, March 22, 1916.)

The digging of earth for the "Underground" beneath the Friedrichstrasse in Berlin was entirely transferred to women who worked day and night.

[1] It is a thousand pities that the national housekeeping was not done by one of the sex that has always had to squeeze and manage. We should have escaped the enormous waste of the war, the mines of buried bully-beef, etc. When a woman cook was tried on Salisbury Plain, she saved thousands of

But it is characteristic of the titanic, humorless Teuton that, having at last discovered the importance of the other sex, he proceeds to glorify, not woman, but the German woman—notoriously the least attractive type in Europe. This creature is, according to the Berlin *Post*, to rear a race of demi-gods and take "her predestined place on the throne as queen over all her sisters, the adored from afar by the men of all classes, the mate of the Germans only."

The game of "Cherchez la Femme" has so long distorted the French vision that France cannot even now find her as quickly as Germany has done. For Germany had only to open its eyes to see: whereas the long practice of the leer had given France a permanent squint.

In the German railways, tramways and shops a systematic substitution of women for men began simultaneously with the mobilization of the army, in France the substituted reserve was, as far as possible, drawn from males too old or too young for war; and, although women did largely replace men, it was mainly as a family affair. Mothers, sisters, daughters, wives, stepped into the breach less as women than as relatives. This was natural enough on the land where the women have absolutely replaced the men, even to the hardest ploughing. But the same system has prevailed outside the home. The Paris "Underground" set the example—which was largely followed—of inviting the women of the family to occupy the places of their menkind and keep them warm till their return. Even when, alas! they are not to return the principle is recognized. The Government has chosen the relatives of fallen soldiers to work in the base establishments of the French Army. And in philanthropy, no less than in industry, woman has not asserted herself as an independent sex, with separate or-

pounds, not to mention the better and more varied dietary. Army cooks are now fast becoming female.

ganizations. Thus in France woman is still not "on her own." Nevertheless, since many of the males, alas! will never come back to their posts, some of this new labor must inevitably escape dislodgment at the end of the war. Not by thus evading the labor problem of women can France circumvent it.

In the higher circles of French femininity there is even less change. The Germans may capture French provinces, they cannot shake the fortress of French convention. War-charity among the grandes dames, if on a magnified scale, moves in the old social grooves and cliques, and is run with the same fashionable Catholic machinery. Nor has the jeune fille bien élevée been free to choose her own "good work," though, like a lay nun, she has been given plenty. But the mondaine has not abandoned her frivolity, nor has the war—after the first panic and in despite of the billowing crape in the streets—succeeded in spoiling the appearance of the Parisienne. Paris still rules the fashions as Britannia the waves.

Italy falls even below France in the handling of the woman question. At the outset of the war woman-conductors were hooted off the trams. Decidedly the Latin races have a larger ohmage than the Saxon.

II. Woman as Fighter

"Babe Christabel was royally born."—Gerald Massey.

And all this new activity and all this reinterpretation and recognition of old activity takes place in the fierce light that beats upon a boom. Had not the female suffrage question been set in violent motion by the Pankhursts, it is possible that the object lessons of the war would not have been reaped for the benefit of the cause. Even a partisan of the feminine vote like Mr. Lloyd George must

find fresh food for sympathy as he rides in his motor-car under the skilled steerswomanship of his chauffeuse, Miss Caroline Marsh, the celebrated hunger-striker. And nothing has more contributed to the sinking in of these morals than the wise and patriotic action of the Pankhursts in suspending their militancy, whose relative innocuousness was, moreover, suddenly revealed by the bonfires of the man-made hell. The *Suffragette*, still doggedly declaring that there was no way of winning the vote save by fighting, and that in the impossibility of fighting, it was useless going on, suspended publication. The other suffrage parties which had not placed their trust in their fighting power, found no such difficulty in continuing their organs, even though their activities were mainly transferred to relief work and military service of every kind, for which their existing organization of women provided a ready-made machinery. The National League for Opposing Woman Suffrage pursued similarly the path of beneficence, so that the suffrage movement may be congratulated on having called into existence this valuable federation of female activities. The anti-suffragist women had always occupied a Gilbertian platform in emphasizing from it that woman's place was the home, and the paradox was not diminished by the attempt to eke out its negations by a demand for the municipal franchise. For it is obvious that the female anti-suffragist, like Aristotle's sceptic, cannot stir a finger without self-contradiction. The crowning irony was her enlistment in the khaki-clad ranks of the Volunteer Training Corps and the National Reserve. No wonder she made a point of "eschewing advertisement" and with "patriotic abnegation" silently absorbing herself in other female bodies. A militant anti-suffragist might have touched even Mrs. Humphry Ward's sense of humor.

There was once a social state composed of families, each

unit circling round and represented by the male breadwinner. He went out into the hurly-burly; the woman remained the delicate flower of the home. It was a conception not without its beauty. For this it is now sought to substitute families with a dual center, and equal rights in the hurly-burly for both sexes. It is a conception not without its ugliness. But the striving for it is not a mere play of the brain. The female flowers have been already flung out of the home; millions of Englishwomen even before the war had been driven into factories, shops and offices.[1] The anti-suffragists did not attempt to drive back this labor into the security and sanctity of the home, and the attempt to secure for it the same political status as male labor they combated. Placed between two worlds, they made the worst of both.

Their arch-antagonist, Miss Christabel Pankhurst, as soon as war broke out, abandoned her place of exile in France to tour in the States as a champion of England, and rendered valuable service in that hot-bed of pro-Germanism by her oratorical and dialectical powers; her repartee, sharpened by years of practice against the Briton, galling now the German-American. Possibly there was in this campaign of hers some of the remorse and zeal of the convert. Possibly she felt she owed reparation to England for being one of the factors that had inclined the Kaiser to war by causing him to miscalculate the internal schisms of England. At any rate the tyranny and truculence of which she had for years accused the British Government became now the peculiar property of Prussia, while England loomed as Liberty's one homestead and safeguard. On

[1] According to an investigation by the Fabian Women's Group, reported on by Ellen Smith, slightly over 51 per cent of these women workers maintain nearly thrice their own number of other persons (more than seven to every four), thus playing the part of the breadwinner popularly limited to the male.

her return from this penitential pilgrimage she abounded even more in this sense. The *Suffragette* was revived. But the re-born offspring was no longer the legitimate organ of the movement. It should rather have been called the "War Baby," so unmistakably was it a child of military passion. (It is significant that the care of the war babies is precisely the task selected by the Pankhursts from all the philanthropic possibilities.) Not one of the Press demagogues who daily or weekly whip up the beast in man, not one of the militarists who are out to crush militarism, could vie with Christabel Pankhurst in her impassioned torrents of Jingoese. The worst extravagances of our Junker journalists were outdone. I know no male fire-eater who has set forth so drastic a programme as this "female of the species."

"Institute compulsory national service, military and industrial. Tighten the blockade so that Germany shall not receive a single thing helpful to them in the prosecution of the war. Purify the official organization of the country of naturalized Germans and of Germans born in England but of German blood. Purify it, too, of any of British blood who may be pro-German or half-hearted in the prosecution of the war." Even "true-born Englishmen," you see, less bellicose than the majority, are to be kicked out of England! And it is only the other day that the papers were discussing what island could serve as the St. Helena of the suffragettes.

Of course, this root-and-branch rodomontade is only another illustration of her head-long extremism, of her crude conception of statesmanship as militancy, and of tactics as invariably frontal and furious. The climax of this raging, tearing campaign was reached when among the men "half-hearted in the prosecution of the war" were suddenly included Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey. A "Great

Patriotic Meeting," called at the Albert Hall, was revealed at the eleventh hour as designed to hurl them from power—a revelation which explained why the *Times* had been daily devoting to the mere preliminary booming of the meeting ten times the space it had accorded to the most important and sensational suffrage gatherings at this same hall. The manœuvre was circumvented through the immediate refusal of the hall by its proprietors.[1]

Infinitely more popular have been the furious rushes directed by the Pankhursts against the Union of Democratic Control, a body constituted of the very men who first risked their reputation on behalf of her derided movement. Not that they had not already been castigated the moment they had disagreed with her tactics. But she might have remembered that the Union was the first political body to announce that by "Democratic Control" it meant a joint government of men and women, and that its object was to sweep away the secret diplomacy and veiled autocracy that nullify the male vote, and will make the female vote, when it is obtained, equally ineffective in the vast issues of peace and war. These issues mould our lives far more than the questions we are permitted to vote upon, and to bring them equally under the sphere of the vote must be the desire of every suffragist. But then there never was a person more essentially anti-suffragist than Christabel Pankhurst. Nobody has ever been allowed a vote in the affairs of her union. She is simply a dictator, born out of her due sex and time. It happened that the state of society afforded no scope for her natural driving power, and so she was reduced to the leadership of women. But her constant obsession with the image of Joan of Arc

[1] Lord Willoughby de Broke was to have been the chief speaker. A circular, now before me, signed by Mrs. Pankhurst, says "the Prime Minister and Sir Edward Grey are unfit for their positions."

shows—as the psycho-analyst would say—that all along she has sub-consciously hankered to lead men. For Joan of Arc did not win the battles of France with an army of Amazons. Now, spurring and cheering on the army of men, bidding them roll their enemies in the dust, Miss Pankhurst is at last in her true element. And the word "Purge, purge," which she ingeminates, recalls her other ambition to be Cromwell—the Cromwell of "Pride's Purge" and "Take away that bauble." She actually calls for a Cromwell to purge a certain London club of its "pro-Germans." And her following has changed with her programme. Of the Women's Social and Political Union, practically only the name remains, and of the *Suffragette* not even the name, for it has recently become *Britannia* who has only in common with the *Suffragette* that she is a female. Even *Britannia* now stands suppressed for super-patriotic scandal-mongering. No wonder the protestants of the union call for balance and balance-sheets, in the fear that the Pankhursts are giving up to England what was meant for the suffragist war-chest.[1]

But with the larger public, of course—apart from the Albert Hall mistake, and even that had its votaries and coteries—the new Pankhurst programme is immensely popular. Philistine M. P.'s have supported their meetings, bishops blessed their propaganda, noble lords prosed on their platform, genteel ladies walked in their processions—processions actually paid for by the Minister of Munitions,

[1] A manifesto adopted at a meeting on November 29, 1915, complains that the W. S. P. U. was virtually disbanded and there had been no balance-sheet since Spring, 1914. "My mother and I intend to remain," was Miss Pankhurst's reply. "By the constitution we cannot resign." The protestants now publish a monthly paper of their own called *The Suffragette News Sheet*. Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, who has entirely broken away from her mother and sister, has a formula of her own, "Human Suffrage," and a paper of her own called *The Woman's Dreadnought*, a bold pacifist labor and anti-Imperialistic organ, the exact antithesis of *Britannia*.

their whilom *bête noire*, Mr. Lloyd George—to demand the free and equal right to make explosives, and the papers have photographed and puffed them. Reported at last and at length by the great organs that had boycotted her, acclaimed by the great mobs that had clamored to duck her, Christabel Pankhurst, in the new-born *Suffragette*, cried in capital letters with a lack of humor that touched the sublime:

"Trust the People and Defy the Cranks"

It is a tragic circle in human affairs that the ex-martyr becomes the parvenu persecutor. But this assimilation of the Pankhursts to the mob is an asset to their cause proper. The masses, taught thus to find in woman so potent a reinforcement of their prejudices, will come to recognize how stupid was the anti-suffrage policy which deprived them of so valuable an ally. It was always the fatal mistake of Miss Pankhurst to overlook that woman's suffrage was essentially a man's question, that in man's hands lay the ultimate power of granting or withholding it, and that only by pleasing men could women—in the last analysis—achieve their emancipation. Now that by a happy accident the Pankhursts' platform coincides with that of the man in the street, now that the Pankhursts are able to "feed the brute" with his own gross diet, they stand far nearer his heart and their goal. Not to fight man but to second and sponge him in his own fight is the road to female suffrage. The palm denied to the Christian martyr will be won by the recruiting sergeant.

The tragedy of this degeneration lies not in the character of Christabel Pankhurst—which is unchanged and unchangeable—but in the character of Mrs. Pankhurst, possessed by the daimon of her daughter. It is impossible to

read the earlier speeches of Mrs. Pankhurst without seeing that in her the age had produced one of those rare spirits who come to interpret and incarnate the great saying of St. Paul to the Corinthians: "Hopeth all things, suffereth all things, believeth all things." The first Mrs. Pankhurst knew that the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth no violence and is not taken by assault, and her victory, had it come then, would have been a victory for "female" suffrage, for the contribution of gentleness and social reform which woman has to bring to politics. Her victory, when it comes now, will be only a victory for a swashbuckling suffrage, apparelled at all points like a man.

III. Woman as Peacemaker

"Soyez la paix vivante au milieu de la guerre,—l'Antigone éternelle qui se refuse à la haine et qui, lorsqu'ils souffrent, ne sait plus distinguer entre ses frères ennemis."—Romain Rolland.

Happily, other women have appeared, not so content as the Pankhursts "to play the sedulous ape" to man, or to be dominated by his outlook. The women who met at The Hague in an international congress that embraced both English women and German women, had anticipated Romain Rolland's appeal to women to cease to be "men's shadows." "The women who do not fight have no right to goad on the fight," said the distinguished French women who addressed a greeting to the congress. And they laid down "the fundamental principle of feminism" as "the wish to create, while destroying war, a better and juster humanity." Just because they had no political voice in any of the belligerent countries, it was for them now to say what the men who were fighting could not say, and to preserve the spirit of international fraternity. And so this congress of women, from a dozen nations, under the pres-

idency of Jane Addams, protested unanimously against "the madness and horror of war," believing with Queen Elinor in *King John:*

> "This might have been prevented and made whole
> By very easy arguments of love,
> Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
> With fearful bloody issue arbitrate."

The congress protested, too, against the assumption that women were protected in the war, and adjured "the Governments of the world" to put an end to it. Nor was their protest to be platonic. Under the inspiration of the practical and elaborately worked out project by Miss Julia Wales, of Wisconsin University, entitled "Continuous Mediation without Armistice," it was resolved to try to create a conference of neutral nations for this purpose, also "to invite suggestions for settlement from each of the belligerent nations," and in any case to submit simultaneously to all of them "reasonable proposals as a basis of peace." Women would, in fact, try to mediate between their males, as one tries to disentangle dogs. Nay, more, the women have actually gone out from this congress—like Queen's Messengers—and have been received by kings, premiers and presidents. The scheme of "continuous mediation" has been adopted likewise by the Quakers, and is said to be regarded by some Governments as "the sanest plan yet suggested." For climax, the congress resolved that an international meeting of women shall be held in the same town and at the same time as the Congress of Powers that is to frame the terms of the peace settlement after the war, for the purpose of presenting practical proposals to this conference. Women will be "men's shadows," but in what a novel sense! Side by side with the portentous and pontifical male congress which has always hitherto done

the carving of the nations, and never failed to make a hash of it, will sit—like sober peahens beside their peacocks—a body of women interpreting national dignity and sovereignty and all the grandiose vocabulary of the male in terms of human life.

"We women judge war differently from men," said Dr. Aletta Jacobs, the Dutch initiatress of the Peace Congress. "Men consider in the first place the economic results, the extension of power and so forth. But what is material loss to us women in comparison to the number of fathers, husbands, brothers and sons who march out to war never to return? We women consider above all the damage to the race resulting from war and the grief and the pain and the misery it entails." That woman should thus revise what Thackeray called "the devil's code of honor" is not surprising, for she has actually borne in pain and reared in sick anxiety the body it is proposed to mutilate. "Unruly" as Shakespeare's Duchess of York, she cries to her lord:

> "Hadst thou groaned for him
> As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful."

I do not forget the Spartan mother who bade her son return with his shield or on it. But that mother had had no chance of developing an outlook of her own. Sparta was not so much a State as a barrack; every mother's son, unless he had been killed off as too sickly for a soldier, was taken from her at the age of seven to be stupefied by drill. She could only please her master by exaggerated echoes of his "Laconic" wisdom. To-day even in the Sparta of Prussia Clara Zetkin and other women have courted martyrdom by their protests against the war. And the wisdom of even the male peacemaker is no longer to go unquestioned, for, as we have seen, woman has resolved to shadow the Peace Congress and send it suggestions. There is a certain high comedy in

the situation because everything will probably have been cut-and-dried beforehand by secret treaty, as it was at the Congress of Berlin. But what a stride forward in the position of woman since 1878 when Beaconsfield and Bismarck remodelled Europe with results that are before us! It is she who aspires to save civilization in the collapse of the politicians, and religion in the break-down of the bishops. Not every pious lady has been making shells on Sunday, and Christianity never had a nobler and more eloquent apostle than Miss Maude Royden, touring heathen Britain in a van, or Miss Cavell, laying down her life with the immortal sentence, "Patriotism is not enough." The "imperishable story of her latest hours," declared the Premier to the Commons, "has taught the bravest of us the supreme lesson of courage." "Yes, sir," he added emphatically, "and in the United Kingdom and throughout the Dominions of the Crown there are thousands of such women, and a year ago we did not know it." What a confession! For seven years thousands of women had been martyrizing themselves for the cause of female freedom, and the Prime Minister and Parliament did not know such women existed! [1] No wonder

[1] On this point my wise Englishwoman writes: "I thoroughly sympathize with your stupefaction over Mr. Asquith's ignorance of his fellow-countrywomen. The beautiful thing about Edith Cavell is that she is typical of what is finest in us—like Correggio before the masterpieces of Rome, one may say, 'I too, am a woman'—and I have known char-women and washerwomen, who have made one inclined to say the same. But I beat you as well as Mr. Asquith in one bit of knowledge—it needed no suffragetting to teach me a woman's capacity for martyrdom. And now with the cussedness of my kind, I frankly declare 'I don't like Martyrs' and I should not give Edith Cavell that doubtful title—a brave Englishwoman, who like More's Utopians, went to meet death cheerfully.

"The most interesting point that I have noticed in this war is a diminished fear of death amongst us. This has nothing to do with the war, which reveals but did not create that attitude of mind,—it seems to me largely due to the diminished fear of hell, which had so long obsessed mankind. In the Boer war I noticed most that when we had reverses in South Africa, re-

the seventh centenary of Magna Charta—entirely ignored by Englishmen—was celebrated this year only by the Women's Freedom League.[1]

Thus there is solid ground for confidence that the enfranchisement of women will not end in the addition of ten million pseudo-males to the electorate. What Mr. Roosevelt—in his gentle voice—calls the shrieking sisterhood, will not merely echo the bawling brotherhood. Much more likely is it that the pseudo-chivalry of the male, with all its glittering mediæval lumber, will be swept away by female common sense as remorselessly as his military plumes and laces have been shorn away by the shears of necessity. Woman will play the Sancho Panza to the demented Don Quixote, with his babble of "battles, enchantments, adventures, extravagances, combats and challenges," and where he saw two mighty armies with pomp and pageantry of "arms, colors, devices and mottoes," she will see only the two flocks of sheep that were really there, obscured by the cloud of dust: the dumb herds driven to slaughter and lost in the dust thrown into the world's eyes by politicians and poets. She will see Rozinante, not as the war-horse clothed in thunder, but as the lean starveling hack of reality, and Dulcinea, in whose honor the battle is joined, as the frowsy hoyden she is. There are indeed a few men who can see through the dust almost as clearly as women. "Only the other day," complains the *Times* of July 17th, "a member of Parliament was talking about the money that would be wanted for housing after the war, and, evidence is always cropping up to show that social reform still fills the minds of politicians and officials

cruiting was stimulated instead of discouraged. Then I knew that, even among the well-to-do, our old courage remained intact."

[1] With so many young male idealists killed off, the rôle of women as torch bearers of civilization will become increasingly important.

as the real business before them. The war is only an episode in their lives." Degenerate Britons! How—as Roosevelt witheringly puts it—shall milk-and water match blood-and-iron? Unfortunately, Miss Margaret Scott tells us that without a quart of milk a day a sturdy soldier cannot be reared; and it would even seem as if "social reform" is as necessary to safeguard the population as trenches and field-guns.

One of the few genuine "war-profits" has been the attention drawn to the cradle as the real "cradle of liberty." A meeting at the Guildhall, presided over by the Lord Mayor, for the reduction of the wastage of child-life, took on for the first time the true guise of a "great patriotic meeting." The war, though war-wages and allowances have nourished the mothers as never before, has also taken many from the nursery or exposed them—in the first rapture of handling money without even the necessity of feeding their lords—to the temptation of drink: they have taken man's place in the tap-room, as everywhere else. Hence even politicians have begun to see the need of looking after our first future line of defence—our infantry.

Historians tell us that the Crusades, designed to win the tomb of Christ, promoted commercial intercourse between East and West. Germany, setting out to assert the male ideal, has given an immense jog to the feminine. But the price would have staggered the optimism of Pangloss. Ho-ti, whose house must be burnt down before he could taste crackling, roasted his pig infinitely cheaper. The loss of legions of young men (some of them even by marriage to French or Flanders lasses) will increase the number of spinsters, who will clamor with increasing outspokenness for a revised sex ethic.[1] The entry of women into so many

[1] Males have already begun to clamor from another point of view. "The time is coming and coming fast, when the birth of children will be a matter of

occupations will produce female blacklegs and gravely agitate the trade unions, already torn between the alternative of admitting women, with "equal pay for equal work," or seeing themselves undercut by cheaper but not always less efficient—and sometimes even more efficient—female labor.[1]

The servant problem will be aggravated; the girls who have tasted the higher wages and urban freedom of the munition factories will not lightly return to domestic service, especially in the country house.

There will be friction all along the line at those points which women have not yet stormed—and these embrace in England the whole of the legal profession, the higher walks of the Civil Service and even of medicine, not to mention Parliament and Government. The end of the war will bring not peace but sex strife added to the inevitable economic discontents. For the social landscape cannot be transformed for women without changing man's situation too. When the valleys are exalted, the hills are apt to subside. By an odd coincidence the female chapter of the *Times' History of the War* winds up with a picture of "A Woman Making a Doll's House." That was, it appears, and not only from Ibsen, an exclusively male occupation. What sinister symbolism lurks in this climax? Is the man to be henceforward the pampered puppet?

vital necessity to the nation. Let us therefore have no canting talk about 'morality.'" JOHN BULL.

[1] Owing to the attitude of the Dockers' Union all the women employed at the Liverpool Docks had to be sent away.

WAKE UP, PARLIAMENT!

(Speech to the United Suffragists at Kingsway Hall, February 25, 1915.)

"We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died."—HOOD.

The Resolution that I have the privilege to move runs as follows:—

"That this meeting is profoundly convinced that the basis of peace at the end of the present war, in common with all other international and domestic affairs, cannot be satisfactorily settled while women are excluded from the rights of citizenship; and accordingly it demands that the Government take advantage of the present party truce to carry into law a non-party measure for women's enfranchisement."

But I confess I feel somewhat embarrassed at having to raise the question of votes for women at this juncture. Instead of condoling with women upon their lack of votes I feel more like congratulating them upon it. For upon us who have votes—be we English or German, French or Austrian—lies at least some part of the responsibility for the most terrible war in history, the gigantic misery and waste of which not even all the heroism and self-sacrifice it has called forth can redeem, nor all the splendors and profits of victory wipe out. It is with the consent and connivance of us men that millions of educated Europeans are at this moment burrowing underground, side by side with Asiatics and Africans, in some instances recent converts from cannibalism,[1] and that the era which prated of the

[1] A picture in the *Observer* of November 29, 1914, shows us our "Fijian

Superman has produced the Super-Rabbit.[1] It is with our consent and connivance that colossal sums which might have renewed the whole social fabric of Europe are squandered at an appalling speed in shells and bombs which in their turn destroy yet more of the slowly-garnered products of labor. It is with our consent and connivance that the noblest and strongest of our sex are being eliminated or mutilated, and that instead of the survival, we have the funeral of the fittest. It is with our consent and connivance that half the human race is at war and the other half caught in the currents of ruin, while the wail of broken bodies goes up from three Continents. It is with our consent and connivance that a colossal world-industry has been set up, the object of which is to produce dead people, an industry, the capital sunk in which is so vast, and the plant of which is so extensive, embracing as it does aerial and submarine machinery as well as surface plant, that it costs some two hundred pounds to turn out a single corpse.[2] I do not say this output of carrion is quite useless: it serves to manure the fields of Europe and even to produce fruits more or less valuable in the spiritual and political spheres. Nor do I say that England could easily have avoided going into the business—or could at this moment cease manufacturing corpses, or allow them to be made exclusively by Germans established in Belgium and France.[3] All I desire to point

Warriors," described as "formerly cannibals but now mostly Wesleyan Methodists!"

[1] Dr. Max Dressoir, Professor of Psychology at the University of Berlin, after a study of life in the trenches, reports that its characteristics are "animalistic."

[2] A French artillery officer has calculated it takes three tons of metal to kill a single soldier. But to this must be added the cost of the cannon and the upkeep and travelling expenses of the Killers.

[3] It is curious that humanity can bear to do what it cannot bear to say. This simple facing of the facts gave pain to a mother who wrote to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Of course my words were deliberately chosen to convey to

out is that we have now before us the results of the male direction of the planet. It is open to argument whether women or women with men, would have done better: it is beyond question that they could not possibly have done worse. And since what cannot possibly be done worse stands a very large chance of being done better, common sense combines with every dictate of reason and justice to demand that in the business of running the State women should now have an equal hand.

And though from one point of view their freedom from our blood-guilt is enviable, it is not fair either to them or to us that they should have no share in the responsibility for the Titanic tragedy which they are now asked to endure, alleviate and pay for. Granted even that woman's place is the home, the waves of war do not draw back at her door-step. Foreign Policy stands in no sharp separation from Domestic Economy. Politics is no strange monastic region remote from female interests. Bombs and shells do not avoid the home because it is woman's place. Precisely upon the home beat the questions of food-prices and coal-prices, child-labor and war-pensions. And all these questions, like the workings of military law upon her sex, find woman without even the protection of the vote. But to-day, even for the rabidest anti-suffragist, the home is not woman's exclusive place—she is indispensable in the firing zone, in the khaki factories, in the hospitals; and England, which

others my horror of this international insanity so that they might end it as soon as honor permits, and base their future idea of honor on avoiding its repetition. At the cost of hurting this "Mother's" feelings I might save many other mothers their sons. I should not have thought it an unpleasant suggestion that the dead fructify the fields, indeed I was pleased to note from a War Correspondent's report that in one place this was actually happening. That the spirit may be having separate adventures is irrelevant. To suppose that this tragic butchery could be circumvented by immortality would be to deprive death of its reality, heroism of its substance and war-makers of their guilt.

so bitterly opposed her entrance into the medical schools, is now thanking God that so many female doctors are available and is crying for more. Not a few eminent men have gone out to America to champion the cause of the Allies and of British freedom. I know none who has done it more vigorously or effectively than Christabel Pankhurst, who said in New York: "You would not have thought much of us suffragettes, of our intelligence, our patriotism, our love of freedom, if we had let militarism, the Kaiser and all his tribe, use us in this task of breaking down the world's stronghold of liberty—use us to help destroy the mother of Parliaments. No. No. That shall never be." One would have thought that if only in graceful acknowledgment, the mother of Parliaments would now remember the daughters of England. Are they, who have so nobly and uncomplainingly taken their place in every department of the national life in order to help wage this war which was thrust upon them, to have no voice in the Peace-Settlement either?

But even as I ask this question, I am conscious of a mocking sprite that answers it by another. "What voice are you men going to have in the Peace-Settlement?" I am here to cry "Votes for women." Ought I not rather to be crying "Votes for men?" For our vaunted male vote is powerless in foreign affairs—which, as we have just seen, are really domestic affairs by a roundabout route. We men are humored like little children with a nursery vote, but when it comes to adult business, to questions of life and death, to things that change life for generations, we are as helpless as babes or females. The Government conceals from us—even from some of its own colleagues [1]—the engagements that commit us to war. Our responsibility for this cosmic

[1] Burke speaks of the device of the "double Cabinet," and Bright complained that wars were decided by only two or three men.

fury is not, therefore, so heavy as it seems: it is not an immediate responsibility, but it lies in our not having democratized our Government in the past, and it will lie upon us in the future if we do not now set to work to make—in the language of Mr. Asquith—"the will of the people prevail."

As you are perhaps aware a Union of Democratic Control has just been founded, on whose Council I have the honor to be, and since this Union is already spreading its roots far and wide in London and the provinces, Mr. Brailsford and myself thought it desirable it should define its position towards suffrage before it spread any further. For we know the strength and prevalence of the delusion that the will of the people is the will of half the people, that Democracy is a matter of trousers, and that the voice of the people is the voice of man. The Union was more than willing to put itself on record as free from this favorite fallacy, and at its second meeting the other day passed a resolution declaring that "the Union of Democratic Control, convinced that democracy must be based on the equal citizenship of men and women, invites the co-operation of women." It further recognized the convergence of the two lines of work by the election of a prominent woman suffragist on the executive committee.

It is true that of the four cardinal points of the Union's programme, the fourth, calling upon Great Britain to propose an all-round reduction of armaments as part of the Peace-Settlement, has no special importance for women, except in their rôle of housekeepers, but as regards the first point of the Union's programme it is peculiarly necessary to guard against women being overlooked. For this article demands that no Province shall be transferred from one Government to another without the consent, by plebiscite or otherwise, of the population of such province. And the tendency to forget that the population includes women is

more marked when men are making politics than when they are making love. The second point, aiming to remove Foreign Policy from the sphere of secret diplomacy to the control of Parliament, means an enrichment of the vote which will make women's struggle for it infinitely more worth while. And the remaining point which seeks to replace the bankrupt policy of "The Balance of Power" by the establishment of an International Council, and thus foreshadows what Tennyson called "the Parliament of Man," is a warning to women to be on their guard as to the interpretation of this poetic phrase.[1]

But my embarrassment in proposing the resolution I have to move springs not only from the fact that even the male population has no voice in the Peace-Settlement. The resolution asks for Parliament to pass Women's Suffrage but there is practically no Parliament in which to pass it. The papers exultingly tell us that Germany is on short commons. But it is England which is on short commons. There are at Westminster no bells and no bills, no divisions and no debates, or none that are not talked out; there are numerous by-elections but no ballots. On such short commons are we that two hundred M. P.'s have gone to the front. All honor to them—but the front is no place for a Member of Parliament. The place of a Member of Parliament is in Westminster—it is what we pay him for—and if he cannot be in Westminster he must resign. Or at least he must give place to a *locum tenens*, the constituency agreeing to keep his place open for him. As a result of this slackness of the People's House we have witnessed the amazing spectacle of the House of Lords meeting in its absence to pick up the fragments into which the Commons had torn *Magna Charta*. I always predicted that

[1] The U. D. C. has since added a fifth point, repudiating economic war after the conclusion of Peace.

Mr. Asquith would tame neither the Lords nor the Ladies, but such a topsy-turvy situation leaves the most ironic imagination gasping. It would not surprise me now to see the Lords forcing Female Suffrage upon a kicking Radical Cabinet. But whether forced by the Lords or forced by the Ladies, forced it must be. The notion that this is a dead season in politics, that two hundred members may go off to the war, and that those who do not serve their country in the trenches ought to neglect it on the benches, is a notion that cannot bear a moment's criticism. I quite agree, of course, that in a time of national danger all parties should stand together. But they should stand together only against the external danger, not against the internal progress of their own country. I admit, too, that on the heads of the Ministers lie terrific burdens and terrific responsibilities, largely indeed due to their own failure to provide for the contingencies they secretly risked, but none the less terrific. But if the heads of departments may thus be excused from attending to anything but the war, all the more reason why the other six hundred should get busy about something else. An easy division of labor would leave the war to the Cabinet and social legislation to the Commons. To divert at such a moment a single foot-pound of energy from the struggle against Germany would be almost treason. But for those who *cannot* bring energy to bear upon the struggle, to be overwhelmed by the burden of other people's activities is not patriotism but paralysis. I wish the House would take example by my French nursery governess, who, cut off from her family in the danger area, and from her father in the trenches, and without in these latter days any news from either, calmly continues her routine of duty. There should now reign in the House of Commons not stagnation but the very heyday of legislation. The idea

that now we should eat, breathe, sleep nothing but war would be intelligible if instead of being a great nation we were a nomadic tribe of scalp-hunters, or even if the war were to be a mere brief interruption of our civilized routine, a spasm of intensity, an affair of three months. But according to Lord Kitchener it is to last three years—and even then there is no telling. We know that history has had its Seven Years' war, its Thirty Years' war, and even longer wars. Are we during this indefinable interval to cease to exist as a civilization? Our M. P.'s in the rabbit-warrens are at least nobly active: are our M. P.'s at home to become rabbits in hutches—lettuce eaters in a lettuce-land? [1] Surely this is no necessary consequence of the state of war. If we *are* to live in a state of war, we must adjust ourselves to this new condition as we adjusted ourselves to the dangerous bicycle, to the menacing motor-car, as we have adjusted ourselves to the dark streets. In still darker ages, war was a permanent condition of life. Yet the great international universities taught, the great cathedrals rose, the great tapestries were spun, and the great pictures painted. Even with us plays still run, picture-plays still gallop, law-courts still sit, the Universities still teach despite the unbalanced patriotism of absentee tutors, galleries are still open, and novels still pour from the presses. "Business as usual," is the motto everywhere —even with our brave merchantmen; everywhere except in the House of Commons, where, as in a sacred hush, men shut their eyes and open their ears to receive the ukases

[1] See *Our Parliamentary Loafers*, by T. P. O'Connor, M. P., an article in the *Daily Chronicle* (March 7, 1916) in which he reports an M. P. as saying: "I have been chairman for many years of my county council; I am also the head of the education authority; I have given years of my life to the mastery of these local questions, and especially of the education question; all this experience and all my service are at the disposal of the House of Commons and of the Government; and yet I am doing nothing."

of the Cabinet. In the language of the *Times* the House of Commons is now at last "business-like." To be business-like is to have no party-quarrels, but also to do no business, to close even before the other public houses. But let me tell the members that England expects the House to do its duty. Even the Stock Exchange could not be kept permanently closed, nor can we afford to spike our legislative machine at the very moment when it could be most productive.

Last year Mr. Galsworthy made a burning appeal for a number of legislative reforms which though favored by the vast majority of civilized beings, and tending to eliminate a vast volume of preventable suffering, could never be got through the House for lack of time. The House, busy with Welsh sects and Irish factions, had never a day off for the questions of sweating, and unhealthy housing and child-feeding; for the protection of song-birds or the rights of animals. Surely now, if ever, is the time to clear up all these arrears, to set the crooked straight, to redress the wrongs of the lower creatures and even of women. But I suppose to our panic-stricken Parliament the mere suggestion that it should perform the functions for which we pay it will seem heretical. And to the world at large our resolution that the House should now proceed to give votes to women will seem positively pro-German. On the contrary, it is not giving votes to women, that is pro-German. There is nothing more characteristically and pertinaciously Prussian. One would have thought that in view of our perpetual preachment against the German doctrine that Might is Right, we would jump at the opportunity to enfranchise the weaker sex, and to build the fabric of State, not on brute force but on reason and justice. Our war against the Germans, we say, is to prove that this principle of theirs is wrong. How much more logical to prove it to

them by our example than by our artillery! And this is a war, we say, on behalf of oppressed nationalities and populations, a war for human freedom. Are the rights of Englishwomen less than the rights of semi-savage Bulgarians or Serbians? The exclusively Male State was always an unnatural monster, and if this is really a war to end Militarism, as we hear on every hand, it must be a war to end the Male State. For what is Militarism but the expression of the Male State, the mark of the beast? It is to the Male State *in excelsis*, to Germany, that we owe all this incalculable misery. I was looking the other day at an old English book published in 1633 called *The Pleasure of Princes*, or *Good Men's Recreations*. It wound up with a section on cock-fighting. In Prussia the pleasure of princes is man-fighting, and war is not only a good man's recreation, it is the very soul of his goodness, without which he were a wicked waster and weakling.

It has been urged that women are just as martial as men, that when Carlyle said the population of England was thirty millions, mostly fools, this concept of the State did for once *not* forget its female half, and that therefore the duplication of the vote would only duplicate the number of enfranchised fools. The answer is that it may duplicate the fools and fire-eaters but it will duplicate also the number of brave and wise spirits with the status and prestige of voters. And in politics, despite the apparent counting of heads, it is the minority that tells in the long run, the minority that cares and labors and sacrifices. This intensive minority it is that stands to gain from Women's Suffrage. The male fighters for justice and freedom will find their numbers doubled, and their courage quadrupled. Give women votes and you will soon find the concepts of the Male State undergoing considerable and salutary transformation.

In pressing for this reform during this very season, in demanding that the Government take advantage of the present party truce to call into law a non-party measure for women's enfranchisement, neither you nor I have the faintest intention or desire to worry or embarrass the Government. On the contrary, we would gladly excuse Mr. Asquith from attendance. Six hundred able-bodied men—or even four hundred—are quite competent to do the job without the assistance of a single Minister or bureaucrat. Has it not frequently been admitted that they are—the majority of our M. P.'s—in favor of Women's Suffrage, if only "militancy" would cease? Well "militancy" *has* ceased. It has been replaced by male militancy, militancy in the heavens above and in the earth beneath and in the waters under the earth, militancy of so appalling a sweep and character that even Lord Curzon and Mrs. Humphry Ward must look back with a sigh to the good old days of defaced golf greens and incinerated villas. And not only has female militancy ceased—it has been replaced as we have seen, by female service, service so devoted, so multifarious, so self-sacrificing and so heroic as to make any further denial of equal footing as futile as it would be ungrateful. Even that Arch-Priest of Anti-Suffrage, the Kaiser, breaking through all precedent, has conferred the Iron Cross for bravery on some forty female nurses. Everywhere, you see, the distinction between the sexes is being reduced to its proper sphere—which is with few exceptions the sphere of privacy. Sex's place is the home.

But I shall be told that Women's Suffrage is not suitable for the present truce, that it *is* a party-question. I do not admit, as I have said, that the truce should extend to party-legislation of an internal character. But in any case how can that be a party-question which each of the great parties has refused to put on its programme, which counts avowed

sympathizers in both camps and which Mr. Asquith has repeatedly and generously admitted is handicapped in the House by *not* being a party-question? If its partisans now evade the issue on the plea it *is* a party-question, they will be confessing that their real concern is not for the cause but for what their party can get out of it. Gratitude has been defined as a lively sense of future favors. Is politics only a lively sense of future votes? Well, we shall see if the politicians will admit as much.

The cause of Women's Suffrage, so far from being one that may or should be shelved at this moment, is one of peculiar importance at this moment. For it is a moment at which even the male vote has been reduced to impotence, at which Parliament is only a tied House. We stand under military law which sweeps away for very questionable reasons and in the throes of panic every constitutional safeguard built up by the wisdom and experience of generations of Englishmen, including free speech, an uncensored press, and trial by jury. England has agreed not to end the war without the consent of either France or Russia and, wise or unwise, this world-shaking decision was made by a few gentlemen whose diplomacy is already under a cloud. We have also agreed to pool our resources with our Allies, and this new epoch-making arrangement was come to, not in the House of Commons, not in London at all, but round a table in Paris. And the new device of the "token vote," the blank cheque given by Parliament for an unstated number of soldiers seems to remove both the army and the national purse from the control of the Commons. No wonder the *Times* exclaims that we are approaching the ideal Parliament, that Parliament in which "none are for a party and all are for the State." They are not for the State so much as for the Staff—that military junta which is always so soon ready to cry: "*L'État c'est moi.*" Even in peace-times, the

military note dominates in our State-processions and parades of Empire. In vain among these prancing persons will you look for the leaders of civilization. How poor a figure cuts the poet beside the cavorting colonel—the colonel even censors the poet's plays. It is the perpetuation of this military symbolism and prestige that makes it so easy for a nation to slip back into its primeval savagery, and into its primeval serfdom, to cast off its parliamentary institutions and all the swaddling safeguards of civilization when the tom-tom calls to slaughter. There is nothing so near the skin as the war-paint. Victory or defeat may equally bring us this wave of militarism, of conscription, of further reduction of liberty, and the danger is the greater because we are under a Liberal Government, and thus deprived of an Opposition to criticize reactionary measures. Standing as we do under this sinister menace, it is peculiarly necessary at this moment that the concept of the Male State should not go unchallenged and that there should be a vivid and effective extension of the area of human liberty by the triumph of Female Suffrage. In pressing now for votes for women we are fighting equally to keep our votes as men. The cause of women has become the cause of freedom and civilization and it is for the sake of these great causes, even more than on behalf of women, that I ask you to pass this resolution.

FOR SMALL MERCIES

(Dedicated to "The Nation")

Thinking of Poland and her tortured Jews,
'Twixt Goth and Cossack hounded, crucified
On either frontier, e'en the Pale denied,
Wand'ring with bloodied staff and broken shoes,
Scarred like their greatest son with stripe and bruise,
Though thrice a hundred thousand fight beside
Their Russian brethren and are glorified
By death for those who flout them and abuse,

I suddenly was touched to thankful tears.
Not that one wave had ebbed of all this woe,
Not that one heart had softened in "the spheres," [1]
One touch of bureau-malice to forgo,
But that amid blind eyes, dumb mouths, deaf ears,
One voice in England said these things were so.

[1] Only permissible form of Russian reference to the Tsar and his Counsellors.

ROSY RUSSIA

"The whole scenery was exactly disposed to captivate those good souls, whose credulous morality is so invaluable a treasure to crafty politicians."—BURKE.

I

Gradually the great land which gloomed like an Erebus on the political horizon has been glimmering as under the coming of dawn, and now it lies before us with the beautiful mystic rose-glow of snow-mountains, or some port of Arabia Felix at sunrise. Darkest Russia—the Russia of knouts and exiles, of pogroms and *agents provocateurs*, of cruel Cossacks driving chained gangs of poetic dreamers; the Russia of bankrupt finances, and bankrupt hopes—has disappeared as by a wave of the diplomatic wand. It was never more, we are told, than a literary nightmare, a Russia of the novelists, unreal as the fabular islands on the mediæval map. Hardy Scotch explorers have penetrated on foot to the deepest fastnesses and remotest *tundras* of the Real Russia. They have scaled its frowning peaks and found them honeycombed with shrines. These processions marching footsore over the great white spaces—they are not convicts but pilgrims following the gleam. These moujiks rolling in the mud—they are not drunk, they never were drunk, even when vodka was the staff of life: they are mystics meditating the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of the Tsar. One sinister element, indeed, does exist in this sacrosanct realm, one subtle and serpentine race in this illiterate and ingenuous Paradise—that blasphemous

tribe which through nigh twenty centuries of whips and scorpions keeps proclaiming with dogged materialism that God is merely One. And even this viperous brood is warmed and suckled at the Christian breast it bites. And these careful scientific observations are corroborated by Russian statesmen, returning from financial week-ends in London, and by British novelists who after a whole fortnight in Russia have not come across a single pogrom.

To one like myself brought up in the Jingo faith, all this is profoundly disconcerting. It was in my schooldays that "the Great Macdermott," elegant crush-hat in hand, his shirt-front shining and bulging like a great white flower of patriotism, bellowed the historic song from which Jingoism took its name:

"We don't want to fight but by Jingo if we do—" With what grim gusto we proclaimed in chorus—to the clash of beer-tankards—our sonorous determination that so long as Britons to themselves keep true,

"The Russians shall not have Constantino-o-o-ple!" But it was not Constantinople that was Russia's supreme objective in those days. That was India, and all through my schooldays I was obsessed by a vision of Russia on the pounce for it, was warned by my teachers to be on my guard against Russian wrigglings meandering steadfastly for the Himalayas. How grateful we schoolboys felt towards Afghanistan—so obviously erected by Providence as a "buffer-state." No wonder we saw Russia in Indian ink.

And now all my boyish apprehensions and patriotic choruses have proved puerile indeed, a sheer waste of nerves and larynx.

At a banquet to Russian Journalists in London, a famous Russian War Correspondent calmly observed that "of course there were cranks everywhere, but he could say from his seventy years' knowledge of Russian life that the people

who dreamt about the Conquest of India could be found in Russia only in a mad-house." Shades of my schoolmasters! *Manes* of our politicians! Levity seems too mild a word for the war-policy of your generation! The very Victorian hymn of Jingoism could not now be sung under the Defence of the Realm Act, and the Great Macdermott would be clapped into jail. Could even Tennyson's *Maud* pass uncensored, if anyone quoted the line about the Vengeance of God being wreaked on a giant-Tsar! As for the world-coveting will of Peter the Great, it is as mythical, says our Russian, as the Constitution of Otho or the donation of Constantine. Russia, in fact, covets no British territory, her mission is to spread Cossack Christendom through the East, and to throw the protection of her bureaucracy over the Slav peoples that have drifted too far westward from her great mother-wings. But though she covets no British territory, even Britain would gain by coming within her spiritual and political orbit. Have not British writers spontaneously testified that Russia's novelists open up for us new horizons of human fraternity, sound new notes of pity, reveal new perspectives of social freedom?

And yet it is so difficult to shake off early teachings. Schoolmasters should really be careful to traffic only in truth absolute and eternal. Here am I still remembering the legends of the imprisonings and censorings of those very novelists, still singing that Britons never, never, never, shall be Slavs. An unworthy suggestion even comes up in my mind that the freedom of Russia may appeal so strongly to the British novelist because he—poor Pharisee-ridden wretch—cannot be improper even in his books, whereas a deputy of the Duma may walk about Petrograd with his mistress. A plague on my schoolmasters! They taught me the six hundred and thirteen precepts of the Old Testament, but "love Russia" was not among them, and even the New

Testament only tells me to love my "enemies," and my "enemies" are now settled for me by military law. My parlor-maid—as I have related—said to my wife the day Armageddon broke out: "The Germans are on *our* side, aren't they, mum?" On being corrected, she duly proceeded—despite the New Testament—to hate the Germans and love the Russians. Those of us whose emotions are not so facile are being bullied, badgered or beguiled to go and do likewise. But "love light as air" refuses to be bound to a logical chain whose first link is Serbia. Nor do I see why love is required. Alliances, springing from common interests, but not from common blood, faith or political constitution, must remain merely military. To be faithful to our obligations is all that is necessary. It is a partnership, not a marriage bond, and when finances are pooled, too, what more can a partner ask? Why, most Englishmen have never seen a Russian, always excepting those that saw him pass in his myriads through England on that famous journey from Archangel to Flanders. Moreover, with our knowledge of the transitory and mutable character of Alliances, we should be foolish to contract them with emotions attached, emotions which we may soon have to unlearn or even to exchange. Possibly the real design of these exhortations to "love Russia" is upon our pockets. But that needs no press conspiracy, no special supplements. It is surely sufficient to show that, though Russia is practically bankrupt, it is only for lack of ready money, and that her potential assets—in the hands of the British receiver—are incalculable. Twirl a globe and see how this Colossus bestrides Europe and Asia, the greatest continuous Empire in the world and one of the least exploited. One may safely lend money to such a Power or sink it in such a Continent, and the more steadily Russia pays the interest and the dividends, the more she will be loved. To what end,

then, these labored rhapsodies on Russia's religious genius? And above all, why glorify Russia's freedom from industrialism, when the effect, if not the object, of these very pæans is to open her up to British company promoters? The moujik is admirable indeed when sober—and though you cannot make men sober by Act of Parliament, it appears that you can by Imperial Ukase[1]—but the days of the Socialistic *Mir* are over, and it is not the Alliance with Britain that is going to keep Russia a land of ancient piety, fraternity, and pastoral simplicity. Nor is it likely that these are the qualities which Britain will now import from Russia, together with those delectable ballets, novels and symphonies, and still more delectable debentures. A natural optimism inclines me to believe that the Russians, who—whatever the real color of Russia—are assuredly a great and charming people, will not altogether escape the contagion of our democratic principles. I should be afraid that we in turn might not escape the infection of their bureaucracy did not our new geographers certify that Russian autocracy is only a more efficient and concentrated form of freedom. It is so comforting to know on unimpeachable authority that Darkest Russia, not Rosy Russia, is the mirage in the literary heaven, and that the rubescence which enchants us now is the herald of a new day and not, as we foolishly feared, the rosiness of blood.

II

It is the military necessity—which proverbially knows no law—that has become the mother of all this unnecessary invention—and it is in deference, I suppose, to British

[1] A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* (December, 1915), said that after the first few weeks illicit distilling increased largely, and that injurious concoctions are drunk in Russia, containing wood-alcohol, varnish, and even eau-de-cologne.

pharisaism that the great Russian people—constituted as it is of forty-eight races and a dozen creeds and embracing as it does some of the finest modern types on the planet—is presented by our Scotch sentimentalist as a vast communion of saints of the primitive peasant type.

If any hint of the true heterogeneity is allowed to creep into the preposterous picture, it is by way of the Tartar, who brings odious order and Philistine prose into the divine carelessness, the glad camaraderie of the true Russian, and of whom the Russian Jew is probably only a long lost brother, converted to the Hebrew faith in the dark ages.

It is no longer scratch the Russian and find the Tartar, but scratch the Jew—whom, indeed, it is far easier and more enjoyable to scratch.

Britons have often been reproached for carrying their island with them on their travels—*cœlum non animam mutant*—but the island has always produced fantastic and rhapsodical travellers who go to the other extreme, and thus it is that Stephen Graham has found his soul in Russia, and in lieu of surveying Russia by the torchlight of British freedom, he brings back to Britain the ghostly gleam of the "Greek Fire," with which the miracle-mongering priests edify the Russian pilgrims in Jerusalem.

In this "dim religious light" all the mediæval specters glimmer and gibber again, the monstrous blood-myth resurges from its grave in Kiev, and England herself in that mysterious phosphorescence shows as an ugly and unchristian nation that has sold her soul to the devil of industrial development. If only Holy Russia can be saved from going likewise to the Jews—for, of course, it is this Oriental people that has made the West Occidental!

When John Ruskin preached to John Bull against railways and factories, Britain was consumed with laughter, but to-day, when a Scotchman Ruskinizes for Russia, he

is hailed almost as a European redeemer. Simplicity, as Oscar Wilde said, is the last refuge of the complex.

So, too, "backwards" is the last cry of progress. The latest young Englishman prostrates himself before *ikons*, and English schoolgirls prattle of that sweetly pretty piety of the *moujik*.

And shall Russian Jews, ungraced by this precious faith, overflow their Pale and spread all over Russia to batten and fatten upon the exploitation of her resources and ruin the Pastoral Paradise of the true-born Russian? Never while Stephen Graham is alive to save the country of his second birth!

It all reminds one irresistibly of Defoe's "True-born Englishman:"

> "Scots from the northern frozen banks of Tay
> With packs and plods came whigging all away;
> Thick as the locusts which in Egypt swarmed,
> With pride and hungry hopes completely armed;
> With native truth, diseases and no money,
> Plundered our Canaan of the milk and honey.
> Here they grew quickly Lords and Gentlemen,
> And all their race are True-Born Englishmen."

Our Scotch scribe not only boasts himself a "true-born Englishman," but he has become a "Real Russian" into the bargain. The last hope of the "Black Hundreds," he babbles of ritual murders to make Shylock's pound of flesh creep, and has assimilated their archaic policy of segregating the Scots—I mean the Jews—by a Roman wall.

I could almost fancy myself listening again to that Russian baroness who, brought to luncheon at my house one day by a common friend, fell to expatiating on the "terrible problem" of the Jews in Russia. A sympathetic soul, thought I, till gradually I became aware that the "terrible problem" was not for the Jews but for the Russians.

Once, in fact, permit these terrible Hebrews to escape from their Pale, once allow them the educational and industrial facilities of their fellow-Russians, and hey presto! they are the rulers of Russia.

It is only when one looks at maps and figures that the complete silliness of this Slavonic superstition breaks upon one. The Russian Empire—even without the territorial gains the war may bring it—stretches over nearly nine million square miles and occupies one-sixth of the land surface of the globe. Siberia alone is more than a million miles larger than the whole of Europe.

And this Empire, which, like the United States, has the supreme advantage of continuousness, is inhabited by nearly a hundred and eighty million people, of whom only six millions are Jews. And it is these six millions—one in thirty of the population—who, given a free field and no disfavor, are to dominate Russia, the tip of the tail wagging the Bear! It is a great compliment to the Jews but it is also a great absurdity.

Contemporary politics shows us numerous examples of races kept from equal rights with the governing race on the ground—or pretext—of intellectual inferiority; that is, for example, the justification of the "white man's burden." But I hardly recall any other example of a white people crushed down by another white people on the ground of its admitted superiority. And from a simple geographical point of view what the ruling majority claims is to bar one of the greatest and oldest members of the human family from access to nearly a sixth of the globe. And this insolent and inhuman claim is enforced not only against Russia's own Jews, but against subjects of her Allies like myself. The utter unreason of this claim stands out more vividly when it is recalled that in the larger half of this prohibited area—in Siberia—only ten millions of people eke out a

livelihood, and that a continent half as large again as the United States has been left almost in primæval forest. Is there any reason why the Jews, instead of being cooped up in stinking poverty in the towns of the Pale, should not be invited to carve out a province with the ploughshare from these vast neglected territories?

The Russian Jews are, according to Mr. Graham himself, "a great people," even "a people of genius." Physically they are a far finer type than the Western Jews; spiritually, they bubble with artistic vitality of every sort.

And while the majority are sunk in their native piety and poverty, that feckless faith which our sentimental tramp adores when it is tangled up with trinities, there is an industrial and commercial minority which is infinitely more valuable to Russia than her deposits of coal or petroleum.

If Russia proper is an aggregation of analphabetic peasants, all the more reason why that section of her population which possesses an ancient tradition of culture should gratify its passion for education.

If Russia proper is inapt for industry and has hitherto been exploited by her German enemies, is not that the very reason why she should now be developed by her Jewish citizens, why she should yoke their financial talents to the service of the State?

These six millions of Jews are hers body and soul. They love the soil which they have inhabited for centuries, in some cases longer than the "true-born Russians."

The truest Christians in Russia, they are ready to forgive the unspeakable past. They ask nothing better than to live and die for "Mother Russia," and if the still more ancient "Mother Zion" has been invoked these latter days, it was from sheer hopelessness of ever being treated as children of Russia.

Was there ever a more deplorable example of muddled statescraft? A Tsar who throws away so rich a tender of love and service is no "Little Father:" he is a "Prodigal Son."

Equal rights for the Jew—or even equal wrongs with the Russian—would indeed bring a problem—but for the Jew: the problem of his dissolution in the melting-pot of common citizenship. But to the Russian this enfranchisement of the Jew would be the solution, not the establishment, of a problem. And this problem was never more than a mirage, a Brocken spectre, a phantasm born of ignorance and fear, a superfluous addition to the sorrows of peoples and the cares of kings. I know, indeed, no more tragic purblindness in history than that Russia, endowed with a human asset of value incalculable and incomparable, should see herself burdened instead of enriched.

She has a treasure and can see only a problem. The pity and folly of it all.[1]

[1] Since this article was written—and refused publication by Liberal editors—M. Chukovsky, one of the leading journalists who recently visited us, has published in the *Russkoe Slovo*, an article very much in this vein, and the Petrograd Correspondent of the *Times* has sensibly translated it for the Literary Supplement, of March 16, 1916. He wonders whether the flood of books in praise of Russia will not submerge London, "Glorious Russia," "Friendly Russia," "Contemporary Russia," etc., etc.

"Mr. Stephen Graham has already written about half-a-dozen books on Russia, and will write at least two dozen more before the war is over. Judging by his photograph he loves to wear a Russian shirt and bark shoes. His hair is cut in the ultra-Russian style. Some time ago he travelled with our pilgrims to Jerusalem to pray at the sacred shrine, and ever since then he has held forth about the mystical mission of Russia. He takes himself to be a disciple of Dostoievsky, but in reality he is a smart journalist who is making the best of a fashionable subject.

"'Down with Virgil, long live Pushkin!' exclaims one of our admirers, and prophesies that Oxford students will soon relinquish the one to take up the other. 'Livy will be superseded by Karamzin; Plato by Vladimir Soloviev.' 'The Russian language will take the place of Greek and Latin in all schools in Europe.' '*War and Peace* is the greatest novel ever written.' 'The future

belongs only to Russia, not to France, not even to England.' These are samples culled from the same source.

"English people do not fully realize that there are many Russias, not one, and that sometimes Mary is very anxious to be Martha. Until I had read all these books I had no idea we were so good. Our reflection in the English looking-glass makes us look very handsome. It appears we are the freest people in the world. Who would have thought it? All Europeans have cause for envy, it seems. I learnt this to-day from Mr. Garstin's book."

It is odd in this connection that the Russia Society, founded at the Speaker's House amid universal newspaper applause, to foment friendly relations between the two countries, should have come under the criticism of the *Daily Chronicle* for its lack of a responsible Committee and Treasurer, and that the "Russian Chamber of Commerce" should be disavowed both by Russia and the Foreign Office.

AT THE CONGRESS

Six hundred gentlemen in Western costume,
A tribune, Presidents, Vice-Presidents,
Motions, Amendments, Votes, a mort of papers,
Programmes and Budgets, Parties, Factions, Groups,
Leaders and sheep, the passionless Reporters,
White-hot orations, cheers and counter-cheers,
Interruptions, rulings, points of order, hisses,
Invective, passion, personalities,
Volcanic jets, vibrations, scenes in the Chamber,
A Jewish Parliament!

Alas! this solid-seeming Hebrew House of Commons,
With all its vivid drama,
For want of one thing is a painted show,
A filmy phanto-mime, a picture play.

Is it because it stands in a Christian city?
That even the House is hired for a week from the heathen ?
And in alien tongues the speakers shout for Zion,
Sans common speech for Mother Zion's children?
These are mere echoes from the emptiness,
But not its heart.
For all these Parliaments, Chambers, Reichstags, Dumas,
With their Presidents and Premiers,
In their broadcloth and fine linen,
And their Statesmen,
Be they guardians of the nation's great tradition,
Or seers and spinners of its nobler future,
All these eloquent expounders
In these fora of civilization,
And all the floors they take, these high-toned speakers,
All the polished planks beneath their spotless shoes,
Rest—and without them were but scraps of paper—
On bayonets.

Bayonets trained—see the Soldier's Vade-mecum—
  To twist in the entrails.

Yea, hid by all the sober civic ritual,
  Unseen beneath the Ministers and Members,
A glittering forest of steel upholds the Chamber,
  The people's bones have made its gleaming pillars,
The frescoes on its old historic walls
  Are Blood.

For as of old in those far-famous cities
  Now sunk to burrows that the pick explores
Four thousand years beneath our year of grace,
  They built their houses over human offerings,
So still upon foundation-sacrifices,
  Rises the Talking House in Christendom.

It is not that we lack these dark foundations,
  Our bones upprop the Parliaments of Europe,
Our young men die but not for dreams of ours,
  Nor for the honor of the God of Israel.

And even those who dream the dream of Zion,
  Beglamored by the shining Tower of David,
Like birds that dash themselves against a lighthouse,
  Shattered and bleeding drop into the darkness.

But hark! A witty speaker holds the Congress!
  The bored reporters scrawl in shorthand, "Laughter!"

THE STORY OF THE STEAM-ROLLER

Not to be published

PRESS BUREAU

BEZALEL

Bezalel, filled with wisdom to design
Stones, precious woods, rich-broidered fabrics, gold,
Fed not the few with cunning manifold
Nor empty loveliness: his art divine
Set up a Tabernacle as a sign
Of oneness for a rabble many-souled,
So that each span of desert should behold
A nomad people with a steadfast shrine.

But we, its sons, who wander in the dark,
Footsore, far-scattered, growing less and less,
What whiteness gleams our brotherhood to mark,
What promised land our journey's end to bless?
We are, unless we build some shrine and ark,
A dying rabble in a wilderness.

THE WAR AND THE JEWS

[Originally published July, 1915. Slightly revised, but the fog of war and censorship prevents absolute accuracy up to date.]

Across the Eastern sky has glowed
  The flicker of a blood-red dawn.
Once more the clarion cock has crowed,
  Once more the sword of Christ is drawn.
A million burning rooftrees light
The world-wide path of Israel's flight.

Where is the Hebrew's fatherland?
  The folk of Christ is sore bested;
The Son of Man is bruised and banned,
  Nor finds whereon to lay his head.
His cup is gall, his meat is tears,
His passion lasts a thousand years.

EMMA LAZARUS.

I

THE HEBREW HUMPTY DUMPTY

The first thing to grasp, if you would understand the Jewish question, is that the Jews do not exist. Six hundred thousand Jews are fighting in the war, but not *the* Jews. *Their* fighting ended in the year 133, with the revolt of Bar Cochba against the Romans. Josephus's *History of the Jews* gets as far as the year 73, and is thus still almost up-to-date. The Jewries of the world are now mere scattered shards of a broken vessel, though the potsherds fill more space than the original pot. Two-and-two no longer make

one, they only make four. An international Jewry with international aims is a myth. "Israel's mission is Peace" is the motto printed on the books of the Jewish Publication Society of America, and it is a true interpretation of the voice of Jerusalem. But Israel is no more organized for peace than for war. Twenty thousand Jews are fighting for the British Empire, 50,000 for the German, 170,000 for the Austro-Hungarian, and 350,000 for the Russian.

The shade of Josephus might have looked around for his stylus in 1860, when the French Jews founded the Alliance Israélite Universelle on an international basis. But this attempt at federation under the hegemony of French Jewry was shattered by the Franco-Prussian war. Since 1870 it is German Jewry that has been pushing for predominance, with or without a democratic basis. Just before the war it was waging a bitter fight for the adoption of German as the language of the Technical Institute of Haifa (Syria). Other of the founders, as well as the Jews of Palestine, not unnaturally favored Hebrew. When Turkey joined the war the Bismarcks of the Berlin Ghetto took advantage of their position in Palestine to buy up the institution! The Zionist movement, started in 1896, with its more democratic striving for a unified Israel, likewise fell under German Jewish control. But at the outbreak of war the international organ of the movement—*Die Welt*—was suspended and the German Zionist Federation coolly used its local organization for the gathering of German volunteers. To its call to arms for the Fatherland its numerous student and gymnastic societies, both in Berlin and the provinces, responded almost to a youth.[1] Once more has the attempt to

[1] Out of the 950 members of the Zionist Students' Corporation 722 have borne arms, and 214 have gained distinctions, a remarkable percentage, showing brains and bravery go together. According to an article in the *Vossische Zeitung* by Professor Ludwig Stein there have been 286 Jewish Lieutenants.

put Humpty Dumpty together again, proved a labor of Tantalus.

II

The Wandering Jew

"There is no luck for Israel," says the Talmud. Individual Jews are frequently shrewd and fortunate, but as a people Israel is, in his own expressive idiom, a Schlemihl, a hapless ne'er-do-well. Twenty centuries of wandering find him concentrated precisely in the plain of Armageddon. And here in a hundred places he must again grasp the Wanderer's staff. Symbolic is the figure of the Chief Rabbi of Serbia wandering across Europe to beg for his pitiful flock. A workhouse and a hostel at London have been congested with Belgian Jews. Forty ravaged towns have poured their Ghettos into Warsaw: Prague, Vienna, Budapest, seethe sullenly with refugees. Vienna, indeed, refused to receive any Galician refugee who could not show ten pounds; Hungary was even stonier. A census taken of 4,653 Jews who fled into Alexandria showed subjects of England, France, Russia, Spain, America, Turkey, Persia, Rumania, Italy, Greece and Serbia, while another thousand had already wandered farther—to other Egyptian cities, to America, Australia, South Africa, Russia. Before our guns 1,500 Jews fled from the Dardanelles. The only important section of Jewry that has escaped the war is that which has poured itself into the American Melting Pot and even there the banks on the east side failed! And not only are ten of the thirteen millions of Jewry in the European cockpit, nearly three millions are at the fiercest centre of fighting—in Poland.

Poland—be it German, Russian, or Austrian Poland—is pre-eminently the home of Jewry, and Poland, even more than Belgium, has been the heart of hell. For two of the

Powers that combined to dismember it are now fighting the third across its fragments, and Jewish populations are at their thickest along those six hundred miles of border country through which Russia invades East Prussian Poland or Galician Poland, Germany hacks her way towards Warsaw, or Austria hurls her counter-attacks.

It is upon the Ghettos of Lomzha and Bialystok that the bombs of the German airmen do their deadliest work; Czernowitz, the capital of Bukowina, which has been twice taken by the Russians, and re-taken by the Austrians, holds 28,000 Jews, or forty per cent of the mishmash of races. For seven hundred years Poland has been a haven for Jewry—volcanic though the soil has proved at periodic eruptions of Jew-hate. The royal marriage that united the territories of Catholic Poland with Greek-Church Lithuania produced a sundering of State and religion by which the Jews of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries profited, while in the sixteenth century, when the great expulsion of the Jews from Spain and Portugal had infected Germany and Austria with the virus of persecution, the accident of a series of peculiarly wise and tolerant monarchs opened Poland to a still larger volume of Jewish immigration, and even gave its Jews a measure of autonomy and dignity. They were the recognized providers of an urban and industrial population to a mainly agricultural people. Thus were they collected for the holocaust of to-day. For, of course, the partition of Poland left them still pullulating, whether in Prussian Danzig, Russian Warsaw, or Austrian Lemberg. And not only have they duplicated the tragedy of the Poles in having to fight what is practically a civil war, not only have they suffered almost equally in the ruin of Poland, so poignantly described by Paderewski, in the burnings, bombardings, pillagings, tramplings; not only have they shared in the miseries of towns taken and retaken by the

rival armies, but they have been accused hysterically or craftily before both belligerents, of espionage or treachery, and even of poisoning the wells, and crucified by both. Hundreds have been imprisoned as hostages, shot, knouted, hanged, buried alive; women have been outraged, whole populations have fled, some before the enemy, many hounded out by their own military authorities, wandering—but not into the wide world. Into the towns outside the Pale they might not escape—these were not open even to the wounded soldier. In the long history of the martyr-people there is no ghastlier chapter. Yet it is lost—and necessarily lost—in the fathomless ocean of Christian suffering, in the great world-tragedy. But while Poland and Belgium are crowned by their sorrows and cheered by the hope of re-birth, while the agony of Belgium has become an immortal heroic memory, the agony of Israel is obscure and unknown, unlightened by sympathy, unredeemed by any national prospect, happy if it only escapes mockery. It is related that when one of these ejected footsore populations, wandering at midnight on the wintry roads, with their weeping young children, met marching regiments of their own army, the women stretched out their hands in frantic beseechment to the Jews in the ranks. But the Jewish soldiers could only weep like the children—and march on.

III

To Their Tents, O Israel

"You are the only people," said Agrippa, trying to hold back the Jews of Palestine from rising against the Roman Empire, "who think it a disgrace to be servants of those to whom all the world hath submitted." To-day, servants of all who have harbored them, the Jews are spending them-

selves passionately in the service of all. At the outbreak of the war an excited Englishwoman, hearing that the *Cologne Gazette*, said to be run by Jews, was abusing England, wrote to me, foaming at the quill, demanding that the Jews should stop the paper. That the Jews do not exist, or that an English Jew could not possibly interfere with the patriotic journalism of a German subject, nay, that the abuse in the *Cologne Gazette* was actually a proof of Jewish loyalty, did not occur to the worthy lady. Yet the briefest examination of the facts would have shown her that the Jews merely reflect their environment, if with a stronger tinge of color due to their more vivid temperament, their gratitude and attachment to their havens and fatherlands, and their anxiety to prove themselves more patriotic than the patriots. It is but rarely that a Jew makes the faintest criticism of his country in war-fever, and when he does so he is disavowed by his community and its Press. For the Jew his country can do no wrong. Wherever we turn, therefore, we find the Jew prominently patriotic.[1] In England the late Lord Rothschild presided over the Red Cross Fund, and the Lord Chief Justice is understood to have saved the financial situation not only for England, but for all her Allies. In Germany Herr Ballin, the Jew who refused the baptismal path to preferment, the creator of the Mercantile Marine, and now the organizer of the national food supply, stands as the Kaiser's friend, interpreter and henchman; great organizing work at the War Office has also been done by Herr Rathenau, while Maximilian Harden brazenly voices the gospel of Prussianism, and Ernst Lissauer—a

[1] The film-play "Wake Up," which has brought 30,000 recruits, was written by a British Jew and boomed by a popular daily with a Jewish editor. Sergeant Mick Cohen, of the 4th Batt. Royal Fusiliers, has recruited some 3,000 men for his regiment and is popularly known as "The King's Recruiter." A Liverpool Minister was dismissed for favoring the conscientious objector, and the Chief Rabbi decided "Priests" may serve.

Jew converted to the religion of Love—sings "The Song of Hate." In France, Dreyfus—a more Christian Jew, albeit unbaptized—has charge of a battery to the north of Paris, while General Heymann, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, commands an Army Corps. In Turkey, the racially Jewish Enver Bey[1] is the ruling spirit, having defeated the Jewish Djavid Bey, who was for alliance with France, while Italy, on the contrary, has joined the Allies through the influence of Baron Sonnino, the son of a Jew, with the co-operation of the Republican leader Salvatore Barzillai, now a member of the Cabinet, in which, too, Luzzatti is Finance Minister. The military hospitals of Turkey are all under the direction of the Austrian Jew, Hecker. In Hungary it is the Jews who, with the Magyars, are the brains of the nation. Belgium has sent several thousand Jews to the colors, and, at a moment when Belgium's fate hangs upon England, has entrusted her interests at the Court of St. James to a Jewish Minister, Mr. Hymans and their Chief Rabbi has persisted, in defiance of the Germans, in praying every Sabbath in Brussels for King Albert, and thus bringing upon himself six months' confinement in Germany. Two thousand five hundred Jews fight for Serbia, and rather more for Italy, which has many Jewish officers. Even from Morocco and Tripoli come Jewish troops—they number 20 to 30 per cent of the Zouaves.[2] Nor are the British Colonies behind the French. From

[1] Enver Bey belongs to the Donmehs, the Jews who, in the mystic year 1666, followed "The Turkish Messiah" to Islam. See my "Dreamers of the Ghetto."

[2] The Zouave, Judah ben Barok, has received two war-medals. Severely wounded, he rallied the other men, crying "My life is of no consequence. Vive la France!" The Algerian jewess, Sarah Zelish, a widow, gave up all her eight sons to fight for France. *Per contra*, a widow at Budapest, Rosa Tritz, has given seven sons to the Hungarian colors and Vera Loeb of Zweibrücken, eight sons to the German.

Australia, New Zealand, from Canada, South Africa, from every possession and dependency, stream Jewish soldiers or sailors. Even the little contingent from Rhodesia had Jews, and the first British soldier to fall in German South-West Africa was Ben Rabinson, a famous athlete. In Buluwayo half a company of reserves is composed of Jews, altogether some five thousand Jews have been fighting in South Africa. One Spanish Jewish family has three sons in the Belgian army, two in the Canadian force, and one a Derby volunteer. Of such is the brotherhood of Israel. When Joseph Chamberlain offered the Zionists a plateau in East Africa, the half-dozen local Britons held a "mass-meeting" of protest. Yet to-day, though the offer was rejected of the Zionists, fifty Jewish volunteers—among them Captain Blumenthal, of the Artillery, and Lieutenant Eckstein, of the Mounted Rifles—are serving in the Defence Force enlisted at Nairobi. Letters from British Jews published in a single number of the *Jewish World*, taken at random, reveal the writers as with the Australian fighting force in Egypt, with the Japanese at the taking of Tsingtau, with the Grand Fleet in the North Sea, while the killed and wounded in the same issue range over almost every British regiment, from the historic Black Watch, Grenadier Guards, or King's Own Scottish Borderers down to the latest Middlesex and Manchester creations. The old world and the new are indeed at clash when a Jewish sailor on Passover eve, in lieu of sitting pillowed at the immemorial ritual meal, is at his big gun, "my eye fixed to the telescopic sights and an ear in very close proximity to an adjacent navy-phone, and the remainder of the time with my head on a projectile for a pillow." Anglo-Jewry, once the home of timorous mothers and Philistine fathers, has become a Maccabæan stronghold. One distinguished family alone—the Spielmanns—boasts thirty-five members

with the forces.[1] Another—the Beddingtons—claims thirty-nine. A letter of thanks from the King has published the fact that an obscure Jew in a London suburb has five sons at the front. In another family (the Hamburgers) with five sons at the front, one came from Australia to enlist and one from the Argentine.[2] From Cairo hails a private of the 19th London regiment, a champion wrestler of nearly six feet four, who is said to speak thirteen languages including Tartar and Serbian! And in all these armies the old Maccabæan valor which had not feared to challenge the Roman Empire at its mightiest, and to subdue which a favorite general had to be detached from the less formidable Britain, has been proved afresh.[3] "The Jewish bravery astonished us all," said the Vice-Governor of Kovno, and, indeed, the heroism of the Russian Jew has become a

[1] The richly-promising Captain Harold L. J. Spielmann was killed in Gallipoli.

[2] At the beginning of January, 1915, I wrote the following appeal for Jewish recruits: "Now that English women and babes are being bombarded in cold blood by German pirates, no man who enjoys the priceless prerogative of British citizenship can without shame refuse to rally to Britain's defence. Especially does this duty—this proud privilege—fall on the sons of a homeless race that in Britain—almost alone in the world—have found liberty, equality, and fraternity. The mere fact that the Lord Chief Justice belongs to the race that even in 'cultured' Germany is only half-emancipated, shows that in England Justice is Lord and Chief, and that the downfall or even the bare defeat of Britain would be a disaster to civilization. I rejoice that our young Jews by enlisting in more than their due proportion have already testified their super-devotion to the Empire that spreads its wings over us, and I rejoice equally that the War Office, by according them the opportunity of serving together, has recognized that their feeling of special brotherhood is only another link in the mighty and multiple chain of the Empire, and that their union is only a greater strength for the service of England. May your Shôfar-call rouse the old Maccabæan thrill of heroic ardor and sacrifice!"

[3] A Canadian lad, not yet thirteen, hid as a stowaway, managed to get to the front as a trumpeter and despatch-carrier, and was wounded. No wonder Lord Kitchener remarked of him, "There's blood for you." The blood, however, was that of the famous Samuel Salant, Rabbi at Jerusalem, whose grandson he is.

household word. More than four hundred privates—they cannot be officers—were accorded the Order of St. George within a few weeks, as well as a nurse whose name is censored. One Jew, who brought down a German aeroplane, was awarded all four degrees of the Order at once. Another has received a gold medal for exceptional bravery. "The capture of the line of Jaroslav forts," says the *Times* (Oct. 4, 1914) "was directly due to the heroism and cleverness of a young private." In England Lieutenant de Pass won the Victoria cross for carrying a wounded man out of heavy fire, and perished a few hours later in trying to capture a German sap. Two other Jews figure among the V. C's., and many in the lesser distinctions. In Austria up to the end of the year the Jews had won 651 medals, crosses, etc. In France Sergeant Netter gained the much coveted military medal. "I give my life for the victory of France and the peace of the world," wrote a young immigrant Jew who died on the battlefield. A collection of letters from German soldiers, published by the Jewish Book-shop of Berlin, reveals equal devotion to Germany, where the Jews have shared to the full in the rain of "iron crosses." (5868 up to the end of March, twenty-six of the First Class.) The King of Serbia has paid express tribute to "the constancy, the valor and the devotion of the Jews who are serving in my army." And to the question, "What shall it profit the Jew to fight for the whole world?" a Yiddish journalist, Mr. Morris Meyer, has found a noble answer. There is a unity behind all this seeming self-contradiction, he points out. "All these Jews are dying for the same thing—for the honor of the Jewish name."

IV

"SUFFERANCE THE BADGE"

And yet these are not really Jewish forces even in the religious sense, for they waive their religious demands. The Anglo-Jewish volunteer, who might easily stipulate for special treatment, accepts the very disregard of his dietary and ritual that constitutes the tragedy of Russo-Jewish conscription. While the Indian troops are scrupulously safeguarded in their dietary, while beef and pork are kept religiously remote, while the Mohammedan, Sikh and Hindoo have each their slaughterer to kill the goats, by "halal" for the Moslem and by "jatka" for the others, the Jewish soldiers in England, France and Germany are limited to army-chaplains or Field-Rabbis who distribute prayer-books and administer to the dying (when they chance to come upon them) the consolations of their neglected religion. Soldiers under the ever-present shadow of death are naturally susceptible to their childish memories. "On Seder night," wrote an English recruit from the trenches, "I could picture everyone at home, sitting round the Passover table, and the thought made me feel as if I could cry my eyes out." A Jewish battalion would apparently have attracted volunteers both racially and spiritually. And yet the Anglo-Jewish community frowned upon the suggestion, and the Jewish chaplain himself, the zealous hard-worked chaplain whose labors would have been so lightened by concentration, did his best to keep his flock sundered and dispersed. This instinctive shrinking from solidarity is doubtless a heritage of the tragic centuries. The Jew is so old and worldly wise. Experience has burnt into him that together with the movement of attraction towards the Jew in moments of national crisis—simultaneously with the process that knits

him with the nation in love and service—goes a reverse movement of repulsion. The very drawing-together of the nation in the stress and zest and blood-sacrifice of war enhances the national consciousness and rouses a keener historic sense of the native tradition, before which the Jew looms more foreign than ever.

Thus, even in England, prejudice has wakened in the Provinces, particularly at Leeds. In Liverpool cabinet-makers have refused to work with Jewish craftsmen, even in war contracts. And in a southern seaport there is a grimly amusing story of a Jewish chemist, who in the exuberant patriotism begotten of ten happy and prosperous years in England, resolved to put up war-bulletins in his highly popular shop-window. He started well enough with "England declared war against Germany at 11 p. m. last night." Unfortunately some inner imp of mischief, taking advantage of his imperfect idiom, inspired him to add in a burst of loyal emotion, "God help England!" The town was instantly ablaze. England needed no such help, the poor bewildered patriot was assured with oaths, she was quite able to beat Germany off her own bat. And under a shower of stones which broke his windows and shattered those wonderful blue and green bottles, he fled for his life through the back door. Truly the Jew has obeyed the maxim of Nietzsche to "live dangerously." He has lived with all peoples, from the Greeks and Romans to the Germans and the French, from Assyrians to Americans, and his instinctive fear of them all is a lurid sidelight on the history of the world. As a commentary on Christianity it is too sad for tears.

V

The Riddle of Russo-Jewry

The devotion of the Jew to the British flag needs no explanation. Both socially and by legislation England has given the world a lesson in civilization. And if France only just escaped the pollution of the Dreyfus affair, if Germany and Austria are anti-Semitic in temper, all these countries have yet given the Jew his constitutional rights, and the Kaiser in particular has had the sense and the spirit to turn his ablest Jews into friends and henchmen. The appointment of several hundred officers during the war has probably removed the last tangible grievance of German Jewry. As for Turkey she has been since 1492 a refuge of Jewry from Christian persecution, while Italy, which has had a Jewish Prime Minister as well as a Jewish War Minister (Count Ottolenghi) stands equal with England in justice to the Jew. But that the Russian Jews, yet reeking from the blood of a hundred pogroms, should have thrown themselves into Russia's struggle with almost frenzied fervor, this is, indeed, a phenomenon that invites investigation, and invites it all the more because the Jews in America, remote from the new realities, continue their barren curses against Russia, and include in their malisons those who, like myself, proclaim the cause of the Allies the cause of civilization.

It would be easy to dismiss the enthusiasm of the Russian Jews as more politic than patriotic or to say that they have made a virtue of necessity. But it bears all the marks of a sincere upwelling, a spiritual out-reaching to their fellow-Russians. Such scenes as marked the proclamation of war have never been known in Russian Jewry. The Jewish Deputy in the Duma and the Jewish press were at one in proffering heart and soul to the country. From the

Great Synagogue of St. Petersburg five thousand Jews, headed by the Crown Rabbi, marched to the Tsar's Palace, and kneeling before it, sang Hebrew hymns and the Russian Anthem. Their flags bore the motto: "There are no Jews or Gentiles now." At Kieff ten thousand Jews, carrying Russian banners and the Scrolls of the Law, paraded the town, and similar demonstrations occurred wherever Jews dwelt. A Warsaw writer records that the Jews wept with emotion in the synagogues as they prayed for Russia's victory. Thousands of youths who had escaped conscription offered themselves as volunteers; in Rostoff even a girl smuggled herself in among them and went through several battles before she was detected. The older generation poured out its money in donatives. The Dowager Empress accepted and named a Red Cross Hospital. One wealthy Jew in the province of Kherson undertook to look after all the families of Reservists in six villages, or 1380 souls.

Something must perhaps be discounted for the hysteria and hypnosis of war-time. And other factors than patriotism proper may have entered into the enthusiasm. The young generation had reached the breaking point. Baffled of every avenue of distinction, the most brilliant blocked from the schools and universities by the diabolical device of admitting even the small percentage by ballot and not by merit, grown hopeless of either Palestine without or the Social Revolution within, the young Jews hovered gloomily between suicide and baptism, between depravity and drink. Some with a last glimmer of conscience and faith had thought to avoid the stigma of Christianity by becoming merely Mohammedans: others to dodge at least the Greek Church had exploited an Episcopalian missionary. But even for these Russia refused to open up a career. To this desperate generation the war came as an outlet from a blind alley, a glad adventure. Hence

the reckless bravery on the battlefield. But there was reason, too, in the ecstasy. England, ever the Jew's star of hope, was at last to fight side by side with Russia. For the Russian the Alliance was a pride, for the Jew an augury of Liberty. The great democracies of the West would surely drag Russia in their train. And for the elders the fear of Germany was the beginning of wisdom. The very first day of the war she had taken possession of the undefended town of Kalicz on the Russian border and in this town, more than a third Jewish, had initiated her policy of "frightfulness." And mingling with this sinister first impression came the stories of wealthy Jews returning from Karlsbad, Wiesbaden and other summer resorts from which they had been ejected as "alien enemies." The Jew began to cling to the devil he knew, to realize that, after all, Russia was his home.

But when every allowance is made for lower factors, there remains a larger and deeper truth underlying the enthusiasm, the truth which it takes a poet to feel and which found its best expression in the words of the Russo-Yiddish writer, Shalom Asch, whose dramas have been played in Berlin and whose books published in English. Germany's aeroplanes had rained down on the Pale not bombs but leaflets, announcing herself as the deliverer of the oppressed and promising to grant the Jews equal rights. To these seductive attempts to exploit the Jewish resentment against Russia, Shalom Asch answered sternly: "'The oppressed peoples under the Russian yoke' have risen as one man against the German bird of prey. . . . The Jews are marching in the Russian ranks for the defence of their Fatherland. Nor is it the youth alone that has done its duty. In every town of Russia Jews have established committees: our sisters are joining the Red Cross, our fathers are collecting funds. . . . Thousands of Russo-

Jewish volunteers have enlisted in France . . . even from America, where Germany has tried to exploit our sufferings, they are beginning to come. For this is not a war to defend the Russian bureaucracy which is responsible for the pogroms, but to defend the integrity of our Fatherland. . . . Nor do we do our duty in order to 'earn' equal rights . . . but because, deeply hidden in our hearts, there is a burning feeling for Russia. . . . Look at America where hundreds of societies and streets bear the names of our Russian towns. . . . No Pale, no restrictions, no pogroms, can eradicate from our hearts this natural feeling of love for our country, and God be thanked for it! . . . Nobody gives a Fatherland and nobody can take it away. We have been in Russia as long as the Slav peoples. The history of the Jews in Poland begins with the very first page of Polish history. Equal rights must be ours because for a thousand years and more we have absorbed into our blood the sap of the Slav soil, the Slav landscape is reflected in our thought and imagination. *We shall fight against the system of Government which refuses to recognize our equality, as we fought against it in 1905. But the Russian soil is sacred, it belongs to the peoples of Russia, and whoever dares to touch it will find in the Jew his first foe!*"

VI

POLES VERSUS JEWS, RUSSIA INTERVENING

In 1912 the leading organ of the Warsaw Jewry consulted me on a burning question of internal politics on which, it was said, the fate of the Jews of Poland hung. The Poles had put up for the Duma an anti-Semitic candidate and threatened pogroms if the Jews of Warsaw, whose numbers controlled the election, did not vote for him. While deprecating responsibility and pointing out that no outsider could gauge the factors, I yet could not but

add my voice to those that declared a vote against themselves to be too degrading. The Jews chose the manlier course. True, they still voted for a Pole, they did not put forward a Jew, but at least they threw out the avowed Jew-hater. The threatened results followed. The first stroke was the establishment of a ruthless boycott, which soon ruined thousands of Jewish artisans, dealers, shopkeepers. No Polish doctor would treat a Jew, no chemist make up a prescription. Nor did murderous riots fail; but here Russia intervened—to keep down Polish nationalism! Into this embittered atmosphere broke the war.

When the Grand Duke published his historic promise of autonomy for Poland, the Jews rejoiced equally with the Poles. But the Poles were not to be pacified. "There is but one thing that Russia expects of you," the Grand Duke had warned them; "that you respect the rights of those nationalities with which history has bound you." This statesmanlike proviso fell on deaf ears—the Poles on the verge of their own freedom were busy devising how to oppress another race, complaining that it adulterated their nationality, and wildly proposing its emigration *en masse* to America. One paper actually published a picture of Jews killing a Christian child for its blood for Passover cake—"a practice exposed in the Beilis case." But no Polish intellectual has come forward to rebuke the mob on behalf of the Jews, though the Russian *intelligentsia* is solid for them. "Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell," but it is the race of Kosciuszko that now looms as the foe of freedom.

A most instructive document has come into my hands, drawn up by the Polish committee in Paris which was deputed by the French Government to certify the Polish nationality of individuals claiming to remain in Paris. For at the expulsion of alien enemies, it had been decided

to exempt those races, such as Alsatians, Czechs and Poles, that were only German or Austrian subjects by force of compulsion. Now the Poles of Paris had long suffered from the grievance that the Prefecture of Police refused to recognize them as a separate nationality, classifying them as Germans, Austrians or Russians, according to the particular slice of Poland they hailed from. No sooner was the Polish nationality re-established, however, than this Committee reported against the inclusion of Polish Jews in the list of the exempt, and even went out of its way to credit the Jews of Russia, Austria, and Germany with one and the same nationality—and that a German! For is not the dialect of them all Yiddish, and is not Yiddish a form of German?

In Russian Poland "pro-German" was the word against the Jews. In Austrian Poland, however, it had to be replaced by "pro-Russian," unless in the portions conquered by Russia, when "pro-German" came in useful again. In all parts they were, of course, accused of hoarding coin and food-supplies, though, according to an Italian paper, in Austrian Poland the arch-speculator in corn was no other than the Arch-Duke himself. Thus in the midst of their own terrible sufferings the Poles, by denouncing the Jews, poured oil on the flames of hell. Whenever a town taken by one side was retaken by the other, Poles hastened to the conqueror to accuse Jews of being Russian spies or German agents, as the case might demand. If the Jews went out with the civil population to meet the incoming invader and to demand peaceful treatment, they were liable to be denounced subsequently as traitors; if they cowered at home, they were immediately denounced as the one inexorable element. The fact that Germany had made a rival promise of Polish autonomy exposed all Polish inhabitants to cruel cross-currents of temptation,

and doubtless divided their house still more against itself. It is a profound lesson for statesmen that the only section of Poland that was satisfied, and that both offers of autonomy left cold, was Galicia, for Austrian Poland had its constitutional rights, and was free to live its own life.

It is natural to assume, therefore, that some Jews on the Russian borders of Galicia may have gravitated towards Austria in the hope of escaping the Russian yoke. We know indeed, that at Kielce the Poles themselves danced the streets at the prospect of being rid of Russia. But that the Jews played everywhere a double part is a pure fantasy of Polish hate. Military law is not far removed from lynch law, yet Jews were acquitted of these charges even by courts-martial. In Samosz after five Jews had been hanged, a Russian pope came forward and unmasked the Polish plot, showing that it was the denouncers themselves who had trafficked with the Austrians. At Krasnik the Rabbi was so sure of the innocence of his flock that he offered his own neck to the noose instead—and the offer was accepted!

Orloff, the Chairman of the Real Russians of Moscow, sent to Poland to investigate, reported that the Jews were more loyal than the Poles,—a report which cost his expulsion from the party. Even Stephen Graham, who has become the mouthpiece of Darkest Russia, gives the Jew a certificate of loyalty. They were further accused of poisoning the wells, an accusation last made against them in these regions in 1364, when Casimir the Great gave the Jews of Kalicz a charter of protection against such charges.

One must not suppose, however, that the Poles were always conscious perjurers—even in England we know how war sets up a very madness of denunciation—an epidemic of espionitis. Did not the Home Secretary report

to Parliament that he had investigated a hundred thousand accusations without finding a single spy? Imagine the state of mind in a country of peasants already saturated with Jew-hate. Even Jews saying their prayers were supposed to be communicating with the enemy by wireless telephony. And the Russians who at the bidding of the Poles executed rough-and-ready injustice were not wilful persecutors. Indeed, no small part of the blame must be placed on the German newspapers, which boasted that the Russian Jews were their allies. A Russian Army Order now before me quotes these papers and enjoins that Jewish hostages shall always be taken, "to assure the army from the bad influence of the Jewish population." We need look no further for the origin of the 215 pogroms reported from Poland.

Whether all these pogroms really took place, and how many of the gruesome details are true, cannot be established at present. Russia—after her financial confabulation with the British Treasury—denied that any were authentic. Austria and Germany through equally official channels maintain that the reality is even worse. As for the Press, Bismarck's discovery that it can be manipulated is now common property. The newspapers, instead of increasing information, only thicken the fog. Perhaps it is the character of hell to have "No light, but rather darkness visible." In Milton's hell this served only to "discover sights of woe," and in Poland there is sufficient illumination to show us spectacles best left dark.

It is significant that the Jewish Deputy's answer in the Duma to Sazonoff's denial of outrages was suppressed in the Russian papers. But, entirely discounting German sources, there are before me too many letters from natives of those hapless regions, too many indictments from neutrals like Brandes, too many cries of horror from Russians

like Prince Paul Dolgorukoff, and, above all, too many unconscious admissions in the Russian and Polish press, to leave any hope that this dolorous chapter of Jewish history is only a pro-German figment. Of the pogrom at Josefow I even possess the names of 81 victims. Poland has been full of "Jews in great numbers, wandering about, lost, shot at, accused of being spies, arrested, liable to execution." (The description is Stephen Graham's.) A Russian journalist gives us a vivid picture of these hegiras—trains packed from floor to roof with half-dressed people, or great processions of men, women and children, trudging for days the wintry roads to Warsaw, their toes peeping out of their boots, a woe-begone mass of bundles and babies, jeered at by the Polish villagers. Fifty have been buried at Warsaw in a single day in a melancholy national procession. And from every quarter these streams of misery have flowed into Warsaw, till the floor of every synagogue and Jewish building was packed with sleeping populations.

The last hours of the great Yiddish novelist, Perez, were spent in receiving myriads of the simple folk whose lives and naïve faith he has so wonderfully described: a cart at the head of each congregation carried its Scrolls of the Law, and often its violated virgins—"equally sacred," said the Poet.

VII

Russia against Russia

Neither of the two great Jewish issues—the abolition of the Pale in Russia,[1] and the return to Palestine—can fail to be profoundly affected by the war.

[1] A fortnight after the outbreak of the war (August 18, 1914), I addressed to the *Times* a letter upon this point:

"The rumor reported in your issue of to-day that the Tsar is about to give civil and political rights to his Jews will, if confirmed, do much to relieve the feelings of those who, like myself, believe that the Entente with Russia was too high a price to pay even for safety against the German peril.

To follow the movement of opinion in Russia on the Jewish question has been like watching the swaying of the battle-line in Flanders. It is clear that the good and evil spirits, that Ormuzd and Ahriman, are at tug of war. And the vacillations are reflected in the utterances of Russian politicians. Professor Milyukof, the Liberal leader, who at the outset of the war saw freedom coming to the Jews, now sees it hopelessly receding. A hundred circumstances

Not that the Russians are not a fine people; it is only with the Russian Government that civilization has a quarrel, and the quarrel is as much on behalf of her Russian as her Jewish subjects. The offer of autonomy to Poland—even if it is only a good stroke of business—shows that that Government is entering upon an era of greater intelligence, and learning at last from her British ally that minorities and dependencies are attached more closely by love than by fear. The emancipation of the Russian Jews would be felt as an immense relief in many countries, not only among Jews, who have felt bitterly that the old land of freedom was helping involuntarily to perpetuate the Pale, but among Christians also, for all civilization suffers under this medieval survival with its sequelæ in massacre and emigration. In Russia there is a colossal field—half of Europe and half of Asia—for the energies of the six million Jews now cooped up in a province of which they are forbidden even the villages.

"Their enfranchisement would, indeed, be a logical consequence of the redemption of Poland, for how could Russia permit the Jews in her Polish dominion to be freer than in Russia proper? But there is no logic in Russia, and it is, alas! far from improbable that the Poles, now engaged in a barbarous boycott of their Jews, would be stupid enough to imitate Russia and deny them equality. In that case the Jews now in Austrian and German Poland would lose their hard-won rights just as the Jews of Khiva and Bokhara lost theirs when these regions were assigned to Russia. And Russian Jews would only assuredly count as human beings if Russia, instead of conquering German and Austrian Poland, herself loses to Germany her German-speaking provinces. In these—and they include the bulk of the Jewish Pale—the Jews would be seized at a stroke of the rights they have so long vainly demanded from Russia. Is it not tragic that in this instance civilization should have more to gain from German militarism than from our Eastern ally? I hope that in the final issue of this cosmic cataclysm England will not be found the catspaw of Powers opposed to her noblest traditions, but that by her insistence on justice and freedom all round she will retrospectively justify her Entente, show a glorious profit on her outlay in armaments, resume her moral hegemony of the world, and her old place in the affections of mankind."

justify either view. On the one hand, the passionate fidelity of the Jew is seen to touch the Russian heart; on the other hand, the forces of reaction still lurk, and are intensified by the chauvinism engendered by war. One day we hear that the diabolical education system is to be swept away, the next the Black Hundreds who were ready to embrace the Jews are demanding that in conquered Galicia the Austrian Jews should be hampered by the same educational restrictions as in Russia proper, and that even their lands should be confiscated—and this though the shrewder Germany has been introducing equal rights for the Jews in the parts of Poland just conquered by her! One day the very dock laborers of Nicolayeff send a thousand roubles to help the Polish Jews, the next the Tsar assents to the new Local Government Bill for Poland, forbidding Jews to be even mayors or town clerks. Now the Jew Katz becomes a national hero for keeping back, with only eight men, a whole German force, anon the same wounded warrior is expelled from a hospital in Petrograd and a section of the Press clamors for the exclusion of Jews from the Army.

But the brain and heart of Russia are sound. It is from her own great writer, Andreyev, that has come the touching picture of the wounded Jewish soldier slinking into the hospital which his companions enter as heroes, and hardly daring to groan in the wards for fear of drawing attention to the fact that he is outside the Pale. And into this wavering battle-line of good and evil, of Russia against Russia, comes like a cavalry charge the glorious Manifesto of the Intellectuals, signed by over two hundred notables, including Senators, members of both Houses, professors, academicians, and, above all, the greatest writers of Russia. This noble document, which inter alia testifies how abominably the anti-Jewish restrictions have been maintained even through the war (wives and children, for example, be-

ing unable to visit their husbands and fathers dying in hospitals for Russia), pays tribute to "the sorely-tried Jewish nation which has given to the world many sublime contributions in the spheres of religion, philosophy and poetry . . . and which is now again submitted to trials and insulted by false charges." After recapitulating the Jew's devotion to the common cause, it stigmatizes the limitations of his rights of citizenship as "not only a crying injustice, but also a method damaging to the very interests of the state." "Russians," it concludes, "let us bear in mind that the Russian Jew has no other fatherland than Russia, and that nothing is dearer to a man than the soil on which he is born. Let us understand that the welfare and power of Russia are inseparably bound up with the welfare and liberties of all the nationalities that constitute the whole Empire. Let us conceive this truth, let us act in accordance with our intelligence and our conscience, and then we are sure that the disappearance of all kinds of persecution of the Jews and their complete emancipation, so as to be our equals in all rights of citizenship, will form one of the conditions of a really constructive Imperial policy."

Nor is this inner travail for righteousness, though by far the most important force making for Jewish emancipation, the only force at work. The assurance I had the privilege to receive from Sir Edward Grey, that he would neglect no step to encourage it, has been widely published.[1] But this does not carry us far, for Russia resents interference in her internal affairs. "Russia is not on trial in this war," said the *Novoye Vremya* haughtily, and even Lord Reading has reminded us that at the Peace Settlement we shall not be making terms with Russia. The real importance be-

[1] To the disgust of the *Zemschtchina*, the organ of the Black Hundreds, which says it is calculated to produce a "coldness" between the two countries.

longs, therefore, to Sir Edward Grey's further assurance to me that at the end of the war no transferred population shall be deprived of its status. Hence should Russia conquer any portion of Galicia she will have to leave the Jews their pre-existing equal rights, and these rights will then become the leverage for raising the Jewish status throughout the rest of Russia. For it is impossible that Russia will be able to allow her new subjects an equality which she refuses to the old.

In any event, and whatever the result of the war, irresistible economic considerations in favor of Jewish emancipation are working with the higher forces. It has at last been perceived by Russians that the Jews are necessary to Russia, that without them she cannot go forward on the new path of industrial and commercial development, and that if she is not to be exploited by the all-penetrating Germans, she must be taken in hand by her own subjects. To capture German trade the Pale of Jewish settlement must be abolished. And from every Christian quarter, from towns and conferences, from the Imperial Economic Council of Petrograd itself, come petitions for its abolition. The loyal response of the Jews to the recent call for the mobilization of trade and commerce has made the need of them even plainer. And the very hatred of the Poles for the Jews is curiously working in the same direction. For the Poles allege that it is not so much their own old-established Jews they object to as the immigrants who pour in from Russia, Russianizing everything, and undermining Polish nationality, and the Poles have gone so far as to prevent the native Jews co-operating with Jews from Russia proper even upon war-relief committees. And this unwelcome westward stream of immigration they trace to the economic effects of the existence of the Pale. Were this only abolished, the Jew would expand eastwards over

Russia, not come pushing into Poland; nay, the Jews already in Poland would begin to migrate into the new territory opened up to the Jew. And now that Poland has been warned by Brandes, Luzzatti, Andreyev, and other makers of European opinion, that at the peace congress her own autonomy will not be accorded her if she denies equality to her minorities, she is beginning to declare that a modus vivendi with the Jews must be found, and it is certain that in this compromise she will demand equal rights for the Jews throughout the rest of Russia; lest otherwise they stream towards her more liberal soil.

And not only are these forces of hate working for Jewish emancipation, but, under "the Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will," these forces are even making for the rise of a Jewish land. The idea of Palestine or some other territory for the Jew is at last in the air. An influential Russian paper, the *Russkoe Slovo*, has started a symposium on the subject. Even Tsar Nicholas, according to the *Novoye Vremya*, favored Palestine, while a contemporary Russian statesman would accept a British Protectorate over Syria. According to the *Novaya Gazeta*, it is East Africa or some German colony that is to be assigned to the Jews. In Italy the Palestine ideal is combining the Jews under Luzzatti with the Catholics under Tonnallo. Gustave Hervé preaches it in France, and the Labor Parties of the world, which are already solid for Jewish emancipation, would not oppose this supplementary measure. Even in the British Cabinet powerful elements favor the claims of the Jews upon Palestine. Lovers of the "prophecies" have always pinned their faith to Armageddon. The return of the Jews to Palestine was always to be the immediate sequel of the great world-war. Let us turn, therefore, to see how the situation is shaping in the Holy Land.

The Orient is pre-eminently the region of rumor and fantasy, and the reports that have penetrated to us from the bazaars of Palestine or been carried by a myriad refugees are more contradictory even than the war reports of Europe. The Zionist bank has been officially closed and officially forced to open. Locusts have eaten the harvest, and it will be more abundant than ever. In part these contradictions merely mirror the ever-changing policy of the Porte. We may distinguish three stages, the first before Turkey had joined in the war, the second when she behaved according to Turkish notions, and the third and still ruling phase in which Germany stepped in to undo the harm to the general cause done by Turkey's own methods. To the first phase belongs the economic damage to Palestine wrought by the general European situation, for the trade of Palestine depends almost entirely on the distant world—and ships were few. The great majority of the Jews in particular live on sums sent from Europe, and the mails had practically ceased to run. To the second phase belong the seizure of food-supplies and munitions of war [1] the Ottomanization or expulsion of the Palestine Jews, their enrolment in the army, unless they paid the necessary baksheesh, the attempt to uproot Zionism, destroy the Jewish colonies, and settle Circassians on the Jewish land. To the third, or German-American phase, belong better economic conditions, the more favorable treatment of the Jews, and the explanation that only Zionism with its stamps, flags, and symbols, was and is to be the object

[1] We have a vivid account of the situation in Jerusalem from Miss Anne Landau, the Head-Mistress of the Evelina de Rothschild School, who was chivalrously treated by Djemal Pasha. "The colonists had to give up their horses, their carts, their oxen and cows, their laborers and—sorest wound perhaps of all—their irrigation pipes which conduct the water to the orange groves. In Jerusalem every cab-horse was taken and all enemy property confiscated . . . very soon Palestine was like a corked up bottle."

of attack; also the foregathering of Arabs and Jews in Jerusalem.[1] There is still, however, a policy of ruthlessness, so far as French or English property is concerned, and unfortunately the bulk of the Jewish colonies belong to Baron Edmond de Rothschild, of Paris, or to the Ica, an association which controls the legacy of Baron de Hirsch.

Help from the United States

It has been a blessing for the Jews of Palestine that, through all this time of turmoil, the United States have been represented at the Sublime Porte by Mr. Morgenthau, who combines the humanitarianism of the American with the special solicitude of the Jew. When Mr. Morgenthau passed through London, on his way to his post, he was a prey to modest shrinking; had he known he would have to represent half the world in war-time he would probably have drawn back. Yet no veteran diplomatist could have done better. It is owing to him that speedy help for Palestine was forthcoming from the Jews of the United States, and it was his son-in-law, Mr. Maurice Wertheim, who carried the gold on an American battleship, supervised its distribution on scientific principles, and supplied history with the one reliable account of the situation. By gracious direction of the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Josephus Daniels, a further supply of food was sent on the U. S. collier, Vulcan, while the U. S. cruiser, Tennessee, transported thousands of refugees gratuitously from Jaffa to Alexandria.[2] For expulsion was the fate of all Jews who

[1] The Jaffa Hebrew weekly, *Hapoel Hazair*, states that Djemal Pasha has barricaded the Wailing Wall. Thus is the Jew denied access to the last fragment of his ancient glories.

[2] These war-ships coming for a despised race greatly put up the Jewish status among the Turks. Jews are also indebted to President Wilson for claiming a "Jewish day" for collections for the distressed Jews in the war-

would not take on Ottoman nationality (at a fee), and it would appear that only the Jews of Galilee consented to any extent to become Turks, the Jews of Judea preferring exile.[1]

But if the cause of Zionism has thus received a serious set-back, if the heroic work of the colonists for a whole generation seems undone, if the old Jewish exodus from Egypt to Palestine has been reversed after three thousand years by this great exodus from Palestine to Egypt, the new exodus has produced a strange dramatic episode, which may bring Zionism nearer than ever to its hope. For among the refugees at Alexandria were a number of young Zionist colonists, tradesmen and students, wishful neither to turn Turk nor to resume the Russian. For the suzerain of Palestine they might have been ready to fight, had not the Turks declared a "Holy" war, which these young Jews felt was as little their business as to fight for the Russian they had long since quitted. But Egypt had been proclaimed English, and inasmuch as Russian law allowed absent subjects to fight in an allied army, they would fight with England—for Palestine!

The idea of fighting for Palestine was not, indeed, new. It had more than once been brought to me by the despairing younger generation. But now it had come in a practicable form. Through their spokesman, a Russo-Jewish journalist, the young Zionists begged to be enlisted as a British-Palestine battalion. To the British military mind, nursed on the Bible, the idea did not lack fascination, and

zone—a proclamation unique in history—and for declaring that if he were at the Peace Conference he would insist on rights for Russian and Rumanian Jews. The British Government also generously allowed money and food to reach the Jews of Palestine.

[1] The Turkish Government with delightful informality pressed Mr. Morgenthau to join the Cabinet as Minister of Commerce and Agriculture. He could still go on being American Ambassador, they said!

General Maxwell, the Grand Commander of Egypt, appointed Colonel J. H. Patterson, the distinguished Irish soldier and sportsman, to organize the corps. The Colonel cabled to me, asking for a message of encouragement, and I cabled back my welcome of the incident as an omen for the establishment of a British Protectorate in Palestine. This message, toned down by the local military censorship into a wish for the men's "happy return" to Palestine, was read to them, and the Colonel made a speech that was translated into Hebrew, and ended with the words: "Pray with me that I should not only, as Moses, behold Canaan from afar, but be divinely permitted to lead you into the Promised Land." The troops were then solemnly sworn in by the Chief Rabbi of Alexandria, who gave a stirring address, and then, with "Hedads" for King George, the Colonel, and the cabler, the young Zionists, five hundred strong, marched off singing their national hymn. Hurriedly equipped, mainly with Turkish rifles, and wearing a small brass disc with the "Shield of David" over their black Turkish greatcoats—or a red shield instead of a cross for the Medical Corps—they pitched their tents in the old Biblical fashion, and the word of command rang through the air in Hebrew.

After only six weeks' training they, with their thousand mules, were transferred to the Dardanelles as the "Zion Mule Transport Corps," whose perilous function is to bring ammunition and stores up to the trenches. Already they have been publicly thanked by the General, while two, for gallantry in operations near Krithia, received the D. C. M. But, as one of the wounded said, "Proud as I am of my wound, I should be the happiest man alive had I received it on the soil of Palestine."[1] The origi-

[1] For further details see *With the Zionists in Gallipoli* by Colonel Patterson, D. S. O. He says, "The troops in Gallipoli always said: 'Let us have the

nal negotiator of the corps has come to me in England on a mission of gathering the recruits in every available country. Thus after a gap of 1,782 years, and as if symbolically at the very moment when the Turks have prohibited the immemorial prayer at the Wailing Wall, there is again a Jewish army, however humble. And this army is in alliance with the British. Palestine alone cannot solve the Jewish problem, and "equal rights everywhere" remains an imperative necessity. But only Jewish nationalism can ever write a new chapter of Josephus. "They may hang us, violate our women, drag us through the seven hells," wrote some Russo-Jewish volunteers from the French trenches, enclosing their pitifully few francs for Jewish relief funds, "but we will remain Jews."

Zion men.'" British Officers used to write and say that they had never met such gallant fellows. They were in fact quite fearless. One of the Jewish Officers was Captain Trumpledor who had already been decorated by the Tsar with the cross of St. George in gold for special gallantry. There were nine killed and sixty wounded.

"RUSSIA AND THE JEWS"

Two Letters to *The Nation*

I

SIR,—Is no organ safe from Mr. Stephen Graham? In his self-appointed rôle of defender of Holy Russia, that voluminous young writer displays a vigilance and an industry positively German, and an efficiency no less Teutonic in its disregard of established standards. His latest exploit is an attempt to capture *The Nation*. But those of your readers who may be impressed by the plausible tone of his letter in your last issue may be recommended to turn to his article under the same title in the current number of the *English Review*. Throughout that article, Mr. Graham is incredibly engaged in fanning the almost extinct embers of the Blood Accusation. He actually writes—in language which even the Russian Censor would hardly permit—"Beiliss was innocent—though he was actually involved in the murder. Someone was guilty, a madman or a Jew, and, indeed, the probability is that a Jew actually committed the crime. Whether it was for ritual purposes or not is another matter." The Beiliss case reopened, you see, the whole monstrous medieval myth, still treated as a live possibility. Indeed, Mr. Graham's whole article reads like an expansion of the dialogue which I put into the mouth of the Jew-baiting Russian Baron in *The Melting Pot*. It is literary mine-sowing, and in a friendly area, for 350,000 Russian Jews are now fighting for their fatherland.

As for his contribution to your own columns, his cool assertion that "no harm has been done to the Jews during this war"—coming as it does at a moment when the Polish Jews are living through one of the greatest tragedies in history—almost freezes my ink. One must set aside, of course, what the Jews have suffered in common with their fellow-Russians, but the tale of their special miseries is so superfluously tragic that it has brought numerous protests from Russian newspapers and Russian parties. Thus already in the *Russkiya Vedomosti* of November 3rd, Prince Paul Dolgorukoff denounced that pitiless interpretation of the laws of the Pale by which the Jewish soldier's nearest and dearest cannot visit his death-bed if the hospital lies outside the prescribed region, or which, after the amputation of a leg, hounds him out of the prohibited area as soon as he can hobble. Is it for the purity of her Christianity that Mr. Graham has become the apostle of Russia? Well, her Christian chivalry to her Jewish lieges—and many a Russian Jew has rallied to her colors who was safely outside Russia—may be gauged by the instances collected by Mr. George Kennan in the American *Outlook* for January 27th. Mr. Kennan has been accused of creating the "Russia of the novelists." He has, therefore, wisely confined himself to bald extracts from Russia's own press, such as reports of wounded Jewish soldiers being excluded even from hospitals.

Moreover, Mr. Graham cannot have forgotten the recent historic indictment of Poland by Brandes, his detailed statement of war pogroms, such as that at Josefow, where, under that other medieval suspicion of "poisoning the wells," seventy-eight Jews were killed, many women violated, and houses and shops looted. It is this indictment which has transformed Brandes from the idol of Poland to a dog of a Jew. For one of the first feats of the great humanist

was to expend on the literature and romance of Poland all the enthusiasm he could spare from neglecting the romance and literature of his native Jewry. Now, a generation later—disillusioned over the Poles who, in the very height of their struggle for freedom, are seeking to crush or uproot the Jews whom they originally invited to settle among them—Brandes sorrowfully recalls his youthful rhapsodies. "I said, Poland stands as the emblem of all that the greatest of mankind have loved and fought for. Am I to feel shame for these words now when the destiny of Poland is to be fulfilled?" Brandes's generous ardor is still not that of a Jew on behalf of the Jews—as Mr. Graham and his tribe pretend of all such natural emotions--still less is it "pro-German"; it is the old universal passion for freedom and justice.

Mr. Graham, waving aside all these facts with a Podsnappery truly magnificent, observes, with bureaucratic toploftiness, almost as himself a member of "the spheres:" "The Russian Government is not in the habit of entering the journalistic arena to deny libels." Why, this is precisely what the Russian Government did when it officially denied in the *Times* of January 22nd the libel fathered on M. Sazonoff by Mr. Stephen Graham, that after the war nothing would be done for the Jews. It was at M. Sazonoff's own house at lunch that, according to Mr. Graham, the Russian Foreign Minister made his statement to him, and as, in the same number of the *English Review*, Mr. Graham repeats a conversation on the Jewish question with the Lord Chief Justice at the dinner-table, I can only deplore that a journalist with such a code should be given such prominence in the *Times*, or that a writer with so much engaging enthusiasm and literary charm and so precious a sense of Russian mysticism and brotherhood, a writer who might really help Russia and England to help

each other, should have gone so hopelessly astray in the dreary bogs of reactionary politics.—Yours, etc.,

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

February 15th, 1915.

II

To the Editor of *The Nation*

SIR,—I am very surprised to learn from Mr. Stephen Graham that the Lord Chief Justice read his article through before publication in the *English Review;* and I apologize to him for assuming he had reproduced Lord Reading's dinner-table conversation without permission. He makes no attempt, however, to justify that article (still connecting Beilis and the Jews with the murder which everybody knows was committed by the woman Tchebiriakova, or to answer Dr. Brandes's indictment of the Poles, or to justify his assertion that "no harm has been done the Jews during this war;" and he cannot glide away with some graceful compliments to my literary merits. I had already regretfully acknowledged his, and the situation is too serious for posturings. It really will not do to pretend that I am "kicking up a dust" to cover that the Bund "had been publishing false news of a pogrom at Lodz, and so weakening the strength and unity of the Allies." What have I to do with the Bund? Moreover, the Bund did not confine its news of pogroms to Lodz, and it added that, under pretext of treachery, whole Jewish populations had been hounded from their homes. One of these drives was even described in the *Daily Mail* of February 15th. Mr. Graham's proof that there was no pogrom at Lodz is that nothing appeared about it in the Russian or English press! Doubtless the German press is as tainted as either, but the charge that 215 pogroms have occurred in Poland is most solemnly made by the chaplain of the Jewish forces

in Germany, and a number of these are attested from a variety of other sources with which I will not weary or sicken your readers. The Rabbi adds: "There is no hope of seeing an end to these horrors." As for the pogrom in Lodz, so far from the news having been false, or nothing having appeared in the Russian press, the *Nowyj Woschod*, of Petrograd (November 26th), said in a paragraph passed by the Censor: "The Military Commandant of the town of Lodz, who received a Jewish deputation, begged it to tranquillize the population, as those guilty of the pogrom would be punished according to military law." In fairness to Mr. Graham, it must be admitted it was not a "bad" pogrom, though it was renewed several times, and included the ironic incident of the wounding of a Jewish soldier by the mob.

Mr. Graham's suggestion that the Jews are inventing slanders against Russia, and thereby weakening the Allies, is as unworthy as it is mistaken. At the outbreak of the war the English organ, *Darkest Russia*, ceased publication with the dignified remark that the best thing it could now contribute was its silence. The chivalrous reply of the pro-Russian press was to fill the air with glorifications of Russia and vilifications of the Jews under cover of "the fog of war," relying on its ability to becloud and menace any Jewish critic with the suspicion of anti-Britishism or even pro-Germanism. Mr. Graham seems to forget that the treason to the cause of the Allies is committed by the perpetrators of horrors, not the narrators. The humor of the situation is that in defending the cause of the Allies I have become a byword in the German press, branded as a pro-Russian turn-coat, the butt of lectures, poems, paragraphs, and cartoons. It is the same in the pro-German press of the States. Let me quote only one sentence from an "Open Letter" addressed to me by the notorious *Fatherland* of New York. "Your amazing statement that 'it is

better that the Russian Jews should continue to suffer than that the great interests of civilization should be submerged by the triumph of Prussian militarism' surpasses in its cruelty and injustice anything I have ever seen written by a Jew." And this although my plea for our Allies was enforced by Sir Edward Grey's promise to me to neglect no step to encourage equal rights for the Jews in Russia. Imagine, then, the effect in America and other neutral countries, whose sympathies the British Government has desired to retain, of Stephen Graham's fire-brands in the *Times*. It is he, not I or the Bund, that has been playing the German game. His fantastic solution of the Polish-Jewish problem—exclusion of the Jews from any rights under Polish autonomy and their departure in their millions to America—appearing as it did in an organ popularly supposed to be the very voice of Britain, created a panic throughout the Pale, and even agitated America with apprehension of a gigantic immigration. As a witty Amercan cartoonist put it, "Russia grants the Jews equal rights —in America!" When it is remembered that Germany does give the Jews equal rights, and has hastened to give them even to the Russian Jews in conquered Lodz, while the "Black Hundred" press is urging Russia to take them away even from the Austrian Jews in conquered Lemberg, it will be understood how the pro-German effect of Stephen Graham's Polish propaganda was aggravated when he announced that Sazonoff, the Russian Foreign Minister, had told him the only alleviation the Russian Jews were likely to find after the war was—the deprivation of their right to serve in the Army. That is to say, the Jew's reward for his heroic patriotism—and eighty Jewish chevaliers of St. George have been registered in Moscow alone—is to lose his one equal right—that of dying for Russia. It is a pity this brilliant idea did not occur to Russia before she

had made 50,000 Jewish widows. But if Russia does mean to throw over the Jews, the least she could do, out of consideration for her Allies, is to conceal her intentions. No wonder that Sazonoff and the Russian Embassy hastened to disavow their indiscreet exponent.

Mr. Graham replies: "I have never written anywhere that M. Sazonoff said that nothing would be done for the Jews." This is mere quibbling, for what he said M. Sazonoff offered was even less than nothing. In the *Sunday Times* of January 17th, Mr. Graham reported the conversation: "'Is anything likely to be done to relieve the tension of the Jewish problem?' 'M. Sazonoff thought it possible that they might be excused military service in future if they wished it. He recognized the great difficulty of dealing with the Jewish problem, but spoke enthusiastically of the coming restoration of Poland.'" But the repudiation by the Russian Government does not limit itself to what M. Sazonoff said. It denies he made any statement whatever. ("We are informed that M. Sazonoff has made no statement whatsoever concerning the Jewish question in Russia." *Times*, January 22nd.) Yet, in your last issue, Mr. Graham asserts: "M. Sazonoff gave me express permission to quote his remarks." I must leave them to fight it out between themselves.

So far as the Jews are concerned, the effect of Mr. Graham's incessant output of books and articles, his tireless discourses in clubs, hotels, halls, and churches, is to prepare the world for England's abandonment of the Russian Jews at the end of this war of freedom. As the *Pall Mall Gazette* said, in winding up its eulogy of his new book: "To demand rights for Russian Jews upon English or American analogies is simply to treat with contempt the realities of an Empire whose political intelligence and institutions are still in embryo." But the Jews are only a side issue. The

real danger from Mr. Graham's crusade is to Russia and to England. He wishes to bring Russia and England together. It is the last thing he should do, with his obviously sincere desire to save Russia from industrialism. To work day and night to introduce Russia to "the nation of shopkeepers" is, indeed, a curious way of saving her from developing like the West. Also, he wishes us to love Russia. But we are already hopelessly united to her, commercially and politically, and we all do love Russia—that Russia whose soul has been revealed to us by the great writers whom she has exiled and imprisoned. How can we not welcome her into the great democratic brotherhood of England and France, how can we not love the poor moujik who, as Mr. Graham tells us, goes off to the "Holy War" without even knowing against whom? Why, before Mr. Graham was heard of I had anticipated his tender sympathy for the Russian pilgrims to Jerusalem, and I placed on the stage the teaching of Russia's greatest spirit. I might love Russia even more, were a Jew allowed to see her, but even the Lord Chief Justice, a savior of the Russian financial situation, cannot enter Russia by simple virtue of his British citizenship. Mr. Graham is trying to make us love the wrong Russia—the Russia which he may foist upon Englishmen but never upon the Russians. He has had a mystic vision *à la* Pobedonostsev of a Holy Russia, bathed in the light that never was on sea or land, and it leads straight not to Tolstoy, but to Torquemada. Such a unity of Church and State as he holds is impossible, if only because Russia has nearly twenty million Mohammedans. Mr. Graham's reactionary mysticism would not matter if it stopped at Russia, where the bureaucracy has no need of his services. But he has become a carrier of political infection to England. His new book actually suggests that England should copy the Russian constitution—the constitution of the very

Empire whose primitiveness the *Pall Mall* acknowledges. England is to refuse naturalization to anyone unprovided with a baptismal certificate! A pretty proposition for the head of the Empire of all creeds and races, which has just enlisted them all in its fight for world-freedom! Even Russia does not go so far, for her millions of Mussulmans are recognized as Russians.

But Mr. Graham goes yet farther or still more backwards. In attacking Bernard Shaw he speaks of those who are "whispering treason against Russia." Russia has then, it seems, already annexed the British Empire, and British citizens are capable of "treason" against her. Did I not warn Mr. Wells in your columns that the "Liberal fear of Russia" was not of her enmity?

It shows to what intellectual poverty we are come that the subjective visions and poetic snapshots of our new Sentimental Journeyer should be hailed as heaven-sent statesmanship. "No book could be better timed," says the *Observer*. Well-timed, indeed. To the British conscience, uneasy about Russia, Mr. Graham comes as a providential pacifier, a soothing syrup. *Populus vult decipi et decipitur.* Not that he is a wilful deceiver. As I told him when I first came under the fascination of his style and personality, he is a poet walking in a powder factory. Smoking the "enchanted cigarettes" whose cloud-rings hide from him the real Russia, he does not realize that he is dropping lighted matches in the most explosive area of Europe.—Yours, etc.,

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

March, 1915.

THEODOR HERZL

Farewell, O Prince, farewell, O sorely-tried!
You dreamed a dream and you have paid the cost:
To save a people leaders must be lost,
By friends and foes alike be crucified.

Yet 'tis your body only that has died.
The noblest soul in Judah is not dust
But fire that works in every vein—and must
Re-shape our life, re-kindling Israel's pride.

So we behold the captain of our strife:
Triumphant in this moment of eclipse;
Death has but fixed him in immortal life,

His flag upheld, the trumpet at his lips.
And while we, weeping, rend our garment's hem,
"Next year," we cry, "Next year, Jerusalem."

July 4th, 1904.

THE JEWISH FACTOR IN THE WAR AND THE SETTLEMENT

[A paper read before the Fabian Society on Dec. 10, 1915. This paper naturally overlaps the preceding article at a few points, but carries the story later.]

"Silence, consent and defence of the wrong done, all make those who practice them accomplices in the sin which they seek to shroud or excuse." (*Times*, January 13, 1916.)

I

I feel honored by the request of the Fabian Society to contribute a paper on "The Jewish Factor in the War and the Settlement," yet it is scarcely possible to treat this subject as straightforwardly as doubtless other factors have been treated by your lecturers. For while these other factors are plain and palpable, the Jews—I have ventured to assert—do not exist: as a political entity, that is. Nor is this a paradox of my own. You will find it in the *Times'* Atlas. An intelligent Icelander or Somali, studying a stranded copy of it, would never discover from it that there were such folk as Jews in the world. On no map would he discover any trace of a territory belonging to them, while even from the maps colored according to religion, their existence would be equally unsuspected. Indeed, the only religious division in which they could possibly find place would be the light-orange departments allotted to "the heathen."

I am well aware of the legend that they not only exist but are a federation of millionaires darkly bent on subduing the world, or at least on pulling its strings in the Jewish

interest. But as I happen to have been engaged for some fifteen years in trying to focus Jewish forces, if only for self-defence, I am in a position to assure you that this legend is funnier than anything in Thackeray's burlesque of Disraeli.

The Jews are a frightened people: sixteen centuries of Christian love have broken down their nerves. For the persecution which began with Constantine, the founder of State Christianity, has known scarcely a lull. If there is any object that could federate the Jewish millionaires, it would be that of destroying such political Jewish power as they still apprehend may survive or be brought into existence. And the war has come to co-operate with them, grinding the broken atoms of Jewry still smaller, dashing them one against another. Its forces cross and cancel one another, and their resultant is not Zion, but zero.

II

You will now be able to appraise at its true value the insinuation at present faint, but fated to gather force and frequency as all the swash-bucklers who started the war become increasingly sick of it, that the Jewish factor in the war is nothing less than the whole responsibility for it; that it was an affair of Jewish financiers or wire-pullers [1] or perhaps, as one of my anonymous correspondents explains to me, a consequence of the vermin-like multiplication of the Jews in Germany, which unhappy land having thus no

[1] The Dutch Catholic paper *Tijd* has actually said that the big Jewish bankers had induced the German princes and Diplomatists to go to war to acquire still more power when Europe would become helpless. So too the *Clarion* here, while the *Times* quotes a Viennese saying that the war will end when the last Jew becomes a millionaire. In truth it was at the inspiration of an Hungarian Jewess, Rourka Schwimmer, that the Ford Peace Ship set out.

room for its own race was compelled to look for "a place in the sun." (The Jews of Germany, I may remark, are less than 1 per cent of the population.)

You will now be also in a position to appreciate the suggestion of the London *Times* that the Jews are the instigators of the Armenian massacres,[1] and although the journalists harp on Tsar Ferdinand's nose (as though it were a Jew's harp) and a writer in the *Fortnightly Review* dwells with unction on "that somewhat Judaic nose of the Kaiser, through which he speaks with a distinctly Judaic snuffle," you will not, I imagine, deduce that Jewish Jesuitry has set its scions on the thrones of Bulgaria and Germany in order to destroy Britain.

III

The proposition that the Jews do not exist requires, however, a slight modification. Though the race has no cohesion as a people, yet where it exists in large numbers it forms sub-nationalities, and these do constitute political entities, sometimes exercising, as in Austria, that hotch-potch of races, a certain autonomy. By far the chief of these sub-nationalities is the Jewry of Russia, recently calculated at six millions, a population larger than that of Palestine in the days of Solomon. These Russian Jews are half the Jews of the world and almost the whole Jewish problem.

The Jews of England are too few to be regarded as a sub-nationality, they are merely a small dissenting sect, not indeed reaching half a million in the whole British Empire, including South Africa, where a Mark Twain

[1] A member of an American college at Constantinople testifies that the voice of Morgenthau, the Jewish ambassador, was the only one raised for mercy. "What he has done for this unhappy people, single-handed and alone, is almost miraculous."

might be forgiven for saying he personally knew two millions. Between all these hyphenated sub-nationalities and localized sects there is normally as much repulsion as attraction, but the latent kinship flames up under the persecution of any fraction, and the million Jews of New York who are said to be capable of swinging a Presidential election and whose attitude toward Russia resembles the American-Irish rôle in the Home Rule struggle, may be regarded as a distinct factor in the war, indeed, the only Jewish factor; not anti-British, but certainly not pro-ally.[1]

[1] To this and other neutral Jewries, I issued the following appeal in the early days of the war.

Although the most monstrous war in human history was "Made in Germany," and although Germany's behavior in war is as barbarous as her temper in peace, I note with regret that a certain section of Jewry in America and other neutral countries seems to withhold sympathy from Britain and her Allies. In so far as these Jews are German born, their feeling for Germany is as intelligible as mine for England. But in so far as they are swayed by consideration for the interests of the Russian Jews (to whom Germany and Austria are offering equal rights) let me tell them that it were better for the Jewish minority to continue to suffer, and that I would far sooner lose my own rights as an English citizen, than that the great interests of civilization should be submerged by the triumph of Prussian militarism.

And in saying this I speak not as a British patriot but as a world-patriot, dismayed and disgusted by the inhuman ideal of the Gothic Superman. I am well aware that Germany's press agents paint Germany as the guardian of civilization, an angel fighting desperately against hordes of savages imported from Africa and Asia. But if we are using black forces it is for a white purpose; she is using white forces for a black purpose.

But it is not even certain that the Jews of Russia will continue to suffer, once England is relieved from this Teutonic nightmare. The assurance I have been privileged to obtain from Sir Edward Grey, that he will neglect no opportunity of encouraging the emancipation of the Russian Jews, marks a turning point in their history, replacing as it does windy Russian rumors by a solid political basis of hope. Nor is this the mere utterance of a politician in a crisis. I am in a position to state that it represents the attitude of all that is best in English thought. It is with confidence, therefore, that I appeal to American and other "neutral" Jews not to let the shadow of Russia alienate their sympathies from the indomitable island which now, as not seldom before, is fighting for mankind, and which may yet civilize Russia—and Germany!

Mr. Jacob Schiff, the most powerful Jew in the States, refused to touch the war-loan unless with a guarantee—which was refused—that no part of the money should go to Russia. Though German-born, he was quite willing to help England, but as the financier of the Japanese war against Russia, he refused to stultify himself.[1] The Jewish ideal is of course the antithesis of the Prussian, and it also happens that the Jews in the field, beginning with some four hundred thousand Russian Jews, are overwhelmingly on the side of the allies.

Yet it would be false to claim them as a pro-ally force, for they have merely obeyed local patriotism, slaying one another at its bidding, and in Germany they are the brain-power behind the Throne. One body, indeed, of Jewish soldiers, the Zion Mule Transport Corps—recruited for the British army out of the refugees from Palestine, and constituting the first Jewish regiment since the year 133, does represent an independent choice of sides, for it was inspired by faith in England, and the hope that England, the historic champion of small peoples, would lead the Jew into the Promised Land. But this Jewish contribution—valuable as is the service it has rendered at the Dardanelles—is too small to rank as a factor in so mighty a war.

IV

For centuries England has been the political hope of the Jew, indeed, the Holy Land of Europe, the cradle of liberty, the fount of salvation. How disconcerting then that in this great war, nominally waged moreover for every Jewish

[1] A book *Der Welt-Krieg und die Juden* (B. Segel, Berlin, 1915) fiercely attacks me for pro-Russianism, as do many German Papers, Professor Hermann Cohen, the distinguished neo-Kantian has also lectured against me on this same amusing ground.

ideal, large sections of neutral Jewish opinion should bitterly desire the defeat of Britain's ally, and, indeed, by journalistic and other imponderable influences tend to its downfall. To understand how this hatred for Russia could overcome even their love and reverence for Britain, and their loathing for Prussian militarism to whose dangers I have tried to arouse them, we must remember not merely the pogroms, but what Mr. Lucien Wolf has called, in the title of his invaluable compilation, "The Legal Sufferings of the Jews in Russia."

At the outbreak of the war the Russian Jews found themselves—with a few privileged exceptions—incarcerated in a pale whose very villages were prohibited to them, debarred from most offices of dignity in state or army, and disallowed higher education except for a minute percentage of the candidates, chosen—with a last touch of diabolical ingenuity—not for their intellectual promise but by lot. In 1913, of 3,908 Jewish students who applied for admission to the universities and technical colleges, 162 were admitted. It was the intellectual starvation of a whole people. Professor Dicey, in an introduction to Mr. Wolf's book, wrote: "The worst evil of Russian despotism is that it threatens the Jewish subjects of the Tsar with moral degradation. . . . The strange discussion of the horrible question whether baptism shall save a Jew from the disabilities to which he is subject tells its own tale. . . . The persecution of Russian Jews is not a matter which affects Russia alone. . . . It is assuredly the concern of every civilized State that the slow and laborious progress of mankind should suffer no retrogression."

When Professor Dicey wrote this in 1912, England was not bound to protest merely as a civilized State. She was bound to protest as a State in semi-alliance with Russia. But Sir Edward Grey interpreted otherwise the great tradi-

tion in his keeping. "I cannot interfere in the internal affairs of Russia." That became his formula and he did not budge from it, even when he was shown how Russia put a slur on British citizenship by refusing British-born Jews the right to enter Russia. America on this very ground broke off her commercial treaty with Russia, but England dared not claim for her Lord Chief Justice and her Home Secretary those rights to British protection against injustice and wrong, in whatever land they might be, which Palmerston vindicated even for the Portuguese Jew of Gibraltar, robbed by a mob at Athens.

And when the Entente was changed into an Alliance, and England's responsibility for Russia proportionately increased, Sir Edward Grey still clung to his formula, though Russia's internal affairs had clearly become England's internal affairs, involving her and her fortunes in the odium they excited. In vain, while urging upon the Jews of neutral lands that the issue was wider than the rights or wrongs of the Russian Jews, I urged our Government to press upon the Tsar the necessity for their instant emancipation, a measure the easier and the more natural, inasmuch as they had come into the war with burning enthusiasm, inexhaustible sacrifices, and incredible heroism. Their emancipation would have meant to the Allied cause an immense asset of good will—the good will of a people of journalists.

But the opportunity was let slip, though it was a war for righteousness and the freedom of small nationalities, and though even a Russian Senator—Baron Rosen, formerly Ambassador at Washington—cried out in the Imperial Council: "It is impossible simultaneously to serve two gods—it is impossible to profess as regards international relations the great principles of liberty and justice and to ignore them as regards inner affairs. This would be un-

paralleled political hypocrisy and cynicism." But was there at least an alleviation—for war time only—of "the legal sufferings of the Jews of Russia?" Surely Russia was touched by their Jewish patriotism. They were the sole nationality from which only-sons were conscripted and they bore it without a murmur; they even added volunteers—they came back from America itself. Their wealthier classes poured out funds, they organized hospitals. Surely Russia—the land, as Stephen Graham tells us, of pure primitive Christianity—could not but respond to this supreme example of Christian forgiveness!

How Russia responded you shall now hear. And though a stream of documents has poured upon me from Russian Jewry, it is not their evidence that I shall call, though it is naturally nearest to the facts. I will go only to the speeches in the Duma, published in the Russian papers, neither censored by the Russian Government, nor contradicted by it:

V

"Under the mask of military requirement," said Professor Milyukoff, the celebrated leader of the Cadet Party (Constitutional Democrats), "unheard-of measures of corporate responsibility for uncommitted crimes were adopted against the Jews—measures reminding one of the savage laws of the Dark Ages, and degrading us in the eyes of the civilized world." "The Jews," said A. F. Kerenski (Labor party), "have been crucified by hatred and calumny." "A series of measures," cried Friedman (the Jewish Deputy), "absolutely incredible and unheard of in the history of humanity, whether for their cruelty or their pretext."

What was this pretext? Let Tschkheidze, the leader of the Socialist Democrats, answer—and answer it. "Gentlemen," he said in the Duma on the 16th of August, 1915,

"the Government, once more on its last legs, turns again for a scapegoat to the Jews. This time instead of a charge of ritual murder, it is the accusation of felony and treachery. But all Russia and all Europe know what has happened behind the armies and on the battlefields. The guilty are not the Jews—the whole country knows that. The guilty are the traitors—some of them recently in high office, some of them now hanged—who have battened on official contracts." [1]

And what were the measures to repress the innocent Jews? One was, like the Germans in Belgium—to take hostages, but, unlike the Germans, from their own subjects. Four hundred of the Jewish elders were thrown into prison—the punishment, as a Christian critic put it in the Duma, of enjoying public respect. But the main measure, as transpires from all the Duma speeches, consisted or consists—for it has not yet quite ceased—in driving out whole populations at a few hours' notice from their homes and possessions; in turning some six hundred thousand Jews into vagabonds and mendicants. The sick, including women in child-birth and cases of contagious disease, were dragged from their beds, the orphans from the asylums, the lunatics from the madhouses, and such as could be packed in any goods trucks available were sent off without food or water with letters of consignment like goods; the others, men, women and children, had to go afoot through the wintry roads.

If a baby died on the way, the parents could not stop to bury it; if the scarlatina or typhus patients died in the train, the bodies were not removed. Dzioubinski, the

[1] These were named by the Chairman of the Army and Navy Commission in the Duma on March 21st, and included Sukhomlinov, the former War Minister, and General Grogoryev, who surrendered the fortress of Kovno.

peasant deputy, told the Duma of an evacuation of Jews which he had himself witnessed in the Government of Radom. "At eleven o'clock at night," so ran his description, "the whole Jewish population was suddenly exiled. Whoever was found at daybreak would be hanged. In the darkness of the night began the exodus to the nearest city, thirty versts (that is twenty miles) distant. There was no means of transport. The old, the sick, the paralytic, were carried by the others."

A letter was read in the Duma from a young American Jew who had emigrated from Russia ten years before at the age of eighteen, leaving his folks still there. When war broke out he risked his life in returning to Russia via Archangel to enlist, because, he wrote, "I love the land of my birth more than my life, more than the liberty I enjoyed in America. . . . In the Carpathians I lost my right arm, almost up to the shoulder, and was invalided home. On my way I met, quite by chance, at a railway station my mother and my family, expelled from our native place. This tragedy broke me up again, and I am now in the military hospital of Riga. . . . Tell the gentlemen of the Right," he wound up, "that I do not regret the arm I have lost. What I regret is the human dignity I enjoyed on the foreign soil of America."

"Gentlemen," cried the Leader of the Social Democrats, in a burst of irrepressible indignation, "it is now a year that we are being told that this shambles, this ocean of blood, is in the name of law, truth and justice, in the name of the highest principles of freedom, equality and fraternity. If so, let me ask the government a few questions. Under what law is a whole people made to answer for the crimes—let us assume they are the heaviest crimes—of some of its members? What kind of truth is it when lying communications are being fabricated and published in the official

organ of the government, that the Jews of Kuzhi have betrayed the Russian soldiers to the enemy? Why have the various periodical publications been ordered to publish this lie under threat of penalties? What justice is this that requires that a Jewish volunteer, who has been several times in battle, and is now crippled and mutilated, shall be expelled within twenty-four hours from places in Russia where he was looking for employment?

"What humanity is this which forbids the offering of food to hungry Jewish fugitives immured in sealed wagons at the stations? What freedom is this to have the whole Jewish press suppressed and destroyed by a single stroke of the pen? What fraternity is this when a part of the army is incited against the Jewish soldiers who are risking their lives in the same trenches side by side with the others? The Germans are accused of violating the accepted rules of war . . . but, gentlemen, in the name of what code of law are orders issued to the Russian Army to drive the peaceful Jewish population forward under the fire of the enemy's bullets? By virtue of what code are Jewish subjects of Russia being taken as hostages and thrown into prison, in order to subject them to torture and to have them shot? The Germans are being branded for not having spared Rheims Cathedral. But let me ask you what ethical or æsthetic principle underlies the outraging of a Jewish woman within the precincts of the synagogue whither she had fled in the hope of escaping her terrible fate?"

Such have been the "legal" sufferings of the Jews in Russia in war-time—the mere military measures. I have omitted, you will remember, the facts furnished by my Jewish informants. I have not repeated a syllable which Russia has censored. Nor have I referred to the horrors of the actual warfare; the fact that the Jewish Pale was the very heart of the war-zone, bombarded and pillaged

by both belligerents, taken and re-taken, its miserable inhabitants shot and hanged as spies by each side in turn. I have not recalled to you the myriads of orphans and widows created legitimately on the battlefields.

A friend of mine, a neutral, relates that in Switzerland he met a Jew from Russia who, having seen all these things, sits in his room all day long writing appeals to the rulers and potentates of the nations, begging *them* to make an end of the sufferings of the Jews. You perceive that he is mad.

But I should be giving you a false perspective if I failed to point out that the Jews, though the worst, are not the only victims of the Russian bureaucracy. The opportunity of the war was taken—not to fuse all sects and races in the glow of their patriotism. On the contrary, every religious and racial minority was oppressed in turn. Listen to the Moslem Deputy in the Duma. "Wholesale expulsions of the male population, violation of the unprotected women left behind, ruined and devastated villages, an impoverished, hungry, terror-stricken and unprovided for population, this is the position, of the Moslems in the Caucasus." Listen to the Lithuanian Deputy. "Whole territories, with millions of inhabitants are given over to fire and sword. The whole population is driven out, the country laid waste, the people turned into beggars." Listen to the Polish Deputy. "The population was driven in front, the cattle requisitioned, the country devastated." And the Letts will tell you of similar persecution, and the Ruthenians of the persecutions of their Press and their religion; and the Finns of further encroachments on their constitution, and the Russian people generally of Trade Unions rooted out and the press strangled.

"What will they say in France, our great democratic Ally?" thundered a Russian orator at the Duma. "What will they say in liberty-loving England?"

Liberty-loving England! Blindfolded England, whose heroic sons have offered their lives for righteousness, but whose able editors and governors have sent them to death with their eyes bandaged.

"Unparalleled political hypocrisy and cynicism!" I thank thee, Russ, for teaching me that word. Pliny tells us that after the death of Domitian the Romans flocked to hear the orators recounting the tales of the tyrant's victims but that they could hardly bear to listen for sheer shame at their own passive complicity in his crimes. I believe it is with a similar feeling that Englishmen will one day hear what has been going on in this war. For we are living through one of those periods described by Mommsen when words no longer correspond to things.

Bismarck said that the Germans feared God and had no other fear. Sir Edward Grey feared Russia and had no fear for England's dishonor. I do not say he has not made protests. He has—but tepid, timorous. So far, England is the only country that the Steam Roller has crushed.

VI

"The fear of God," says the Bible—that somewhat discredited work—"is the beginning of wisdom." But has the fear of Russia been really the beginning of wisdom? Let the whilom Russian Ambassador at Washington speak again. "It is inconceivable," he told the Imperial Council this September, "that those who guide our home policy should not be able to realize that by our mediæval treatment of the Jewish population of Russia, and by our systematic outrages upon the constitutional habit of mind of the Finnish people we are helping enormously the pro-German propaganda in neutral countries which our enemies carry on with lavish means to the detriment of the cause

of the Allies!" Yes, indeed, these things of which we are not permitted a whisper here, lose nothing, we may be sure, heard through the German megaphone. And then we wonder that the Bryce report on Belgium leaves the Swedes or Roumanians comparatively cold, and President Wilson and the Pope are not as furiously British as Mr. Blatchford. Vain to expect these atrocities on enemies to move the neutrals when Russia has provided such an antidote in the shape of atrocities on her own subjects. In the recent debate on the alleged indiscretions of the *Times* Ministers made great play with the importance of influencing neutrals. Yet this is how they have influenced them.

I said Sir Edward Grey had made protests—but as a favor to the Jews, crumbs thrown to a beggar. He has not apparently understood the importance to *England* of Liberalizing Russia. It is not only that the national unity so necessary to peaceful warfare was shattered from within, Russia's will to victory enfeebled. All these oppressed minorities of religion and race have—like the Jews, brethren in other lands,[1] and some—like the Moslem—infinitely more powerful brethren than the Jews. What of the Holy War which Germany had not succeeded in kindling? What of the reverberation in India with its sixty-two millions of Mussulmans?

And when a portion of the Ukrainian population whose newspapers have been suppressed and whose religion oppressed, finds itself captured by the Germans, what—asked Milyukoff—must be the effect on their brethren living on the still Russian side of the frontier, when they see the new free Ukrainian literature springing up under the wily conquerors? Will they in fact not pray likewise to come under "Prussian militarism?" And the conquered Galician

[1] I had sent me a Spanish Journal of Rosario (Argentine) with an article on the Persecution of the Jews in Russia and the Duma Speeches.

Poles—the Catholics—were they likely to remain content with the promise of the resurrection of Poland when the first fruit of Russian rule was the proclamation of the Greek Church as the established religion? And the commercial classes half-ruined by the expulsion of the Jews, how can they continue to finance the war? And the depopulated zones, how can they feed the army? And the goods the Jews are compelled to leave behind—may they not ultimately increase the German war-store? And the trains so badly wanted for the transport of munitions—why must a train with one hundred and ten trucksful of Jews, living or dead, be kept waiting two days in a siding? All these questions you will find in the Duma debates, together with the significant remark of Dzioubinski that the military authorities direct a mass of energy towards politics,—and that bad politics,—instead of towards their legitimate goal. But in the language of a distinguished Russian, an army that makes politics cannot make war.

"What will they say in England?" But, you see, poor fog-bound England knew nothing of these doings. While all that was best in Russia was proud of the Alliance with the Mother of Parliaments, and was yearning for an encouraging word of comradeship from the countrymen of Byron in the common fight for freedom and progress,[1] nothing has reached Russia from England save a chorus of adulation capped by Stephen Graham's sentimental glorifications of the old order—effusions which have been denounced by the *intelligentsia* and leading Russian newspapers as a systematic misleading of the British people. Can we wonder if millions of Russians of all sects and

[1] Interview with Miliukoff (*Daily Chronicle*, March 1, 1916): "You would not offend the Russian people, you would not even offend the best men in the Government, if your papers applauded these ideas and expressed sympathy with those who are working in Russia for their fulfilment."

races begin to see hope for Russia only in the defeat of Russia? I tried to arouse England to the danger to the common cause, I explained orally to the Foreign Office why the Steam Roller was in retreat, and I tried to explain to Englishmen at large why it was essential to victory that they should rally by an expression of sympathy the fainting energies of Russian Liberalism. But the great Liberal organs and magazines had established a self-denying ordinance, and when at last the *Daily Chronicle* put my patriotic article in type, every word of it was blue-pencilled by a pro-German censor.[1]

VII

Mr. Brailsford, in a brilliant chapter, has pointed out that, through the necessities of modern political grouping, nations no longer retain their full sovereign rights and that, therefore, they may the less reluctantly pass over into the future World-State. That thought is at once an explanation, a consolation, and a warning. England is literally not herself. She is Russia, France, Italy, Serbia, even Japan. I have urged upon the neutral Jew to trust in the influence of France and England upon Russia. So far, however, it appears that liberty, like water, seeks its lowest level. And the moral is—what Professor Dicey felt by instinct—that the world must be treated as a whole, since any

[1] According to the *Times*, February 28, 1916, the Labor Party in Russia declares that its opposition to the Government is based mainly on its insistence that the Government's activities during the last five months are incompatible with the interests of national defence and of the country. The Constitutional Democratic Congress in a manifesto says: The task of repulsing the foe is inseparably connected with the task of our internal construction.

At the luncheon to the Russian journalists, Mons. V. Nabokoff clearly characterized the upper class anti-democrats as down on their knees before their supreme idol, the Prussian mailed fist. (*Times*, March 7, 1916.)

nation, however ignoble, or even any tribe however savage, may now become the ally and alloy of any nation, however noble. It is clear that advanced peoples can no longer maintain their freedom and ideals, nor the gains of civilization be regarded as secure, till the whole world is lifted to the same level.

Thus, it is not as a Jew that I stand here asking for justice. Both our ideal interests as Englishmen and our practical interests as belligerents demand the immediate emancipation of the Russian Jew, as of every other oppressed nationality in the Russian Empire. It cannot be postponed till the Settlement, for it is a war-need even more than a peace-need. It will help to win the war. Why is national unity less vital to Russia than to England and France? Why have the Allies who finance her so lavishly not demanded a Coalition Government?

But while Sir Edward Grey has been shivering before Russia, the Russo-Jewish problem like the Ukrainian problem, and the Polish problem, has partially solved itself *pro tem.* at least. A third of the prisoners of the Pale have been annexed by Germany, and they have already equal rights and education.[1] The lovers of liberty who rhapsodized over Russia's promise of an independent Poland are now trembling lest the Kaiser carry it out.

[1] The Germans, two and one-half months after taking Warsaw, opened the long-denied Polish University. There are two Jewish professors. The Municipal affairs of Bialystock are managed by a Citizens' Committee, four Poles, four Jews, and a German chairman. The Germans have opened Yiddish schools and issued a Yiddish newspaper under title of *Official Gazette.* There is, however, terrible poverty, 50,000 Jews eating daily in Warsaw at the Soup Kitchen (many are beggars). The German Governor of Poland, Von Puttkamer, says that the conditions in many parts seem revolting, and that although the Jews have collected two and one-half million roubles towards the general charity fund of 11,000,000 roubles, they have only been given 150,000 by the Poles. "The Jews are afraid of the Poles, and have no confidence in the German Government," he sums up. Germany proper is already agitated by the fear of large Jewish immigration from its new provinces.

In that case, however, the Galician Jews might be worse off than before. For in the very midst of their paeans of Liberty and their denunciations of the Russian tyrant, the Poles were contemplating the refusal of equal rights to the two million Jews against whom they had been carrying on a bitter boycott. These beggars were not yet on horseback before they saw the hooves of their steeds trampling on poorer devils. As you have had a lecture on Poland, you will be aware that the old Poland of 1772 embraced, besides Poles proper, the Lithuanians and the Letts, peoples not of Slav but of Baltic origin who now clamor for separate nationality, and the White-Russians and Ukrainians or Ruthenians, whose differentia is religious. But the dream of Poland is to rule over them all.[1]

> Big folk have little folk upon whose rights to trample;
> Little folk have lesser folk and follow the example.

Even Sienkiewicz who appealed to the conscience of the world on behalf of the Poles in Prussia has omitted to protest against the boycott of the Jews by his own countrymen.

VIII

A critic in a French magazine, reviewing some Ghetto stories, remarked that reading them was like seeing the bay, on whose shore he lived, from the opposite curve, so that all his familiar landmarks were reversed or revealed under a new aspect. Thus, his own people, so serenely con-

[1] The Germans freed from Napoleon, crushed down Danes and Poles. Despite the liberty-lauding oratory of Kossuth, the Magyars now crush down Slovaks, Ruthenes and Roumanians. The treatment of the Jews by the Roumanians is a by-word. Finland oppresses the Jews and parodies the Russian Pale. Among the Jews the Zionist majority crushed the minority. There has never yet been a fight for Liberty—only for one's own liberty, Even the Montenegrins, Tennyson's "rough rock throne of Freedom" have monstrously persecuted the Catholic Albanians.

scious of their centralism were turned into "the heathen," while their religion, the last word of sweetness and light, now appeared as a synonym for hatred and darkness. To-day, a Ghetto story, especially if laid in the Russo-Polish Pale, would reveal the war for righteousness as an incomprehensible nightmare in which the Jew, fervent to pour out his blood and his treasure for Russia, finds himself hounded and tortured between the separate hates of the Russian and the Pole and only saved by the conquering Kaiser, bringing, like Napoleon, equal rights for all races. Even in England the Jew who won the Victoria Cross and was refused a meal in a restaurant in one of our greatest liberal centres, in Leeds [1] to be precise, must have been somewhat bemused, the more so as he himself makes speeches on the Asquith model.

The angle at which the Jew sees the war can thus rarely be what the Censorship Bureau would consider a right angle—it is either too obtuse or too acute. A Christian Gunner—if that is not an Irish bull—wrote to the Yorkshire *Evening Post:* "I am a Britisher, home on seven days' leave, after being out in France for fifteen months. . . . What has surprised me as much as anything in this war of surprises is the great number of Jewish boys who are doing their bit at the front and doing it right. Most of them have enlisted under wrong names, hiding their proper names under English ones. Some of my best pals at the front are Jews, whom anyone would welcome as pals and who are true as steel."

That the Christian Gunner is not exaggerating, let the story of Private Sam Thomson illustrate—the young signaller of the Camerons who, in a house at Loos, killed single-

[1] A town where a Mrs. A. Levy has six sons at the front, two wounded at Neuve Chapelle, and an old boy of which—Harry Grows—came all the way from Boston, U. S. A., to enlist.

handed three Germans and captured thirty, and whose real name was Sam Woolf. Sam was anxious to give his all for England, yet he felt it necessary to smuggle himself into her army. And it is a sad fact that despite the resounding cry for recruits, Jews have been frequently refused or, if accepted, "chipped," as it is called, by their comrades. It is the same in the French trenches, where the Jewish volunteers of the French Foreign Legion are accused of enlisting for the food. Even a Jewish officer in an English regiment who gave up the bar to enlist found life almost unbearable.

And if this is so in free democracies, what must be the situation in Russia, where even the law is on the side of the mob; what must have been the patriotism of those persecuted French Volunteers who being shot as mutineers for demanding to be removed to another regiment, faced the firing squad with unbandaged eyes, crying: "Vive la France! Vive la Russie!" Surely Jews are the only Christians nowadays.

IX

So much for the Jewish factor in the war. It has repeated you see, the sufferings and heroism of Belgium, but without its glories and without its hopes. The notion that after the war the world will be righteously re-arranged and Sir Edward Grey will wipe away the tears from off all faces, has already been dissipated by his bribes—rejected or accepted, to Bulgaria, Greece, and Italy. The war has degenerated—under pressure of necessity—into an old-fashioned affair of spoils and rewards. It is true that President Wilson has announced that at the Peace Settlement he will press for equal rights for the Russian and Roumanian Jews but I do not know that he will be asked

to the Conference. It is true that the Berlin Congress of 1878 accorded equal rights to the Jews of Roumania but this Jewish clause has been left by all the guaranteeing Powers, England included, "a scrap of paper."

The Fabians are accustomed to make large constructive demands upon Christendom, and you harbor more than one speculative sociologist, who baits and badgers our poor humanity with demands for a radical reconstruction of its ways of living, thinking and even feeling: a revaluation of all values. My own demand upon Christendom has been precisely the opposite—I have asked it only to carry out its most conventional doctrines. I have not even asked for Christianity, only for the pre-Christian virtues: justice, kindness, fair-play. Perhaps my demand was the more revolutionary of the two: at any rate it has been no more successful.

There are indeed signs that after the war the long agony of the Russian Jew will find alleviation—but it will not be through the action of Christians or of statesmen. What is bringing about the emancipation of Russian Jewry is not the pale God of Galilee, but Mammon and Mars. The very expulsions of the war, the congestions of refugees, have broken down the pale and created a new order, which can never quite return to the old, though the "Black Hundreds" and the "True Russians" (or "True Prussians" as they are now called in Russia), are moving hell and earth to bring back yesterday. And at the moment they have almost succeeded.

The most reactionary parties are in power, Liberal Groups and even Moderates have been baffled, the Duma has been indefinitely closed, the manœuvre (already exposed in that assembly), of egging on the Christian soldiers against their Jewish comrades exploited afresh with a diabolical cunning that perceives that in the Jewish valor and manifold

military distinctions, with the 80,000 Jewish casualties already known, lie the collapse of the whole "True Russian" case.

Secret orders have been issued to the commanders to report on the behavior of the Jewish soldiers, i. e., of course, on their misbehavior, with a view to excluding Jews from the army altogether after the war. With a strange hash of war and politics, army orders arraign the slackness of the Jewish soldiers who yet dare to demand equal rights; their Jewish-German speech is proclaimed the obvious channel of communication with the enemy and this though every attempt to establish charges of treachery and espionage has broken down. Hence an intolerable situation for the Jewish soldiers on all the fronts, friction with, sometimes assassination by, their comrades; to the weakening of the Russian army and the Allied cause; and in Jewish towns renewed plunderings and burnings of houses, blood-ritual charges, pogroms, expulsions, violations of women.[1]

X

And yet I do not despair. For all the intelligent classes in Russia have now discovered that in the Jews Russia possesses a commercial asset more valuable than all her oil-wells, and if the Germans are not to come back, the Jews

[1] According to an interpellation in the Duma the Moscow police recently carried out an anti-Semitic raid. (*Times*, March 11, 1916.) The latest of these incendiary documents—a recent circular accusing Jews of fomenting strikes and revolutions and buying up coin—was exposed recently in the Duma and published in the *Sunday Times*. It led to looting at Baku, directly incited by the police. The situation at the moment of going to press is very black, and even in the Duma the Pro-Jewish Block has been half-shattered. It may be here recalled that General Freynoht, the unjust judge in the Kishineff pogrom trial, has been now sentenced to penal servitude for life for high treason, while his colleague Colonel Miassoiedoff has been hanged.

must be given a free hand—and a free foot—in developing Russia for the commonwealth. I may regret, as much as Stephen Graham, the passing of the old Russia with its idyllic ignorance, simple piety and village socialism, but Russia is too rich a territory to remain unexploited and the Germans were fast changing it into a modern industrial state. And so all the commercial classes of Holy Russia are now clamoring for the Pale of Settlement to be abolished. The Zemtsvos or agricultural communities of the Empire, and the Congress of the towns, the all-Russian Military Commercial Conference, the all-Russian Conference of Lawyers, the Conference of the Stock Exchange Committees, even the Conference of the Siberian Municipalities, unanimously echo the cry. The very Cossacks demand an import of Jews into their undeveloped districts—indeed, Jews are by no means unpopular among the Russian peasantry; on the contrary, Russia is the only country where Judaism gains converts, the Saturdayites and the new Israelites, who are stricter than the Jews proper.

I must not deny that besides the commercial demand there is also an idealistic demand—indeed, this was plain from the speeches I have quoted. A very noble and statesmanlike pro-Jewish manifesto was published by the intelligentsia—in Russia no less than in England the intellectual classes understand politics better than the Cabinet classes. The novelists Gorky, Andreyev and Mereshkovsky are the chief contributors to a book just issued, called *The Shield* which declares that the treatment of the Jews is the dishonor of Russia. I quote some detached sentences from Gorky's introduction.

"It is a heavy task—one feels painfully awkward; suggesting to grown-up and educated people: Be human. Hatred toward the Jews is purely zoölogical or pathological. The Jews are human beings and therefore they must be

free—as all others are. So much has been said of the glorious, broad, beautiful Russian soul. One begins to ask despairingly where really is its breadth, its strength, its beauty? The situation of the Jews in Russia is an ignominy to Russian culture: it is a result of our negligence toward ourselves. It is *our* conscience that is blotted by the poison of calumny, the tears and blood of numberless pogroms. The Jews are more European than we, for to begin with, the feeling of respect to labor and to human life is more developed in them. I admire the spiritual struggle of the Jewish people, their sturdy idealism, their unshakable belief in the victory of good over evil and in the possibilities of happiness on earth. The Jews are the old and powerful yeast of mankind. They have always elevated its spirit, bringing new and stirring noble thoughts and calling forth new strivings after the better things. We Russians might and can learn much from the Jews."

Andreyev goes further and recalling "the heroism of the Jews and their tragic and deep love for the land of their birth," confesses that *he* suffers by their persecution and that Russia's allies are secretly ashamed of her barbarism, and asks, "Are *we* not the Jews of Europe, looked on askance by the Western nations?" A block composed of groups of the Duma and Imperial Council of all parties except the extreme right and the extreme left has long demanded the complete abolition of all Jewish disqualifications—indeed, there is a majority for this demand in both houses. "What great work can be accomplished," asked an orator in the Duma, "what great problem solved by a nation in which millions of citizens are treated as slaves and pariahs?" Even the bureaucracy with a touch of right feeling has abolished the educational restrictions in favor of the relatives of soldiers at the front. On every side the rotten fencing of the Pale is giving way of itself—at one brave

knightly blast from Sir Edward Grey's horn it would collapse like the walls of Jericho.[1] Even the Poles are beginning to bethink themselves. In Warsaw, under the mitigated affliction of the Kaiser's rule, they are co-operating with the Jews in keeping public order.

Their common misfortunes, said Prince Lubomirsky, the Mayor of Warsaw, would beget harmony. Professor Yavorsky, the President of the Chief Polish Council, has published at Vienna a statement admitting that Jews should receive full rights in an independent Poland. Whether in Poland or in Russia, the Jews will be loyal and valuable citizens. They do not cherish rancor. A Jewish soldier saved the life of the chairman of the Jew-baiting order, the Double-Headed Eagle. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"—which was never a motto for vengeance, but only a legal maxim for the Hebrew courts in adjudging compensation for bodily damage—was practically abolished, even in the courts, centuries before the Christian era.

It is with grim amusement that I have watched this much-abused maxim of the barbarous Jew glorified into a popular slogan of contemporary Christendom. No, there will be no danger to Russia from Jewish emancipation. The only danger will be to the Jewish race deprived of the ring-fence of persecution within which an unintelligent anti-Semitism has conserved it. Such a solution of the Jewish problem, unless accompanied by the concession of a core of nationality under a Federal concept, might well be the dissolution of the Jew.[2]

That is why even the most satisfactory measure of emancipation would leave the Jew unsatisfied if the peace

[1] Jews at the moment reside in every Russian town except those containing royal residences.

[2] Seventeen per cent of the marriages of Jews in Germany in 1911 were with Christians, in 1915 the rate had risen to thirty-one per cent.

settlement produced a world parliament, as some hopelessly hopeful speculators still anticipate. The Jews would not even be satisfied with the more practicable and limited Super-national Authority proposed by the Fabian Society. Like the *Times*' Atlas, the able memorandum inspired by Mr. S. Woolf is utterly unaware of Jews—a final proof of their lack of self-consciousness. But the angle from which the conscious Jew sees the world is like the angle from which the homeless tramp peers in at the dinner party. I have dramatically put into the mouth of a German war lord the argument that England's loathing for Prussian bellicosity is only the psychology of the successful gambler who wishes to break off the game at the moment he holds the bulk of the stakes. And, in truth, to eternalize the momentary grouping of peoples and possessions in a world that has hitherto always proceeded by flux and combat, in which empires have risen and set, in which every hill has been abased and every valley exalted as unfailingly as by geologic process, would be to make not a righteous but an unrighteous peace.

There must, if the flux is to be suddenly frozen, be a universal readjustment on the basis of reason and love. Otherwise, can any one tell me why Russia should be left in perpetual possession of half of Europe and a third of Asia, or one-sixth of the land of the globe, while Jewry owns not a single square inch of national territory? The Fabian project recognizes between forty and fifty sovereign states. I know these sovereign states. One of the greatest (America) professes to have the right to exclude and reship the poverty-stricken European emigrant after he has sold off his all in the quest for a better labor market. And this, with a territory almost as large as Europe, peopled by little more than twice the population of Great Britain. A sovereign right, Mr. Cecil Chesterton proclaims

it. As a director of emigration, whose heart has been torn by these tragedies, I spit on these sovereign rights.

Mr. Chesterton, who has done yeoman service in America as a champion of the allied cause,[1] does not seem to see that for a petty population to collar a continent is pure Prussianism. The Germans demand the freedom of the seas. The Jews demand the freedom of the lands.

And these great powers, that are to be confirmed for all time in their great possessions, they are to have a free hand over their subjects. The supernational authority, says the Fabian scheme, is not to require any alteration in their internal laws. How familiar it sounds! "I cannot interfere in the internal affairs of Russia." The hands are the hands of the Fabians, but the voice is the voice of Sir Edward Grey. You make a moral desert and call it peace.

No; for the Jew your world-peace would be a premature, an all-too-conclusive peace. The world is not yet ripe enough. Leaden instincts cannot, as Herbert Spencer pointed out, be transmuted into the gold of an ethical civilization. If human nature were ripe for peace, any scheme, however bad, would ensure it. As things are, the best scheme will not avail. I do not even believe in these dramatic eliminations of evil. As a dramatist myself, I am not taken in by "happy endings"—I know that the story must go on, though the curtain has fallen, that the tableau breaks up and the devil that has departed by the stage door may fly in again from the pit. Still, were the landlessness of the Jews the only obstacle to universal Peace, I should be the first to waive their claim. Jerusa-

[1] Except that his anti-Semitism laid him and his country open to such retorts as "If you are the spokesman of intellectual England, then I can understand why your country should have formed an alliance with the country of pogroms!" (Salvoes of applause.) The Viereck Chesterton Debate, Published by *The Fatherland* Corporation, New York.

lem, which means the heritage of double peace, would be better built so than by actual restoration.

Though half my manhood has been devoted to the quest for a Jewish State, I have never regarded a world settlement, based on racial differences, as a final goal, nor do I share the current enthusiasm for the smaller nationalities. The mere fact that a group of people hates its neighbors affords no basis for reverence. Moses told the Jews, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and Seneca reminded the imperial Romans that all men are sacred—homo sacra res homini. Moreover, the world always has been and always will be a melting-pot.[1] It is curious that even before the present German megalomania began Fichte claimed the French as a people of Teutonic stock, no less than the Spaniards and the Italians, and it is true that a Gothic strain exists in them all.

The alien internment camps throughout Europe are like scientific illustrations of the fusing process taught in the act. As for Jewish blood, I am probably the only person in London who has never been suspected of it. The eighteenth century may have pushed cosmopolitanism too far. The nineteenth reacted with equal exaggeration to nationalism, and the twentieth is an era of nationalism run mad.[2] With Schechter, the great Jewish scholar, whose loss we are just lamenting, I feel that for salvation our ravaged world will have to turn back to international ideals—and these the old Jewish ideals, "to do justice, have mercy and walk humbly with thy God." The claims

[1] Even the Jews have developed a hybrid strain of Spanish Jew. The Levantine Jews, expelled from Spain about 1492, still have journals in the Spanish of Cervantes and a loyal sentiment for King Alfonso.

[2] Lord Acton (from the Catholic standpoint) considered that "the theory of Nationality is more absurd and criminal than the theory of Socialism." (*History of Freedom.*) The worst of trying to kill two birds with one stone is that it often falls between both.

of the Jewish race do not rest on its separate blood, but on its quality and its history.

XI

I have referred to the funniness of Thackeray's burlesque of Disraeli. And yet I should be quite content to take my summary of the Jewish position from Codlingsby. "Over the entire world," mused the Marquis, "spreads a vast brotherhood, suffering, silent, scattered, sympathizing, *waiting*—an immense Freemasonry. Once this widespread band was an Arabian clan—a little nation alone and outlying amongst the mighty monarchies of ancient time, the Megatheria of history. The sails of their rare ships might be seen in the Egyptian waters; the camels of their caravans might thread the sands of Baalbec, or wind through the date-groves of Damascus: their flag was raised not ingloriously, in many wars, against mighty odds; but 'twas a small people, and on one dark night the Lion of Judah went down before Vespasian's Eagles, and in flame and death and struggle Jerusalem agonized and died."

Truth, you see, will out, even in a jester's mouth, for the art of burlesque, which depends on the assumption that there is nothing great or romantic, stumbles into sheer reality when the facts are so strange and tragic that the highfalutin' of parody is too lowly rather than too lofty for them. Thackeray was no less veraciously inspired here than George Eliot in *Daniel Deronda*. The picture only fails in completeness because Thackeray—correctly following his model—laid too much stress on the material romance of the ships and camels and warriors of ancient Judæa, and neglected the infinitely more important kingdom of the spirit whose foundations Judæa laid.

"In the eighth century before Christ," says Professor Huxley, "in the heart of a world of idolatrous polytheists,

the Hebrew prophets put forth a conception of religion which appears to me as wonderful an inspiration of genius as the art of Phidias or the science of Aristotle." Eight centuries later the conception to which Huxley paid tribute was crystallized and carried to a wider audience by a young Jew from Galilee and six centuries after that was accommodated to the Arab mind by another Semite near Mecca.

Without a knowledge of the Bible, which, in the words of Lord Bryce, is "the one piece of literature, ancient or modern, that is common to all the peoples of European origin in both hemispheres," European art and literature would be unintelligible. After collision with every great ancient empire and persecution by every modern, the race that wrote the Old Testament and the New survived to write the gospels of modern socialism, and remains to-day one of the factors of human evolution, one of the roads to the super-race.

XII

Its existence even in dispersion enriches the world, giving in our own day a Meldola to British science, a Bergson to French philosophy, a Schnitzler to Austrian drama, a Berenson to American art criticism, an Ehrlich to German medicine, a Luzzatti to Italian statesmanship, a Josef Israels to Dutch painting, a Brandes to Scandinavian criticism, a Ronetti Roman to Rumanian poetry, a Rubinstein to Russian music, a Vambery to Hungarian adventure, an Enver Pasha to Turkish arms, a Zamenhof to Esperanto internationalism, a Sarah Bernhardt to the world's stage, a Leo Bakst to the newest Nobel Prize-list.[1] Concentrated on a soil of its own, under conditions that

[1] Six other Jews have received the Nobel prize—Albert Michelson, physics (Chicago), Gabriel Lippmann, color-painting (Paris), Paul Ehrlich, medicine (Frankfort), Professor Asser, jurist (Holland), Alfred Fried, Peace-advocate (Germany), Dr. Barony, otologist (Austria), now a prisoner of war in Russia.

might stimulate afresh its spiritual genius, this stock might well produce a superstate, a kultur, not of militarism but of humanism.

But where is this state to be?

That question was first mooted in this very hall by the International Council of the organization over which I have the honor to preside, for the Zionist movement had plumped for Palestine without any practical investigation. The limitations of time prevent me from discussing the answers in any detail. Joseph Chamberlain it was who first tempted the late Dr. Herzl, the great Zionist leader, with portions of the British Empire, first with El-Arisch in the Sinai Peninsula, and, when the Khedival Government made a difficulty about deflecting the water—with a small plateau in British East Africa. I converted Mr. Chamberlain to the conception of not a plateau but the whole of British East Africa turned into a British Judæa and had the conception been carried out, England to-day would have had a Maccabean force to defend that zone of war against the Germans. My organization has not dealt with governments on any basis but the Bismarckian do ut des. But a Chamberlain is rare. It apparently requires a most abnormal statesman to see that an empire which is trying to hold a fifth of the globe with an external force of ten million whites, would be strengthened by a powerful and well-populated Jewish colony.

Lord Strathcona saw this as regards Canada but not Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Mr. Deakin saw it for Australia but not his local Premiers. Your Colonial Briton is ever a dog-in-the-manger. We have dealt also with Turkey, not for Palestine, but for Cyrenaica, since bloodily and imperfectly annexed by Italy, despite the report of our scientific commission that it was not good enough even for the homeless Jews. And a similar expedition went to Angola

by arrangement with the Portuguese Colonial Office, and its report, which we have published, was to have been discussed at Zurich in the very month the war broke out, together with an earlier proposal for re-converting Mesopotamia into a world-granary by irrigating it—at the cost of a few hours of Armageddon—and settling it with Jewish homesteads.

The project has been recently revived by Mr. Hermann Landau, a philanthropist, who has the advantage over me with the public of having himself made money. He contends that there is a profit of ninety millions in the scheme, so that I, who only estimated it at twenty-two millions, have begun to loom as the soberer business man of the two. Mesopotamia, you will remember, is not only a blessed word, but the cradle of the Jewish race, with a Hebrew tradition older than Palestine's and embracing also a later period of bloom. For a thousand years Babylonia was the very focus of Judaism. Jews have lived there under the successive domination of the Greeks, the Parthians, the Persians, the Arabs, the Mongols and the Turks, and are still there to-day in parts now under the British flag, which according to Sir John Jackson the Arabs would like to see waving over all Mesopotamia. Did I not say that even Thackeray's burlesque could not reach the romance of reality?

And finally there is Palestine, which, as the Manchester Guardian explains, is now necessary to the British Empire, inasmuch as "there can be no satisfactory defence of Egypt or the Suez Canal so long as Palestine is in the occupation of a hostile or possibly hostile power." If Britain took Palestine she could make no greater stroke of policy than to call in the Jews to regenerate it for her. Failing this conquest, even if Turkey, under German shrewdness, made a similar offer to the Jews, I for one would hold no

truck with the assassins of the Armenians, should it turn out that the Turks proper and not the Kurds are responsible. The acceptance of Palestine from such a power would be an anti-climax to Jewish history.[1]

[1] Mr. Morgenthau suggested that Turkey sell Palestine to the Jews and found the ministers willing. They even discussed whether it should be turned into a Republic. Prince Nicholas, despatching Jewish soldiers to the Caucasus, is said to have told them to go and conquer Palestine for themselves. Of course Russia and France also claim Palestine, and five monarchs rejoice in the title of "King of Jerusalem," the Sultan of Turkey, the Kings of Spain and Italy, the Emperor of Austria and—ex-King Manoel! Sir Edwin Pears suggests an international Commission, a correspondent of the "Near East" proposes tacking Palestine on to Egypt. At the Peace Conference, says Gustave Hervé, in summing up the reforms necessary, "La Palestine à la vieille et glorieuse nation juive qui depuis deux mille ans attend si héroiquement, dans certains pays où elle est persecutée, la venue du Messie et le règne de la justice et de la paix sur la terre entière! (*La Guerre Sociale*, Paris, February 2, 1915.)

The following correspondence appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* of November, 1914:

TO MR. ZANGWILL

[Per favor of the *Daily Chronicle*]

Dear Mr. Zangwill,—And now, what is to prevent the Jews having Palestine and restoring a real Judæa?—Yours very sincerely,

H. G. Wells.

To Mr. Wells

[Per favor of the *Daily Chronicle*]

Dear Mr. Wells,—Your *War in the Air*, published in 1908, has become a reality so soon that I dare not reply too sceptically to your suggestion that the time is ripe to recreate the old Judæa in Palestine. That idea is certainly in the air. And, enormous as are the obstacles and difficulties—difficulties which have led me to suggest a new Judæa in Canada or elsewhere—they would assuredly lessen if Englishmen of your stamp would work to ensure British suzerainty for the new State. But grateful as all true Jews would be for such help from Englishmen, they could only accept it if its motive was pro-Jewish, not anti-Jewish, justice and not Jew-hate. Palestine could only receive and support the Jews in small instalments, and as the majority of the thirteen millions must long inhabit their present homes, an offer of Palestine, coupled with an aspiration, or worse! a policy for the clearance of other countries of Jews—such as Stephen Graham has so naïvely suggested for Poland—would be a trap from which I should do my best to dissuade my fellow-Jews. Nay more! No bait of Palestine will lessen the

But even under British suzerainty the restoration of the Jews would not be easy. Despite the heroic creations of Jewish colonies—now alas! half destroyed—the Jews hold too few vested interests in the soil to have a claim to it on any basis of Realpolitik. They numbered, even before the great war emigration, only 100,000 out of 700,000, mainly Arabs, and possessed only 2 per cent of the soil. Unless, therefore, the Arabs would trek into Arabia, or could be peacefully expropriated, any government set up on a constitutional democratic basis would result not in a Jewish autonomy, but an Arab autonomy.

It all requires a radically imaginative policy, a dealing in futures as well as pasts by men ready to rescue human history from its monotonous factors of blood and gold. Napoleon, under the spell of the forty centuries that regarded him from the Pyramids, announced his design to restore the Jews to their land. Will England, with Egypt equally at her feet, carry out the plan she foiled Napoleon in?

Had she the power and the genius to do so, a new chapter would be opened in the history of mankind, the ends of the ages would meet, and the "tribe of the wandering foot and weary breast," which for nineteen hundred years has prayed for Palestine some twenty times a day, would find itself on its holy soil under the aegis of the greatest empire in the world, victorious after the greatest struggle in her history. And inasmuch as by her union with Russia England would have marched to this victory over the bodies of the Russian Jews, her restoration of Palestine to their race would be at once a peace offering to her own conscience and a consoling assurance to the martyrs of the Pale that they had not agonized in vain.

insistence of our demand for equal rights in Russia, Rumania, or wherever anti-Semitism drags down civilization.

Very sincerely yours,
ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

TWO LETTERS TO *THE TIMES*

I

To the Editor of *The Times*.
Sir,

As your correspondent mentions me in connection with Mr. Chamberlain's offer of a territory to the Zionists, I trust I may be permitted to correct his history. It is indeed curious to represent the rejection of the East African plateau as having occurred with "no dissentient voice," when he himself scarcely conceals that a large minority of the Zionists seceded and formed the Jewish Territorial Organization rather than countenance this act of folly. The project for which I won the sympathy of Mr. Chamberlain was, however, a far wider scheme than that originally suggested—nothing less, in fact, than the conversion of British East Africa into a British-Jewish colony. British East Africa was then a nondescript possession, once designed to afford an emigration outlet for Hindus, later hailed as a paradise for Britons, and suffering, like the British Empire in general, from a confused and vacillating policy. I suggested to the late Mr. Lyttelton—and my elaborate scheme doubtless still lies in the archives of the Colonial Office—how British East Africa might be developed so as to strengthen this Empire of all creeds and colors by a loyal and grateful Jewish land, populated mainly by Jews from Russia—agricultural pioneers in the first instance from the Jewish farm colonies in the West and South of Russia.

It is characteristic of Mr. Chamberlain's statesmanship

that when I unfolded this scheme to him at his house in Prince's-gardens he exclaimed, "There'll be the devil to pay, but I'll stick to you through thick and thin." He promised to take the platform on behalf of the scheme whenever I should give the word. Mr. Chamberlain, then at the height of his vitality, was keenly conscious of the haphazard fashion in which the British Empire had grown up, and as keenly anxious to introduce order and reason into its future. Mr. Winston Churchill showed a similar imaginative sympathy with the British-Jewish scheme, which, when East Africa became difficult, evolved into the general conception of creating a Jewish land of refuge in some part of the Empire in need of white population.

Two such parts leap to the eye—Australia, whose doleful and dangerous emptiness *The Times* correspondent is now illustrating afresh (Australia almost as large as Europe and with a far smaller population than London), and Canada, another and still greater continent, in which (according to a member of the Dominion Cabinet whose speech on Dominion Day was reported in your issue of the 2nd inst.) of 441 million acres of possible farm lands only 36 million acres are under cultivation. Yet Sir Wilfrid Laurier told me he could not possibly offer us a tract, and the late Lord Strathcona said my application was 10 years too late—Canada was now getting all the immigration it needed. (He seems to have been too optimistic, for the latest statistics show a considerable falling off.) As for Australia, I found Sir Alfred Deakin as inflexible—if as personally charming—as Sir Wilfrid Laurier, nor did a lengthy negotiation with Sir Newton Moore regarding West Australia (which dots the population of Portsmouth over a million square miles) yield any better results.

Sir, your columns bear daily witness to the troubles and problems which are avenging the illogicality of the Empire.

To hold nearly one-fourth of the globe with only (outside these islands) some 10 million white men is certainly a miracle of history. But it seems to me a very unstable miracle, and an offer to provide white population should not, I submit, have received so many rebuffs. To populate the great empty spaces of the British Empire with the surplus population—under a falling birth-rate—of two little islands, is impossible, and in so far as it is attempted it calls forth protest against "Deserted villages." Never was there a more comical example of the desire to eat one's cake and to have it too. Even from a moral point of view I question the right of any country to hold territories it cannot populate while other races are agonizing for lack of "a place in the sun."

Yours obediently,
ISRAEL ZANGWILL, *President.*

II

[This letter was in type but was withdrawn by me when the war broke out, to await a more favorable opportunity of securing attention.]

To the Editor of *The Times.*
Sir,

Mr. Chamberlain's incursion into Jewish politics split the Zionist movement precisely as his dynamic personality split parties more in the world's eye. But if a minority splits off, leaving the majority to its own devices, the historian, according to your Jewish Correspondent, is justified in informing an ignorant public that the voting was unanimous. This is surely to write history with words rather than with facts. To anyone who remembers that the fight over the East African plateau offered by Mr. Chamberlain to the Zionists was one of the bitterest in Jewish history, the

statement that the rejection was carried "with no dissentient voice" must appear a monumental combination of the *suppressio veri* with the *suggestio falsi*.

Equally amazing is your contributor's assertion that not a small plateau in the far interior, but the whole of British East Africa was at stake. This is, indeed, a *nouveau fait*—so new that it never emerged during the three years of the struggle, and no hint of it appears either in Lord Lansdowne's formal offer or in the formal refusal by the Zionist Congress. But even if it were as true as it is new, a gradual spread of Jewish colonization from a small nucleus under merely municipal rights is far removed from the proposition which I laid before Mr. Lyttelton, and which he read, he told me, "in a glow:" to wit, that British East Africa, which was run at a loss and had no specific character, "be given in trust to the Jewish people to be worked up into a model British colony." To England it was a white elephant—even to-day Mr. Lloyd George has to make hay of £250,000 to feed it withal—and I proposed that, with due safeguarding of existing interests, the Jewish people should assume all financial responsibility and take it over as a land of refuge for their oppressed masses under the name of British Judæa or British Palestine, with a British-Jewish Governor as a symbol to both peoples of its dual destiny. Mr. Lyttelton agreed that under such a scheme Sir Matthew Nathan (now, but not then, a member of the council of our organization) would provide an ideal figure for the post. That this conception had never been in Mr. Chamberlain's mind was quite clear from his startled acceptance of it. His enthusiasm was endorsed in the Government that followed by Mr. Winston Churchill in a letter of noble eloquence. It was only from East Africa itself that opposition ever came. And so it has been with all our attempts to find a territory within the British Empire. The man at

the centre sees the perspective; the man in the colony has eyes only for himself.

And this reminds me to say that my former letter did injustice to Lord Strathcona if it conveyed the suggestion that the epical imagination which had thrown the Canadian Pacific Railway across a pathless continent failed to see the value of a Jewish colony to the land he loved and had half-created. I well remember the marvellous octogenarian in his black skull-cap jumping on a chair to point out to me on a wall-map the territory he thought the Dominion Government would allot to us. It was he who, during the Imperial Conference, arranged my interview with Sir Wilfrid Laurier and it was "the man from home" who insisted that Canada could deal only with the individual settler. In vain I pointed out to Sir Wilfrid Laurier that the rigorous Sunday law made Canada almost impossible for the individual settler who valued his Judaism, and that an empty land like Canada had a duty towards a people that had just undergone one of the greatest massacres in all history. Canada, he replied, could not alter its policy under any circumstances.

Whether, however, at a period when, according to Mrs. Sidney Webb, the artificial restriction of the birth-rate menaces the whole future of white civilization, when even France must import colored labor, and when Canada herself is receiving the lesson of a reduced immigration, the Canadians will really prove such Medes and Persians or such dogs in the manger I take leave to doubt. Mr. Borden, I noted, recently wrote to you asserting that Canada must have a voice in the affairs of the Empire. But is the Empire to have no corresponding voice in the affairs of Canada? Are the colonies always to put their own interests, or imagined interests, first, irrespective of how they embroil or disserve the Empire? From conversations within the

last few days with leading British statesmen I find there is much sympathy with the magnanimous view of Mr. Jesse Collings that a Jewish colony would be at once an asset to the Empire and a vindication of its ancient quixotic tradition. But I feel sure that in whatever part of the Empire it was proposed to plant the colony a cry of agony and protest would go up.

I am well aware that a Jewish colony in Australia or Canada could never reach the measure of autonomy possible in a mere possession like East Africa. But under the general laws of the Commonwealth or the Dominion a new State could easily be carved out from the vast area of unoccupied territory. Canada and Australia are continents that have the misfortune or the modesty to mistake themselves for countries. They apply to three million square miles conceptions that would be narrow for three hundred thousand. But three million square miles of homogeneous humanity have never yet afflicted our planet. Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself belongs to the French section of Canada, and I pray that even Australia may escape the deadly monotony which is her fond and foolish dream.

Yours obediently,

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

ENVOI!

Oliver Singing

Oliver's singing
Comes down to my study,
As I sit in the twilight
Poring the problem
Of this battered old planet,
This universe tragical,
Bloodily twirling.

Nearly all his small span
And through both of his birthdays
This senseless hell-fury,
This horror has hurtled,
Yet he lies in his cot,
Happy, sleepy and singing.

Thus—I muse—at the core
Of our battered old planet,
Something young and untainted,
Something gay and undaunted,
Like a bud in its whiteness,
Like a bird in its joy,
Through the foul-smelling darkness,
Through the muck and the slaughter,
Pushes steadily forward,
Singing.

Printed in the United States of America

THE following pages contain advertisements of books by the same author or on kindred subjects.

The Diplomacy of the Great War

By ARTHUR BULLARD $1.50

"Easily the most interesting, and in some respects, the most valuable among the books dealing with the diplomatic history of Europe."—*The Dial.*

"Entertaining and informing . . . well worth the study of all Americans who truly love their country."—*N. Y. Times.*

What Is Coming?

By H. G. WELLS $1.50

Remembering Mr. Wells' almost uncanny success in some of his prophecies, this new volume of highly interesting forecasts is a work of large significance.

The European Anarchy

By G. LOWES DICKINSON $1.00

A clear and concise description of the blind "system" of the European nations which has brought them into conflict.

Leaves from a Field Note-Book

By J. H. MORGAN $1.50

Intimate sketches of the great war by one who was for five months at the front with the British Headquarters Staff.

The Restoration of Europe

By ALFRED FRIED

A recent work by the famous German historian, outlining a simple and most feasible plan for a federation of Europe.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers 64–66 Fifth Avenue New York

A Short History of Germany

New edition, 2 vols.

By ERNEST F. HENDERSON

"In our opinion, for the English reader, there is no more admirable contribution to the history of Germany as a whole than in these volumes. The excellence of the text lies in its freedom from prejudice."—*The Outlook.*

The German Empire Between Two Wars

By ROBERT H. FIFE *$1.50*

A study of the political and social development of the German nation between 1871 and 1914.

Nationality in Modern History

By J. HOLLAND ROSE *$1.25*

A study of the varied manifestations of nationality among the chief European nations, supplying a view of the background of the great conflict.

The Things Men Fight For

By H. H. POWERS

A plea for the larger vision, for recognition of the fact that the things men fight for are universal and not national.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers 64–66 Fifth Avenue New York